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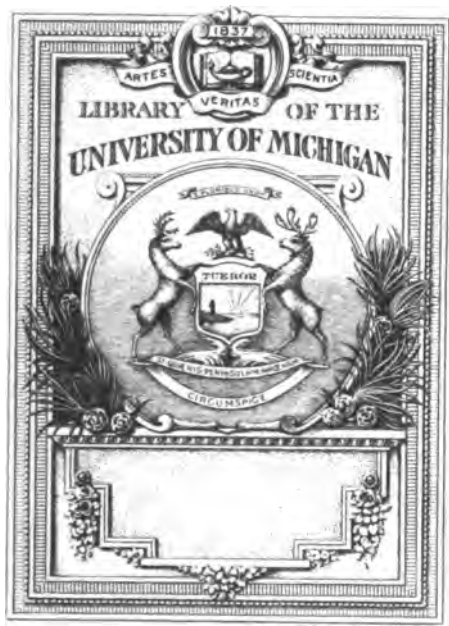
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Vagabond Songs and Ballads of Scotland





THE HISTORY OF

THE

REIGN OF



Vagabond Songs and Ballads of Scotland

With many Old and Familiar Melodies

Edited, with Notes,
By ROBERT FORD



ALEXANDER GARDNER

Publisher to Her Majesty the Queen

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P R E F A C E.

Nor many words are required to introduce a work the scope and character of which are so fully expressed on the title-page as in the present instance. I desire only to say, therefore, that the songs and ballads embraced in the succeeding pages—many of them not to be found in any previous collection—are more genuinely those of the rural population of the Scotland of yesterday than almost any that have heretofore appeared together in book form. A number of the pieces, to be sure, including “The Wee Wifukie,” “Heather Jock,” and “The Barrin’ o’ the Door,” are common to all the modern standard collections of Scottish song. But the career of each of these has been nomadic and vagabond, notwithstanding; and while I expect that “The Barrin’ o’ the Door” will be welcome in the company of the old melody to which the country people have always preferred to sing it, “Heather Jock” should be equally, if not more welcome, because it is printed here entire for the first time in any book, and because, further, in the note accompanying the song, the author is named for the first

time, and interesting particulars are furnished regarding the hero of the verses which have not previously appeared. Each and every song, indeed, which is common to the standard collections, and included here, has been admitted for some good reason which will be found stated. What I would esteem to have acknowledged to be a characteristic and distinguishing feature of the collection, and what I claim as its *raison d'être*, is the fact that it embraces not less than half a hundred favourite blads of lyric verse which till now have escaped the vigilance of the song-collector. Among these latter—and by far the larger number in the volume—"Dumb, Dumb, Dumb," may be cited as a song which the late Professor Aytoun knew to be much in favour with country people, and regretted his inability to recover. "The Tinkler's Waddin'," "The Bonnie Wee Window," "Bundle and Go," "Jinkin' you, Jackie Lad," "The Plains o' Waterloo," and "My Rolling Eye," too, may be named as songs which, though widely popular for many years, have existed chiefly in the rural memory. For a good long time I have practised the conceit of noting down these vagabond songs and ballads when and wherever I was favoured with the opportunity of hearing them. Some I secured through correspondence. Some from obscure publications. On the invitation of the proprietors of *The People's Journal*, they recently appeared in the columns of that widely circulating periodical, with the result that I obtained fresh and interesting particulars about

some, and additional verses to others. What was most surprising and gratifying at the same time, as a result of the "sifting" of the pieces through the columns of that paper, was to discover that in all parts of the country, despite the fact of their enjoying an almost exclusively oral existence, the versions in use, north, east, south, and west, were nearly always identical. This, if necessary, might be taken as an eloquent proof of the excellent memory of the Scottish people; or perhaps as an evidence of their common taste in matters literary and poetical. Anyway, here are the songs. It is chiefly to the older living generation that I am indebted for them. The rapid and general railway service that now obtains, not to speak of the ubiquitous bicycle, has brought the village so close to the town, the hill so near to the street recently, that the rising generations in the country are catching up the howling rhapsodies of the music halls only a day later than the people of the city. It may be vain to expect, then—and I have myself no such hope or expectation—that the time-worn lilts and characteristic pieces forming the present budget will, by virtue of their collected publication, immediately re-engage the popular favour. All I dare hope for them is that they will be cherished by many—not for their literary quality, perhaps, as some of them deserve to be—but as a species of folk-lore, and as songs and ballads that have been the familiar entertainment of the country people of Scotland during three-quarters of the nineteenth century.

The collection, I may add, could easily have been made larger, but a line had to be drawn with respect both to quantity and quality.

For the old and familiar melodies which appear in the work, and some of them in print now for the first time—melodies, forsooth, which are as characteristically vagabond and national as the ballads they are wedded to, and whose names they bear—my special and grateful thanks are due, and freely acknowledged, to Mr. D. Kippen, of Crieff, from whom, as will be seen in the notes to the songs, textual help has also been occasionally received.

To Mr. George Riddell, Fraserburgh, I am indebted for the melody of “Mormond Braes.”

R. F.

GLASGOW, 1898.

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VAGABOND SONGS AND BALLADS.

THE TINKLERS' WADDIN'.

Lively.



The musical notation is written on a single staff in treble clef, with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a time signature of 4/4. The melody is lively and features many eighth and sixteenth notes. The lyrics are written below the staff, aligned with the notes. The song consists of a main verse and a chorus. The main verse has five lines of lyrics. The chorus is marked 'CHORUS.' and has two lines of lyrics. The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and bar lines.

In June, when broom in bloom was seen, And bracken waved fu'
fresh and green, And warm the sun, wi' sil - ver sheen, The
hills and glens did gladden, O; Ae day up - on the
Border bent, The tinklers pitch'd their gip - sy tent, And
auld and young, wi' ae consent, Resolved to haud a waddin', O.
CHORUS.
Dirrim day doo a day, Dirrim doo a da dee, O,
Dirrim day doo a day, Hurrah for the tinklers' waddin', O.

In June, when broom in bloom was seen,
And bracken waved fu' fresh and green,
And warm the sun, wi' silver sheen,
The hills and glens did gladden, O ;
Ae day, upon the Border bent,
The tinklers pitch'd their gipsy tent,
And auld and young, wi' ae consent,
Resolved to haud a waddin', O.

Dirrim day doo a day,
Dirrim doo a da dee, O,
Dirrim day doo a day,
Hurrah for the tinklers' waddin', O.

The bridegroom was wild Norman Scott,
Wha thrice had broke the nuptial knot,
And ance was sentenced to be shot
For breach o' martial orders, O.
His gleesome joe was Madge M-Kell,
A spaewife, match for Nick himsel',
Wi' glamour, cantrip, charm, and spell,
She frichted baith the Borders, O.

Nae priest was there, wi' solemn face,
Nae clerk to claim o' crowns a brace ;
The piper and fiddler played the grace
To set their gabs a-steerin', O.
'Mang beef and mutton, pork and veal,
'Mang paunches, plucks, and fresh cow-heel,
Fat haggises, and cauler jeel,
They clawed awa' careerin', O.

Fresh salmon, newly taen in Tweed,
Saut ling and cod o' Shetland breed,
They worried, till kytes were like to screed,
 'Mang flagons and flasks o' gravy, O.
There was raisin-kail and sweet-milk saps,
And ewe-milk cheese in whangs and flaps,
And they rookit, to gust their gabs and craps,
 Richt mony a cadger's cavie, O.

The drink flew round in wild galore,
And soon upraised a hideous roar,
Blithe Comus ne'er a queerer core
 Saw seated round his table, O.
They drank, they danced, they swore, they sang,
They quarrell'd and 'greed the hale day lang,
And the wranglin' that rang amang the thrang
 Wad match'd the tongues o' Babel, O.

The drink gaed dune before their drooth,
That vexed baith mony a maw and mooth,
It damp'd the fire o' age and youth,
 And every breast did sadden, O ;
Till three stout loons flew ower the fell,
At risk o' life, their drouth to quell,
And robb'd a neebourin' smuggler's stell,
 To carry on the waddin', O.

Wi' thunderin' shouts they hail'd them back,
To broach the barrels they werena slack,
While the fiddler's plane-tree leg they brak'
 For playin' "Fareweel to Whisky, O."

Delirium seized the 'roarous thrang,
 The bagpipes in the fire they flang,
 And sowtherin' airns on riggin's rang,
 The drink play'd siccan a plisky, O.

The sun fell laich owre Solway banks,
 While on they plied their roughsome pranks,
 And the stalwart shadows o' their shanks,
 Wide ower the muir were spreadin', O.
 Till, heads and thraws, amang the whins,
 They fell wi' broken brows and shins,
 And sair craist banes filled mony skins,
 To close the tinklers' waddin', O.

Who, I wonder, is he that was reared in any country district in Scotland and is old enough to have cut his wisdom teeth and never heard the rarely humorous, graphic, and rattling song of "The Tinklers' Waddin'," which is quite a classic of its kind, though seldom met with in printed form! Even when printed the author's name has not been attached. Yet we know that it was written by William Watt, who was born at West Linton, Peeblesshire, in 1792, and was author, besides, of the inimitable song of "Kate Dalrymple." Watt, who was a weaver to trade, cultivated with success the three sister arts of poesy, painting, and music. In his early career he removed to East Kilbride, where for a time he was Parish Kirk precentor. Two editions of his poems were published during his life—one in 1835 and another in 1844—both of which sold rapidly. A third and last edition, issued in four monthly parts, one shilling each, and comprising in all 338 pages, appeared soon after his death. He died as late as 1859.

THE LAIRD O' DRUM.

The Laird o' Drum has a-hunting gane,
 All in the morning early;
 And he has spied a weel-faur'd May
 A-shearing her father's barley.

“ My bonnie May, my weel-faur'd May,
It's will ye fancy me, O,
And gang and be the leddy o' the Drum,
And lat your shearing a-be, O ? ”

“ O, I mauna fancy you, kind sir,
Nor lat my shearing a-be, O ;
For I'm owre low to be leddy o' the Drum,
And your Miss I scorn to be, O.

“ My father he is a shepherd mean,
Keeps sheep on yonder hill, O ;
And ye may gang and speir at him,
I'm entirely at his will, O.”

Now Drum has to her father gane,
Keeping sheep on yon green hill, O,
“ I'm come to marry your a'e dochter
If ye'll gi'e your goodwill, O.”

“ My dochter can neither read nor write,
She ne'er was bred at school, O ;
But weel can she work, baith oot and in,
For I learned the girlie mysel', O.

“ She'll work in your barn and at your mill,
She'll brew your malt or ale, O ;
She'll saddle your steed in the time of need,
And she'll draw aff your boots hersel', O.”

"I'll learn the lassie to read and write,
And I'll put her to the school, O ;
And she'll never need to saddle my steed,
Nor draw aff my boots hersel', O.

"But wha will bake my bridal bread,
Or wha will brew my ale, O ;
And wha will welcome my lowly bride,
Is mair than I can tell, O."

O, four-and-twenty gentle knights,
Gaed in at the yetts o' Drum, O ;
But ne'er a ane has lifted his hat
When the Leddy o' Drum cam' in, O.

But he has ta'en her by the hand,
And led her but and ben, O ;
Says, "You're welcome hame, my Leddy Drum,
For this is a' your ain, O."

And he has ta'en her by the hand,
And led her through the ha', O ;
Says, "You're welcome hame, my Leddy Drum,
To your bowers, ane and a', O."

Then up and spak' his brother John,
"Ye've done us meikle wrang, O ;
Ye've married a wife 'neath your degree.
She's a mock to a' our kin, O.

"It's Peggie Coutts is a bonnie bride,
And Drum is big and gaucey ;
But he micht hae chosen a higher match
Than just a shepherd's lassie."

Out then spak' the Laird o' Drum,
Says "I've dune ye nae wrang, O ;
I've married a wife to work and win,
Ye've married ane to spend, O.

"The first time that I married a wife,
She was far owre my degree, O ;
And I durstna gang in the room where she was
But my hat below my knee, O !

"For the first wife, sirs, that I did wed,
She lookit doon on me, O ;
She wadna walk to the yetts o' Drum
But the pearlins abune her bree, O.

"And she was adored but for her gold,
As Peggie for her beautie, O ;
And she might walk to the yetts o' Drum
In as gude companie, O."

Yet four-an-twenty gentle knights
Stood at the yetts o' Drum, O,
And there wasna ane amang them a'
Would welcome Peggie in, O.

So he's taen her by the milk-white hand
And led her in himsel', O ;
And through the ha's, and through the bowers,
And " Ye're welcome, Leddy Drum, O ? "

And twice he kissed her cherry cheek,
And thrice her cherry chin, O,
And twenty times her comely mou'—
And " Ye're welcome, Leddy Drum, O ! "

When they had eaten and drunken weel,
And a' were bound for bed, O,
The Laird o' Drum and his leddy fair
In ae bed they were laid, O.

" Gin ye had been o' high renown,
As ye're o' low degree, O,
We might hae baith gane down the street
Amang gude companie, O."

" I tell'd ye weel ere we were wed
Ye was far abune my degree, O ;
But now I'm married, in your bed laid,
I'm just as gude as ye, O.

" And when I am dead and you are dead
And baith in ae grave lain, O,
Ere seven years are at an end
They'll no ken your dust frae mine, O."

Professor Aytoun, in his introduction to this popular country ballad, says : -
" Few families in the North of Scotland can boast of " redder blood " than the
Irvines of Drum, who still remain in possession of the estates granted for Royal

service to their ancestor by King Robert the Bruce. Inflexible 'Kingsmen,' their names appear in the records of almost every stirring period, from the battle of Harlaw, where they were represented by

'Gude Sir Alexander Irvine,
The much-renowned Laird of Drum,
Nane in his days was better seen,
When they were semblit all and some,'

down to the Great Rebellion, when another Alexander received the compliment of excommunication at the hands of the Covenanters on account of his devotion to the cause of Charles I., and was under sentence of death when rescued by the Marquis of Montrose. This latter Alexander is the Laird of Drum celebrated in the following ballad. His first wife was a daughter of the Marquis of Huntly; but in his advanced years he took to himself a second of humble degree, Margaret Coutts by name, an alliance which gave great offence to his kindred, but which seems to have gratified the commons, with whom the ballad is still a favourite." Certainly this last statement is true, for there is no ploughman's bothy in Scotland in which "The Laird o' Drum" has not been sung times without number, and the copy here printed is the pure bothy version of the ballad—preferable in every way to Buchan's, Kinloch's, or Aytoun's copies of it.

THE JOLLY BEGGAR.

THERE was a jolly beggar, and a-begging he was boun',
And he took up his quarters into a land'art toun.
And we'll gang nae mair a-roving
So late into the night,
And we'll gang nae mair a-roving, boys,
Let the moon shine ne'er so bright,
We'll gang nae mair a-roving.

He wad neither lie in barn, nor yet wad he in byre,
But in ahint the ha'-door, or else afore the fire.
And we'll gang nae mair, etc.

The beggar's bed was made at e'en wi' gude clean strae and
hay,
And in ahint the ha'-door, and there the beggar lay.
And we'll gang nae mair, etc.

Up raise the gudeman's dochter, and for to bar the door,
And there she saw the beggarman standing i' the floor.
And we'll gang nae mair, etc.

He took the lassie in his arms, and to the bed he ran,
"O hooley, hooley, wi' me, sir, ye'll wauken our gudeman."
And we'll gang nae mair, etc.

The beggar was a cunning loun, and ne'er a word he spak'
Until he got his turn dune, syne he began to crack.
And we'll gang nae mair, etc.

"Is there ony dogs into this toun, maiden, tell me true?"
"And what wad ye do wi' them, my hinny and my doo?"
And we'll gang nae mair, etc.

"They'll rive a' my meal pocks, and do me meikle wrang."
"O dool for the doing o't! are ye the poor man?"
And we'll gang nae mair, etc.

Then she took up the meal pocks and flang them o'er the
wa';
"The deil gae wi' the meal pocks, my maidenhead and a'."
And we'll gang nae mair, etc.

"I took ye for some gentleman, at least the laird of Brodie;
O dool for the doing o't! are ye the poor bodie?"
And we'll gang nae mair, etc.

He took the lassie in his arms, and gae her kisses three,
And four-and-twenty hunder merk to pay the nurse's fee.
And we'll gang nae mair, etc.

He took a horn frae his side, and blew baith loud and shrill,
And four-and-twenty belted knights came skipping o'er the
hill.
And we'll gang nae mair, etc.

And he took out his little knife, loot a' his duddies fa',
And he was the bravest gentleman that was amang them a'.
And we'll gang nae mair etc.

The beggar was a clever loun, and he lap shouther-height.
"O, aye for siccan quarters as I gat yesternicht!"
And we'll gang nae mair, etc.

This song of splendid abandon, which has been sung high and low, and will never cease to find admirers, is attributed to King James V., and is supposed to celebrate one of the "merrie Monarch's" own adventures in clandestine love-making. James, when he wandered abroad among his people in the disguise of the "gudeman o' Ballengeich," was moved largely to this romantic issue by a sincere regard for the well-being of his humbler subjects, for the protection of the oppressed, and the punishment of crime; and the abuses he thus discovered, and subsequently remedied, gave him the complimentary and merited title of "the King of the Commons." The song of "The Jolly Beggar," notwithstanding, reveals quite a real feature in his character; and a tradition is recorded by Percy which narrates how the King used to visit a smith's daughter at Niddry, near Edinburgh. His adventures there possibly form the ground of the song, and suggested also, we may presume, his not less graphic ballad of "The Gaberlunzie-man." "The Jolly Beggar" is generally epitomized. It appears here entire.

THE LASS O' GLENSHEE.

Æ braw summer day, when the heather was blooming,
And the silent hills hummed wi' the honey-lade bee,
I met a fair maid as I hameward was roaming,
A-herdin' her sheep on the hills o' Glenshee.

The rose on her cheek, it was gem'd wi' a dimple,
And blithe was the blink o' her bonnie blue e'e;
Her face was enchantin', sae sweet and sae simple,
My heart soon belanged to the lass o' Glenshee.

I kiss'd and caress'd her, and said, "My dear lassie,
If you will but gang to St. Johnstone wi' me,
There's nane o' the fair shall set foot on the causeway
Wi' clothing mair fine than the lass o' Glenshee.

"A carriage o' pleasure ye shall ha'e to ride in,
And folks shall say 'madam' when they speak to thee;
An' servants ye'll ha'e for to beck at your biddin';
I'll make you my lady, sweet lass o' Glenshee."

"Oh! mock na me, sir, wi' your carriage to ride in,
Nor think that your grandeur I value a flee;
I would think mysel' blessed in a coatie o' plaidin',
Wi' an innocent herd on the hills o' Glenshee."

"Believe me, dear lassie, Caledonia's clear waters
May alter their course and run back frae the sea—
Her brave, hardy sons may submit to the fetters,
But alter what will I'll be constant to thee.

"The lark may forget his sweet sang in the mornin',
The spring may forget to revive on the lea,
But never will I, while my senses do govern,
Forget to be kind to the lass o' Glenshee."

"Oh, leave me, sweet lad, for I'm sure I would blunder,
An' set a' the gentry a-laughin' at me;
They are book-taught in manners, baith auld and young
yonder,
A thing we ken nocht o' up here in Glenshee.

"They would say, look at him wi' his dull Highland lady,
Set up for a show in a window sae hie,
Roll'd up like a witch in a hameit-spun plaidie,
And, pointing, they'd jeer at the lass o' Glenshee."

"Dinna think o' sic stories, but come up behind me,
Ere Phœbus gae round my sweet bride you shall be—
This night, in my arms, I'll dote on you kindly;
She smiled, she consented, I took her wi' me.

Now years ha'e gane by since we buskit thegither,
And seasons ha'e changed, but nae change is wi' me,
She's ever as gay as the fine summer weather,
When the sun's at its height on the hills o' Glenshee.

To meet wi' my Jenny my life I would venture,
She's sweet as the echo that rings on the lea;
She's spotless and pure as the snaw-robe o' winter,
When laid out to bleach on the hills o' Glenshee.

Few ballads of its class have enjoyed a more intimate lease of popularity in the contiguous shires of Perth, Forfar, and Fife than this. Its story, it will be seen, is somewhat similar to that of "The Laird o' Drum," and may refer to a Perthshire alliance of the same character. But of that we have no data. This we know only, that the ballad was composed by a Perth man, Andrew Sharpe, who was author besides of the once popular ballad of "Corunna's Lone Shore." Sharpe was a shoemaker to trade, and, in addition to beating leather on a lap-stone, he played the German flute and taught it, painted landscapes and taught drawing, and composed love songs and sang them. He died at Bridgend, Perth, on the 5th February, 1817, and lies buried on the sunny side of the old church of Kinnoull. An upright slab marks the spot, and bears this quaint but expressive epitaph, written by himself some years before his death :—

"Halt for a moment, passenger, and read,
Here Andrew dozes in his daisied bed ;
Silent his flute, and torn off the key ;
His pencils scatter'd, and his muse set free."

Also this addition by his wife :—

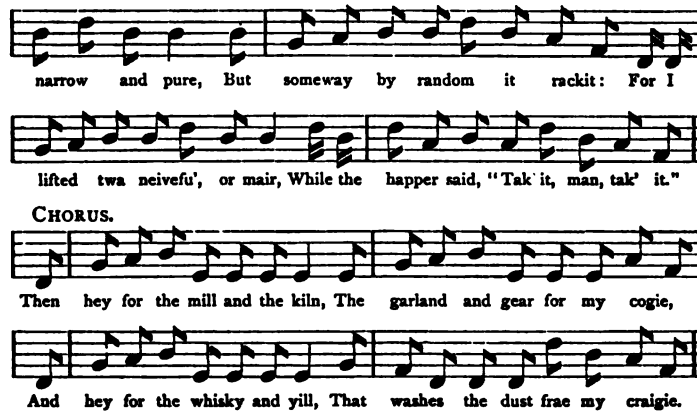
"An affectionate husband, a faithful friend, and an honest man."

The well-known duet, "The Crookit Bawbee," which was sung into fame by the late Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton Nimmo, of Ayr, and over which a lengthened and ruinous law plea was waged having reference to the copyright of the music, is simply a free adaptation of this rustic yet wonderfully fascinating ballad.

TAK' IT, MAN, TAK' IT.



When I was a miller in Fife, Losh ! I thought that the
sound o' the happer, Said, "Tak' hame a' wee flow to your wife, To
help to mak' brose to your supper ;" Then my conscience was



narrow and pure, But someway by random it rackit: For I
lifted twa neivefu', or mair, While the happer said, "Tak' it, man, tak' it."

CHORUS.

Then hey for the mill and the kiln, The garland and gear for my cogie,
And hey for the whisky and yill, That washes the dust frae my craigie.

WHEN I was a miller in Fife,
Losh! I thought that the sound o' the happer
Said, "Tak' hame a wee flow to your wife,
To help to mak' brose to your supper."
Then my conscience was narrow and pure,
But someway by random it rackit;
For I lifted twa neivefu' or mair,
While the happer said, "Tak' it, man, tak' it."

Then hey for the mill and the kiln,
The garland and gear for my cogie,
And hey for the whisky and yill,
That washes the dust frae my craigie.

Although it's been lang in repute
For rogues to mak' rich by deceiving,
Yet I see that it disna weel suit
Honest men to begin to the thieving.

For my heart it gaed dunt upon dunt,
Oh, I thought ilka dunt it wad crack it;
Sae I flang frae my neive what was in't,
Still the happer said, "Tak' it, man, tak' it."

Then hey for the mill, etc.

A man that's been bred to the plough,
Might be deav'd wi' its clamorous clapper;
Yet there's few but would suffer the sough,
After kenning what's said by the happer.
I whiles thought it scoff'd me to scorn,
Saying, "Shame, is your conscience no chackit?"
But when I grew dry for a horn,
It chang'd aye to "Tak' it, man, tak' it."

Then hey for the mill, etc.

The smugglers whiles cam' wi' their pocks,
'Cause they kent that I likit a bicker,
Sae I bartered whiles wi' the gowks,
Gied them grain for a sowp o' their liquor.
I had lang been accustomed to drink,
And aye when I purposed to quat it,
That thing wi' its clappertie clink
Said aye to me, "Tak' it, man, tak' it."

Then hey for the mill, etc.

But the warst thing I did in my life,
Nae doot but ye'll think I was wrang o't;
Od! I tauld a bit bodie in Fife
A' my tale, and he made a bit sang o't.

I have aye had a voice a' my days,
But for singin' I ne'er gat the knack o't ;
Yet I try whyles, just thinking to please
The greedy, wi' "Tak' it, man, tak' it."
Then hey for the mill, etc.

Now, miller and a' as I am,
This far I can see through the matter ;
There's men mair notorious to fame,
Mair greedy than me o' the muter.
For 'twad seem that the hale race o' men,
Or, wi' safety, the hauf we may mak' it,
Ha'e some speaking happer within,
That said to them, "Tak' it, man, tak' it."

Then hey for the mill and the kiln,
The garland and gear for my cogie ;
And hey for the whisky and yill,
That washes the dust frae my craigie.

Few songs have enlivened the ploughmen's bothies of Scotland more frequently than this happily conceived and richly humorous ditty, which may occasionally be heard emanating, besides, from the village inns, the smiddies, or the cottage ingle-nooks in the land. The more popular and effective way of rendering it is for the singer to be seated on a chair or form, and to beat a mill-clapper-like accompaniment with his elbows and fists, or with an empty brose-caup, on a table before him.

In Perthshire, to which county it particularly belongs, it has enjoyed, perhaps, the greatest popularity. Its author, David Webster, born in 1787, was a native of Dunblane. He was a weaver to trade, and died at Paisley in 1837. Another song of Webster's, "Donald Gunn," is well known in Scottish country circles.

YOUNG JAMIE FOYERS.

FAR distant, far distant, lies Scotia, the brave,
No tombstone memorial to hallow his grave ;
His bones now lie scattered on the rude soil of Spain,
For young Jamie Foyers in battle was slain.

From the Perthshire Militia to serve in the line,
The brave Forty-Second we sailed away to join ;
To Wellington's army we did volunteer,
Along with young Foyers, that bold halberdier.

That night when we landed the bugle did sound,
The General gave orders to form on the ground,
To storm Burgos Castle before the break of day,
And young Jamie Foyers to lead on the way.

But, mounting the ladder for scaling the wall,
By a shot from a French gun young Foyers did fall ;
He leaned his right arm upon his left breast,
And young Jamie Foyers his comrades addressed :

“ For you, Robert Percy, that stands a campaign,
If goodness should send to auld Scotland again,
You will tell my old father, if yet his heart warms,
That young Jamie Foyers expired in your arms.

“ But if a few moments in Campsie I were,
My mother and sisters my sorrow would share ;
Now, alas ! my poor mother, for long may she mourn,
Her son, Jamie Foyers, will never return.

“ Oh ! If I had a drink of Baker Brown’s Well,
My thirst it would quench, and my fever would quell ;”
But life’s purple current was ebbing so fast
That young Jamie Foyers soon breathed his last.

They took for his winding-sheet his tartan plaid,
And in the cold grave his body was laid ;
With hearts full of sorrow they covered his clay,
And muttering “ Poor Foyers ! ” marched slowly away.

His father and mother and sisters will mourn,
But Foyers, the brave hero, will never return ;
His friends and his comrades lament for the brave,
Since young Jamie Foyers is laid in his grave.

The bugle may sound and the war-drum may rattle,
No more will they raise this young hero to battle ;
He fell from the ladder like a hero so brave,
And rare Jamie Foyers is lying in his grave.

This typical bothy ballad, which, perhaps, appears in a book now for the first time, was a prime favourite at the harvest homes, foys, and Handsel-Monday gatherings in the rural parts of Perthshire before and about the middle of the present century. Like the ballads of the olden time generally, its story in the main is presumably based on a matter of fact, so that one Jamie Foyers, from the Perthshire Militia, went out under the “ Iron Duke ” to fight the French in Portugal and Spain in 1810, and, as the reward for his heroism, met the fate accorded to him in the verses, may be accepted freely as a bit of real history. The Campsie referred to is, presumably, the village of that name in Stirlingshire, as Foyers is a name that was once common thereabout, and in this Campsie there is, or was, I have been told, a well, known as “ Baker Brown’s Well.” The ballad itself I copied thirty years since from the singing of a Perthshire woman who died less than a year ago.

THE BONNIE WEE WINDOW.

THERE was a young lass, and her name it was Nell,
In a bonnie wee hoose wi' her grannie did dwell ;
The hoose it was wee, but the window was less,
It had but four panes, and ane wanted gless.
 'Twas a bonnie wee window, a sweet little window,
 The bonniest wee window that ever ye saw.

For this broken pane they a purpose did fin',
To lat onything oot, or tak' onything in ;
But to Nelly it served for a purpose maist dear,
For her lovers at nicht cam' a-courtin' her here,
 At this bonnie wee window, etc.

It happened ae nicht grannie gaed to her bed,
That Johnnie, the brawest lad young Nelly had,
Cam' far ower the hills his dear lassie to see,
And wi' high expectations there planted was he,
 At this bonnie wee window, etc.

But the fond, youthfu' pair hadna got muckle said,
When grannie cried, "Nell, come awa' to your bed !"
"I'm comin', dear grannie," young Nelly did say,
"So fare-ye-weel, Johnnie, for I maun away
 Frae this bonnie wee window," etc.

"Oh ! Nelly, dear lass, dinna tak' it amiss,
But before ye gae 'wa' ye maun grant me a kiss,"

So aff gaed his bannet, but gudeness kens hoo
He managed sae quickly to get his head through
This bonnie wee window, etc.

A kiss Johnnie got, and sweet was the smack,
But for his dear life couldna get his head back.
He ruggit, he tuggit, he bawled, and he cursed
Till Nell's sides wi' lauchin were baith like to burst,
At his head in the window, etc.

Noo when the auld grannie did hear the uproar,
She rax'd for the poker, syne ran to the door,
And ower Johnnie's back sic a thump she laid on,
Anither sic like would have crack'd his backbone.
And his head in the window, etc.

A' burning wi' shame, and smarting wi' pain,
He ruggit and tuggit wi' micht and wi' main,
Till the jambs they gied way and the lintel did break,
'Though still the best hauf o't stuck fast to his neck.
'Twas an awfu' wee window, etc.

As soon as the window in ruins did lie,
Auld grannie let out such a horrible cry,
It alarm'd a' the neighbours—lad, lass, man, and wife,
And caused poor Johnnie to rin for his life,
Frae the bonnie wee window, etc.

O'er hill and o'er dale he pursued his way hame,
Like a bear that was hunted, ne'er lookin' behin' ;

And the neighbours they follow'd wi' clamour and squeals,
While some of them hunted their dogs at his heels.

'Twas a bonnie wee window, etc.

When Johnnie got hame, wi' a hatchet did he
Frae his wooden gravat syne set himsel' free ;
But he vow'd that the deil nicht tak' him for his ain
If he e'er kiss'd a lass through a window again,
Be she ever sae bonnie, or live wi' her grannie,
Or the bonniest wee lassie that ever he saw.

The humours of a country courtship have never perhaps been more graphically set forth than by the unknown writer of this seldom printed, though well known, song. James Nicholson's "Inphm," not less popular, is set to the same tune.

THE WEE WIFUKIE.

THERE was a wee bit wifukie was comin' frae the fair,
Had got a wee bit drappukie, that bred her meikle care ;
It gaed about the wifie's heart, and she began to spew,
Oh ! quo' the wee wifukie, I wish I binna fou.

I wish I binna fou, quo' she, I wish I binna fou,
Oh ! quo' the wee wifukie, I wish I binna fou.

If Johnnie find me barley-sick, I'm sure he'll claw my skin ;
But I'll lie down an' tak' a nap before that I gae in.
Sitting at the dyke-side, and taking o' her nap,
By came a packman laddie wi' a little pack.

Wi' a little pack, quo' she, wi' a little pack,
By came a packman laddie wi' a little pack.

He's clippit a' her gowden locks sae bonnie and sae lang ;
He's ta'en her purse and a' her placks, and fast awa' he ran ;
And when the wifie waken'd her head was like a bee,
Oh ! quo' the wee wifukie, this is nae me.
 This is nae me, quo' she, this is nae me,
 Somebody has been felling me, and this is nae me.

When I was bonnie Bessukie, my locks were like the gowd,
And I look'd like ony lassukie, sic times as they were cowed.
And Johnnie was aye tellin' me I was richt fair to see ;
But somebody has been felling me, and this is nae me.
 This is nae me, quo' she, this is nae me,
 Somebody has been felling me, and this is nae me.

I met wi' kindly company, and birl'd my bawbee !
And still, if this be Bessukie, three placks remain wi' me,
But I will look the pursie nooks, see gin the cunyie be :—
There's neither purse nor plack about me !—this is nae me.
 This is nae me, quo' she, this is nae me,
 Somebody has been felling me, and this is nae me.

I have a little housukie, but, and a kindly man ;
A dog, they ca' him Doussiekie ; if this be me he'll fawn ;
And Johnnie, he'll come to the door, and kindly welcome
 gi'e,
And a' the bairns on the floor will dance if this be me.
 But this is nae me, quo' she, this is nae me,
 Somebody has been felling me, and this is nae me.

The nicht was late and dang out weet, and oh but it was
dark ;

The doggie heard a body's foot, and he began to bark.
And when she heard the doggie bark, and kennin' it was he,
Oh, weel ken ye, Doussie, quo' she, this is nae me.

This is nae me, quo' she, this is nae me,
Somebody has been felling me, and this is nae me.

When Johnnie heard his Bessie's word, fast to the door he
ran :

Is that you, Bessukie?—Wow, na, man !
Be kind to the bairns a', and weel may ye be ;
And fareweel, Johnnie, quo' she, this is nae me !

This is nae me, quo' she, this is nae me,
Somebody has been felling me, and this is nae me.

John ran to the minister, his hair stood a' on end,
I've gotten sic a fricht, sir, I fear I'll never mend ;
My wife's come hame without a head, crying out most
piteously,

Oh, fareweel, Johnnie, quo' she, this is nae me !

This is nae me, quo' she, this is nae me,
Somebody has been felling me, and this is nae me.

The tale you tell, the parson said, is wonderful to me,
How that a wife, without a head-could speak, or hear, or
see !

But things that happen hereabout so strangely alter'd be,
That I could maist wi' Bessie say, 'tis neither you nor she.

Neither you nor she, quo' he, neither you nor she,
Wow na, Johnnie man, 'tis neither you nor she,

Now Johnnie he cam' hame again, and oh ! but he was fain
To see his little Bessukie come to hersel' again.
He got her sitting on a stool, wi' Tibbuk on her knee ;
Oh ! come awa', Johnnie, quo' she, come awa' to me,
For I've got a nap wi' Tibbukie, and this is now me.
This is now me, quo' she, this is now me,
I've got a nap wi' Tibbukie, and this is now me.

This rarely humorous song, which reveals the folly of excessive drinking with almost equal success to that achieved by Burns in his immortal poem of "Tam o' Shanter," has been generally ascribed to Dr. Alexander Geddes, a Roman Catholic clergyman, well known for his translation of the Holy Scriptures, and other works chiefly of a theological cast. Dr. Geddes was the son of a small farmer in the parish of Ruthven, Banffshire, and was born in the year 1737. He was educated at Paris, and officiated as a priest for several years in different parts of the north of Scotland, but chiefly in the vicinity of Dundee. Latterly he settled in London, where he died in 1802. By Allan Cunningham, Dr. Hately Waddell, and other biographers of Burns, this Dr. Alexander Geddes, has been mistaken for Dr. John Geddes, his cousin, an assistant Bishop of the Romish Church, in Edinburgh, who was the esteemed friend of the poet and his fair correspondent "Clarinda." Dr. John, an excellent gentleman, was known in Edinburgh as "the most fashionable man in this city," but Dr. Alexander, by virtue of his one clever and original song, enjoys a greater and, as time will prove, a more abiding fame. The fourth verse in the present version I discovered recently in an old chap-book copy of the song. Whoever cast it out did so without warrant, and with questionable taste.

GILDEROY.

O GILDEROY was a bonnie boy ;
Had roses till his shoon ;
His stockings were of silken soy,
Wi' garters hangin' doun.

It was, I ween, a comely sight
To see sae trim a boy ;
He was my joy, my heart's delight,
My handsome Gilderoy.

O, sic twa charming een he had ;
His breath as sweet's a rose ;
He never wore a Highland plaid,
But costly silken clothes ;
He gained the love of ladies gay,
Nane e'er to him was coy ;
Ah, wae's me ! I mourn the day,
For my dear Gilderoy.

My Gilderoy and I were born
Baith in a'e toun thegither :
We scant were seven years before
We 'gan to love each other.
Our daddies and our mammies, they
Were fill'd with meikle joy
To think upon the bridal day
'Twixt me and Gilderoy.

For Gilderoy, that love of mine,
Gude faith, I freely bought
A wedding sark of holland fine,
Wi' silken flowers wrought,
And he gied me a wedding ring,
Which I received with joy ;
Nae lad and lassie ere could sing
Like me and Gilderoy.

Wi' meikle joy we spent our prime,
Till we were baith sixteen ;
And aft we pass'd the langsome time
Amang the leaves sae green ;
Aft on the banks we'd sit us there,
And sweetly kiss and toy ;
Wi' garlands gay wad deck my hair,
My handsome Gilderoy.

O, that he still had been content
Wi' me to lead his life ;
But ah, his manfu' heart was bent
To stir in feats of strife ;
And he in many a venturous deed
His courage bauld wad try,
And now this gars my heart to bleed
For my dear Gilderoy.

And when of me his leave he took,
The tears they wat mine e'e.
I gave him a love-parting look,
My benison gang wi' thee !
God speed thee weel, mine ain dear heart,
For gane is all my joy ;
My heart is rent sith we maun part,
My handsome Gilderoy.

My Gilderoy baith far and near
Was feared in ilka toun,
And bauldly bear away the gear
Of mony a lowland loun ;

Nane e'er durst meet him hand to hand,
He was sae brave a boy,
At length wi' numbers he was ta'en,
My handsome Gilderoy.

The Queen of Scots possessit noucht
That my love lat me want ;
For cow and ewe he to me broucht,
And e'en when they were scant ;
All those did honestly possess,
He never did annoy,
Who never failed to pay their cess
To my love Gilderoy.

Wae worth the loon that made the laws
To hang a man for gear !
To reave of life for ox or ass,
For sheep, or horse, or mear.
Had not the laws been made so strict
I ne'er had lost my joy ;
Wi' sorrow ne'er had wat my cheek
For my dear Gilderoy.

Gif Gilderoy had done amiss,
He micht have banished been ;
Ah, what sair cruelty is this,
To hang sic handsome men !
To hang the flower o' Scottish land,
Sae sweet and fair a boy !
Nae lady had sae white a hand
As thee, my Gilderoy !

Of Gilderoy sae fear'd they were,
They bound him meikle strong ;
Till Edinburgh they led him there,
And on a gallows hung ;
They hung him high abune the rest,
He was sae trim a boy ;
There died the youth whom I loved best,
My handsome Gilderoy.

Thus having yielded up his breath,
I bore his corpse away ;
Wi' tears that trickled for his death
I washed his comely clay ;
And siccar in a grave sae deep
I laid the dear loved boy ;
And now for ever maun I weep
For winsome Gilderoy.

This good old ballad, at one time a universal favourite, is still distinctly popular in many country districts of Scotland. The hero whose exploits it celebrates, and whose death it pathetically deplores, was a man named Patrick Macgregor, but more familiarly Gilderoy (Gillie Roy—the red-haired lad), whose life and morals, like those of his more illustrious namesake and kinsman, were framed on

“ The good old rule, the simple plan,
That they should take who have the power,
And they should keep who can.”

Gilderoy was, in fact, a noted freebooter, or cattle-lifter, who flourished in the seventeenth century, and was the leader of a gang of caterans who practised stouthrief and robbery with violence far and wide, but chiefly in the Highlands of Perthshire and Aberdeenshire. In February, 1636, seven of his accomplices were taken, tried, condemned, and executed at Edinburgh. They were apprehended chiefly through the exertions of the Stewarts of Athole ; and, in revenge, Gilderoy burned several houses belonging to the Stewarts, which act proved his speedy ruin. A reward of a thousand pounds was offered for his apprehension,

and he was soon taken, along with five more accomplices (some accounts say ten), and the whole gang were executed at the Cross of Edinburgh on the 27th July, 1636, the leader, as a mark of unenviable distinction, receiving a higher gibbet than the others—a circumstance which is alluded to in the ballad. Some wonderful stories are told of this wild cateran (most of which, however, should be taken with a grain of salt), such as his having picked the pocket of Cardinal Richelieu while he was celebrating high mass in the Church of St. Dennis, Paris; his having carried off, with consummate assurance, a trunk of plate from the house of the Duke Medina-Celi, at Madrid; and his having attacked Oliver Cromwell and two servants while travelling from Portpatrick to Glasgow, and shooting the Protector's horse, which fell upon him and broke his leg, whereupon he placed Oliver on an ass, tied his legs under its belly, and dismissed the pair to seek their fortune. Cromwell first visited Scotland in 1648, and Gilderoy was executed in 1636. The dates disprove the story.

The ballad is said to have been originally composed by the hero's mistress, a young woman belonging to the higher ranks of life, who had become attached to the noted cateran, and was induced to live with him. It is to be found in black letter broadsides as far back as 1650. The foregoing improved version—and the one always sung—was first printed in Dufey's "Pills to Purge Melancholy," Volume V., 1790, and is thought to have been re-set by Lady Wardlaw, authoress of the well-known ballad of "Hardyknute." The original, according to Percy, contained "some indecent luxuriations that required the pruning-hook."

Gilderoy, it may be mentioned, has been the subject of more than one prose romance that have been written within the present century, but, such is the power of words which move in rhythmic order, the simple ballad story can never be overlaid by them. This, which has lived through many vicissitudes, will still survive.

DUMB, DUMB, DUMB.

ALL ye that pass along, come and listen to my song,
 It's of a fair young maid that did mum, mum, mum,
 She was handsome, neat and trim, and complete in every
 limb,
 But, alas, poor girl, she was dumb, dumb, dumb.

There was a country blade, and he woo'd this pretty maid,
He conducted her safe to his home, home, home ;
She was neat in every part, and pleased him to the heart,
But, alas, poor girl, she was dumb, dumb, dumb.

She could shape and she could sew, she could bake and she
could brew,
She could sweep up the house with a broom, broom,
broom,
She could card and she could spin, and do any kind of thing,
But, alas, poor girl, she was dumb, dumb, dumb.

To the doctor then he goes, with his heart full of woes—
“ Can you cure my wife of her mum, mum, mum ? ”
Said the doctor, “ For my part, it's the easiest of my art,
To make a woman speak when she's dumb, dumb, dumb.”

To the doctor her he brings, who cuts her chattering
strings,
And at liberty sets her tongue, tongue, tongue,
Her new faculty she tries, and she fills the house with cries,
And she rattles in his ears like a drum, drum, drum.

To the doctor back he goes, with his heart full of woes—
“ Oh doctor, you have me undone, done, done ;
Now my wife she's gi'en to scold, and her tongue she'll never
hold,
I'd give any kind o' thing were she dumb, dumb, dumb.”

"O, I did undertake to make your wife to speak,
 'Twas the simplest kind o' thing to have done, done,
 done ;
But it's past the art o' man, let him do the best he can,
 To make a scolding woman hold her tongue, tongue,
 tongue.

"Yet since to me you've come, I advise you to go home,
 Take the oil of the hazel so strong, strong, strong ;
When she begins to sound, then anoint her body round ;
 That should make a scolding woman hold her tongue,
 tongue, tongue.

"But alas, if that won't do, there's no cure on earth for
 you,
 But to thole just the best way you can, can, can,
Ye maun look before ye loup or ye'll fa' upon yer doup,
 For haste's the ruination o' man, man, man !"

This is a ballad that was sung in Perthshire when I was a very small boy, and which has not escaped my memory since. I have never seen it in print anywhere, and perhaps it has never been printed before. Certainly it is not included in any song or ballad collection that is well known, although it would form no unworthy companion to "The Wee Cooper o' Fife," "John Grumlie," and all the best humorous ballads of matrimonial infelicity.

Turning on the same kind of hinge, there is a fragment of verse preserved in the Maitland manuscripts in the Pepysian Library, and also in another manuscript in the University Library at Cambridge. When introducing a collated version of these, under the title of "The Dumb Wife of Aberdour," in his collection of the ballads of Scotland, Professor Aytoun refers to the ballad now presented, of which, to his regret, he could recover no more than three imperfect stanzas, although he knew and acknowledged it had once been very popular. Why a thing so pithy and clever should have escaped collection so long it is difficult to understand.

BUNDLE AND GO.



The winter is gane, love, the sweet spring again, love,
 Bedecks the blue mountain and gilds the dark sea,
 Giein' birth to the blossom, and bliss to the bosom,
 And hope for the future to you, love, and me;
 For far to the West, to the land of bright freedom,
 The land where the vine and the orange trees grow,
 I fain would conduct thee, my ain winsome dearie;
 Then hey, bonnie lass, will you bundle and go?

THE winter is gane, love ; the sweet spring again, love,
 Bedecks the blue mountain and gilds the dark sea.
 Giein' birth to the blossom, and bliss to the bosom,
 And hope for the future to you, love, an' me,

For far to the West, to the land of bright freedom,
The land where the vine and the orange trees grow,
I fain would conduct thee, my ain winsome dearie—
Then hey, bonnie lass, will you bundle and go?

The vales an' the wildwood, the scenes o' our childhood,
Will ever be dear to your memory an' mine;
But could blasts o' poortith that sweep Scotland's moun-
tains

Gars mony a fond heart in sorrow repine;
Mak's aft the leal laddie to lose his dear lassie,
Or opens the fount for her saut tears to flow.
But the land o' fair plenty invites us, my Mary—
Then hey, bonnie lass, will you bundle and go?

Weel, weel ha'e I lo'ed thee, an' lang ha'e I woo'd thee,
An' faes to our sweet future hopes there are nane;
Then why should we tarry, my ain bonnie Mary,
Or sever twa hearts that will aye beat as ane?
Frae poortith to shield thee, in bliss to upbuild thee,
Will aye be the first dearest wish I can know;
To mak' thy hame cheerie, and tend thee, my dearie—
Then hey, bonnie lass, will you bundle and go?

To the deep verdant valleys and braid hills sae fertile,
Where wealth's for the winning, if will guides the hand,
Where flowers bloom fairer, and landscapes are rarer,
And the skies are more bright than in our fatherland,
Where great rolling rivers are laden wi' riches,
Upon the inhabitants wealth to bestow;
To the West, to the land of bright freedom and plenty,
Rise up, bonnie lassie, we'll bundle and go.

I ken, my dear laddie, it's true a' you've tauld me,
 An' I'll say nae langer that I winna gang,
 Though I'm wae, wae to leave my sweet hame in the
 Hielands,
 An' a' the dear friends wha hae lo'ed me sae lang.
 But my father an' mither are happy thegither,
 I ken noo, my laddie, they winna say no,
 For baith hae consentit that I should gae wi' you,
 Then up, my dear laddie, we'll bundle and go.

The refrain of no song peculiar to country life is better known all over Scotland than that of "Bundle and Go," which is familiarity's self. And, curiously, there are two distinct versions of the song, which have enjoyed nearly equal popularity. Neither has been often printed, except in the common ballad sheet form. Walter Watson, the weaver poet of Chryston, near Glasgow, author of "Jockie's Far Awa'," and "The Unco Bit Want," etc., wrote also a song entitled "Bundle and Go." But Watson's verses never secured the public ear to any appreciable extent. The present songs—both of unknown authorship, unknown origin, history, kith or kin—are the ones that have maintained, as already stated, about equal favour in the country.

BUNDLE AND GO.

"FRAE Clyde's bonnie hills, whaur the heather is blooming,
 An' laddies an' lassies lo'e a' the lang day,
 I'm come, my dear lassie, to mak' the last offer,
 Sae mak' up your mind noo an' dinna delay.
 My mither is gane, an' the house it is eerie,
 This nicht ye may rue if ye answer me no;
 Ye hae't in your offer to aye be my dearie—
 Rise up, bonnie Annie, an' bundle an' go.
Chorus—Bundle an' go, bundle an' go,
 Rise up, bonnie lassie, an' bundle an' go.

“ My father is dead, an’ has left me some siller,
He bade me ne’er marry anither but you ;
I’ve ta’en his advice, lang, lang ha’e we courted,
An’ ye canna say but I’m constant an’ true.
Altho’ we be poor, yet our minds will be cheerie,
Our hearts will ne’er sink tho’ our purse it be low ;
I’ll count mysel’ happy when kissing my dearie—
Rise up, bonnie Annie, an’ bundle an’ go.

“ It’s true I hae courted wee Mattie an’ Tibbie ;
An’ ither daft gawkies at kirk an’ at fair ;
But nane o’ them a’ set my bosom a-dunting,
Or gart my heart loup between hope an’ despair.
When out o’ my sicht I care nae mair about them ;
The caper is o’er, I leave them to go ;
But you, my dear lassie, I lang hae loved dearly ;
Mak’ haste,—are ye ready to bundle an’ go ? ”

Her young tender mind it began for to swither,
She said, while the tears of affection did flow,
“ It’s hard to be pressed thus between love an’ duty,
Yet fain, very fain, would I bundle an’ go.
An’ if I should gang without telling my faither,
My tocher he’ll keep, sheets an’ blankets also ;
My mither she’ll rage an’ for ever disown me,
Yet fain, very fain, would I bundle an’ go.”

“ A fig for excuses ! come kilt up your coaties,
O’er moors an’ o’er mosses ye ken we’ve to gang ;
There’s danger in sitting, an’ lingering, an’ thinking,
The day will be breaking before it be lang.

Nae doubt but your faither an' mither'll be angry,
Yet love soon in its auld channel will flow,
When they see our wee totums aroun' the fire dancin'—
Mak' haste,—are you ready to bundle an' go?"

O Love lent his wings—in a blink they were coupled—
In joy an' in pleasure their years row alang;
Their young sprouts are innocent, noisy, an' healthy,
An' Tam, to please Annie, lilt a bit sang.
His Annie is a' his hale joy an' his pleasure,
Wi' love to each other their bosoms do glow;
She blesses the day she left father an' mither,
An' took his advice an' did bundle an' go.

MOSSIE AND HIS MARE.

O MOSSIE was a cunning man,
A little mare did buy,
For winking and for jinking
There were few could her come nigh.
She was as cunning as a fox,
As soople as a hare
And I will tell you by and by
How Mossie caught his mare.

Sing, da di ump the da dee,
Sing da di ump the dey,
Sing rum tum, tum, tum,
Da di ump the dey.

Mossie on a morning
Gaed oot his mare to seek,
And round about the frosty knowes
Upon his knees did creep.
At length he found her in a ditch,
And glad he got her there,
He flang the halter ower her neck,
And Mossie catched his mare.

Now a' ye gilpy lasses,
When e'er you courting go,
Ye may kiss and ye may cuddle,
But beware when doing so,
For a dip into the honey-mug
May lead you in a snare,
And the deil will catch ye mumpin',
As Mossie catch'd his mare.

And a' ye crafty ale wives,
Wha use the false measure,
By cheating and dissembling
To heapen up your treasure ;
Your cheating and dissembling
Will lead you in a snare,
And the deil may catch ye mumpin',
As Mossie catch'd his mare.

And a' ye lousy tailors,
Wha cabbage aye the cloth,
Ye tak' a quarter frae the yard,
I'm free to gie my oath ;

But, if ye dinna mend your ways,
Ye'll fa' into the snare,
And the deil will catch ye mumpin',
As Mossie catch'd his mare.

And a' ye pettyfoggers,
Wha plead your neighbour's cause,
The puir ye often do oppress,
Though aye within the laws.
But when ye least expect it,
Ye'll hirsle to your share,
For the deil will catch ye mumpin',
As Mossie catch'd his mare.

Last, a' ye Whigs about the land,
Wha deny our lawfu' king,
May ye be gruppit ere ye wit,
And hung upon a string.
Lang be your corns and short your power,
And justice get her share,
And the deevil get ye by the neck,
As Mossie catch'd his mare.

This curious, pithy, and diverting ballad was wont to be sung by an old man in the parish of Cargill, Perthshire, more than forty years ago ; and, sung as it was to a common Strathspey tune, and delivered in a manner peculiarly the singer's own, it was in regular demand at every Handsel Monday, Fasternse'en, and Hallowe'en meeting that John Steenson could be prevailed upon to attend. It was esteemed an old song then, and, indeed, from the Jacobitish dirl that occurs in the concluding stanza, we may safely infer that it belongs to, or was rejuvenated in the first half of the last century. The frequent allusions which occur in it to the common enemy—"Auld Hornie, Sawton, Nick, or Clootie"—when considered in relation to the context and the time, need not, I think, shock unduly even the most sensitive nature. Yea, verily, the main purpose of the ballad is wise and good.

DUNCAN M'CALLPIN.

It was at a wedding near Tranent,
When scores an' scores on fun were bent,
An' to ride the broose wi' full intent,
Was either nine or ten, jo !
An' aff they a' set gallopin', gallopin',
Legs an' arms a-wallopin', wallopin',
"Shame tak' the hindmost," quo' Duncan M'Callpin,
Laird o' Jelly Ben, jo.

The souter he was fidgin' fain,
An' stuck like roset till the mane,
Till smash, like auld boots in a drain,
He nearly reach'd his end, jo !
Yet still they a' gaed, etc.

The miller's mare flew o'er the souter,
An' syne began to glower aboot her ;
Cries Hab, " I'll gie ye double muter,
Gin ye'll ding Jelly Ben, jo !"
Then still they a' gaed, etc.

Now Will the weaver rode sae kittle,
Ye'd thocht he was a flyin' shuttle,
His doup it daddit like a bittle,
But wafted till the end, jo !
Yet still they a' gaed, etc.

The taylour had an awkward beast,
It funk it first and syne did reist,

Then threw poor snipe five ell at least,
Like auld breeks ower the mane, jo !
Yet a' the rest gaed, etc.

The blacksmith's beast was last of a',
Its sides like bellowses did blaw,
Till him an' it got sic a fa',
An' bruises nine or ten, jo !
An' still the lave gaed, etc.

Now, Duncan's mare she flew like drift,
An' aye sae fast her feet did lift,
'Tween ilka sten' she gae a rift,
Out frae her hinder end, jo.
Yet aye they a' gaed, etc.

But Duncan's mare did bang them a',
To rin wi' him they maunna fa',
When up his grey mare he did draw,
The broose it was his ain, jo.
Nae mair wi' him they'll gallop, they'll gallop,
Nae mair wi' him they'll wallop, they'll wallop,
Or they will chance to get some jallup,
Frae the laird o' Jelly Ben, jo.

It is only country-bred people who can thoroughly understand and enjoy this song, bearing, as it does, exclusively on an old popular country custom. It was written by Peter Forbes, a gardener, who, from the contents of a volume of his collected poems, printed at Edinburgh "for the author" in 1812, appears to have lived and sung chiefly in or about the neighbourhood of Dalkeith. It is from a rambling rhyme in his book, entitled "Lang Syne," that we gather any biographical particulars regarding him; and from this we glean only that he had first learned shoemaking, and afterwards took to the more poetical occupation of gardening, and worked among "mony braw plants wi' queer kittle

names" in various parts of Scotland and England. His rhymed ware is mostly of the doggerel order, not more than two or three of the forty-eight pieces which make up the sum-total of the contents rising to the level of respectable verse. "Soda Water," long a favourite at temperance penny readings, is one of the best. It opens thus :—

" Poor Scotland's scaith is whisky rife,
The very king o' curses,
Breeds ilka ill, care, trouble, strife,
Ruins health, and empties purses ;
It fills a peacefu' land wi' strife,
The alehouse fills wi' roarin' ;
It fills wi' broils domestic life,
And fills the kirk wi' snorin'."

"Duncan M'Callpin," sometimes called "Tranent Wedding," is decidedly his best effort, and this is really a happy one. Its subject is the riding of the broose at a country wedding—a custom now entirely obsolete. The broose took the form of a race on foot, or on horseback, according to the distance or social standing of the bride and bridegroom, from the house of the groom to the habitation of the bride's parents, where the marriage ceremony generally took place, and the winner claimed the privilege of kissing the bride, of welcoming her to her new home, and also of opening the "ball" with her. These races sometimes extended over large tracts of country, and if the bride was pretty and a toast, the competitors were often many and the contests keen. Brooses were common in Burns's time ; and in his "New Year's Morning Salutation to his Auld Mare Maggie," it will be remembered, the poet says—

" At brooses thou had ne'er a fallow
For pith and speed."

There is a perverted version of the song, which turns on a race for a wager, beginning—

" It was for a peck o' meal or mair,
Ae day as comin' frae the fair,
That Duncan laid wi' his grey mare,
To ride wi' nine or ten, jo.
Syne aff they set a' gallopin', gallopin',
Arms an' legs a' wallop'in', wallop'in',
'Deil hae the last,' quo' Duncan M'Callochan,
Laird o' Tullyben, jo."

But its coarseness damages its chance of popularity. Forbes's song deservedly has held the field. The tune is "Bang Your Eye" or "The Brisk Young Lad."

JINKIN' YOU, JOCKIE LAD.

O, KEN ye my love Jockie, wha wons on yonder lea ?
He's aye lookin', aye joukin', aye watchin' me.
I tell him I've nae love for him, an' that I never had,
Tho' there's nane on earth I lo'e so weel's my ain Jockie
lad—
My ain Jockie lad, an' my ain Jockie lad ;
There's nane on earth I lo'e sae weel's my ain Jockie lad.

When the sheep are in the fauld, an' the kye are in the
byre,
An'ither lads an' lasses sittin' roond a rovin' fire,
There's me, a glaiket lassie, gae on as I was mad,
Aroond the stooks an' barn nooks, jinkin' you, Jockie lad.
It's you, Jockie lad, an' it's you, Jockie lad,
Nane can tease me an' please me like my ain Jockie lad.

Last hairst, when oor toon it was a' in a roar
To welcome peace and plenty to Great Britain's shore,
He took me by the hand, and he lookit oh, so glad !
That my heart grew sae warin, it never could be sad.
It's my ain Jockie lad, O my ain Jockie lad,
That my heart grew sae warm to my ain Jockie lad.

O my love is blithe an' bonnie, he's the pride o' a' yon lea,
An' I lo'e him best o' ony, though he's aye teasin' me ;
Tho' he teases me, an' squeezes me, and tickles me like mad ;
Nane comes near me that can cheer me like my ain Jockie
lad.
It's you, Jockie lad, an' it's you, Jockie lad,
Nane can tease me an' please me like my ain Jockie lad.

He tells me that he has a wee hoosie o' his ain,
 An' he whispers things into my lug that gars me whiles
 think shame,
 But for a' that, an' a' that, his meanin's no sae bad,
 An' there's nane on earth can please me like my ain Jockie
 lad,
 It's you, Jockie lad, an' it's you, Jockie lad,
 Nane can tease me an' please me like my ain Jockie lad.

O when I'm married to him I'll lo'e but him alane ;
 A' my wealth I'd freely gi'e him, tho' the warld were my
 ain,
 For nae treasure cud gi'e pleasure, O there's nocht cud mak'
 me glad,
 E'en in Heaven I'd be grievin' wantin' you, Jockie lad !
 It's you, Jockie lad, an' it's you, Jockie lad,
 Nane teases me an' pleases like my ain Jockie lad !

Thirty and more years ago this happy and rather ingenious song was a common favourite in most of the northern counties of Scotland, particularly in Aberdeenshire, and was frequently sung as far down as the Howe of Strathmore. About ten years since I made a public appeal for it, which produced a number of letters from widely situated correspondents, some of whom forwarded entire copies of the song—all of them furnishing less or more of it. The complete copies were in each instance in print, the same being a clipping from a penny songster—a channel through which few songs, unfortunately, can pass without receiving sad defacement at the hands of the printer. This one had fared worse than usual. The best copies of the song were found to be those written out from memory. The late Mr. Thomas Cromb, Wolfhill, Perthshire, a well-known dancing master, furnished the most of the subjoined version. Few persons have seen more of the social life of the Scottish peasantry in this last half-century than did Mr. Cromb. He was accustomed, he said, to hear the song many years ago, and, adding to a good memory, a fine appreciation of lyric poetry, his versions of songs—nearly all acquired from having heard them sung—were not less to be relied upon than his judgment in relation to their poetic merits.

Peter Buchan, in his "Ancient Ballads and Songs of the North of Scotland," prints a song under the title of "Johnny, Lad," which he claims to be the original of all the songs—and they are not a few, he says—of this name. I will quote the first verse :—

" I bought a wife in Edinburgh
For ae bawbee,
I got a farthing in again
To buy tobacco wi'.
We'll bore a hole in Aaron's nose,
And put therein a ring ;
And straight we'll lead him to and fro,
Yes, lead him wi' a string.

And wi' you, and wi' you,
And wi' you, my Johnny lad,
I'll drink the buckles o' my sheen
Wi' you, my Johnny lad."

Older that may be; but it won't compare with our version as a song to sing and enjoy.

DONAL' BLUE.

My name is Donal' Blue, an' ye ken me fu' weel,
Straik me canny by the hair, I'm a quiet, simple chiel',
But gin ye rouse the bear, I'm as rouch as the deil,
Gin I get a claucht o' yer noddle.

But I'll tell ye o' a trick, man, that happen'd in the south,
A smith got a wife, an' she had an unco drouth,
She liket it sae weel, put sae muckle in her mouth,
She was aften helpit hame in the mornin'.

So it happen'd ae day, when the smith he was thrang,
They brocht a wife till him—a wife that couldna gang.
He took her on his back, an' up the stair he ran,
An' flang her on the bed wi' a fury.

He lockit the door, brocht the key in his han',
And cam' doon the stair, cryin', "Oh, bewitchèd man,
This conduct o' hers I'm no fit to stan'—
I'll list for a sodger in the mornin'."

He fell to his wark—he was shoein' a horse ;
They cried "Tak' in your wife, Smith, she's lyin' at the
Cross."
He lifted up his hammer, and strack wi' siccan force,
He knockit doon the studdy in his fury.

"The deil's in the folk ! What do they mean ava ?
Gin I've ae drucken wife, Lo'd ! I'm no needin' twa,"
But they cried aye the louder, "Tak' her in frae the snaw,
Or surely she will perish ere the mornin'."

So the smith he gaed oot, an' viewed her a' roun',
"By my sooth, and it's her ; but hoo did she win doon ?"
He hoisted her awa' on his back up to the room,
Whaur the ither wife was lyin' soondly snorin'.

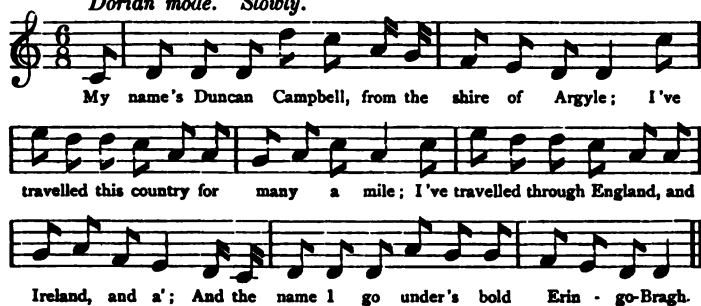
The smith, to his surprise, couldna tell which was his,
Frae the tap to the tae they were dressed in a piece,
An' sae close they resembled each ither in the face,
He couldna tell which was his Jeanie.

“Deil-ma-care,” says the smith, “let them baith lie still,
 When ance she is sober, she’ll surely ken hersel’;
 Noo, frae that day to this Jeanie never buys a gill,
 Nor will she weet her mou’ in the mornin’.

This will be readily recognised as a common favourite at merry meetings throughout the shires of Perth, Stirling, Forfar, and Fife. Though somewhat rough in its texture, it conveys a palpable moral, and is gripped together in a way which shows that its unknown author had no mean sleight of the song-maker’s art. I have never seen the song in print.

ERIN-GO-BRAGH.

Dorian mode. Slowly.



My name's Duncan Campbell, from the shire of Argyle; I've
 travelled this country for many a mile; I've travelled through England, and
 Ireland, and a'; And the name I go under's bold Erin - go-Bragh.

My name's Duncan Campbell, from the shire of Argyle,
 I have travelled this country for many a mile—
 I have travelled through England and Ireland and a',
 And the name I go under 's bold Erin-go-Bragh.

One night in Auld Reekie, as I walked down the street,
 A saucy policeman by chance I did meet;
 He glowered in my face and he gave me some jaw,
 Saying “When came ye over, bold Erin-go-Bragh?”

"I am not a Paddy, though Ireland I've seen,
Nor am I a Paddy, though in Ireland I've been ;
But though I were a Paddy, that's nothing ava,
There's many a bold hero from Erin-go-Bragh."

"I know you are a Pat by the cut of your hair,
But you all turn Scotchmen as soon's you come here ;
You have left your own country for breaking the law,
We are seizing all stragglers from Erin-go-Bragh."

"Though I were a Paddy, and you knew it to be true,
Or were I the devil—pray, what's that to you ?
Were it not for the baton you have in your paw,
I would show you a game played in Erin-go-Bragh."

Then a switch of blackthorn that I held in my fist
Across his big body I made it to twist ;
And the blood from his napper I quickly did draw,
And paid him stock and interest for Erin-go-Bragh.

The people came round like a flock of wild geese,
Crying, "Stop, stop the rascal, he has killed the police ;"
And for every friend I had, I'm sure he had twa—
It was very tight times with bold Erin-go-Bragh.

But I came to a wee boat that sails on the Forth,
I picked up my all, and I steered for the North ;
Farewell to Auld Reekie, policeman and a',
May the devil be with them, says Erin-go-Bragh.

Now, all you brave fellows that listen to my song,
I don't care a farthing to where you belong ;
I come from Argyle, in the Highlands so braw,
But I ne'er take it ill when called Erin-go-Bragh.

Not an Irish song this, as the title would make the novice infer. But natives of the Western Highlands and Islands of Scotland have a good deal in common—in accent and otherwise—with the people of the North of Ireland, and the verses describe only how “Duncan Campbell, from the Shire of Argyle,” suffered in Edinburgh in the “No Irish need apply” days by being mistaken for a son of Saint Patrick. Many will recognise the song as an old and common favourite in Scotland.

JOHN O' BADENYON.

WHEN first I came to be a man, of twenty years or so,
I thought myself a handsome youth, and fain the world
would know ;
In best attire I stept abroad, with spirits brisk and gay ;
And here, and there, and everywhere was like a morn in
May.
No care I had, nor fear of want, but rambled up and down ;
And for a beau I might have pass'd in country or in town ;
I still was pleased where'er I went ; and, when I was alone,
I tuned my pipe, and pleased myself wi' John o' Badenyon.

Now in the days of youthful prime a mistress I must find,
For love, they say, gives one an air, and ev'n improves the
mind ;
On Phillis fair, above the rest, kind fortune fix'd mine eyes ;
Her piercing beauty struck my heart, and she became my
choice.

To Cupid now, with hearty prayer, I offered many a vow,
And danced and sang, and sigh'd and swore, as other lovers
do ;

But when at last I breathed my flame, I found her cold as
stone—

I left the girl, and tuned my pipe to John o' Badenyon.

When love had thus my heart beguiled with foolish hopes
and vain,

To friendship's port I steer'd my course, and laughed at
lovers' pain ;

A friend I got by lucky chance—'twas something like
divine ;

An honest friend's a precious gift, and such a gift was mine.

And now, whatever may betide, a happy man was I,

In any strait I knew to whom I freely might apply,

A strait soon came ; my friend I tried—he heard, and
spurn'd my moan ;

I hied me home, and tuned my pipe to John o' Badenyon.

I thought I should be wiser next, and would a patriot turn,
Began to doat on Johnnie Wilkes, and cry'd up parson

Horne ; *

Their manly spirit I admir'd, and praised their noble zeal,

Who had, with flaming tongue and pen, maintain'd the
public weal.

But, e'er a month or two had pass'd, I found myself betray'd ;

'Twas Self and Party, after all, for a' the stir they made.

At last I saw the factious knaves insult the very throne ;

I cursed them a', and tuned my pipe to John o' Badenyon.

* The song was written when Wilkes and Horne were making a noise about
liberty.

What next to do I mused a while, still hoping to succeed ;
I pitch'd on books for company, and gravely tried to read ;
I bought and borrowed everywhere, and studied night and
day,
Nor miss'd what dean or doctor wrote, that happen'd in my
way,
Philosophy I now esteem'd the ornament of youth,
And carefully, through many a page, I hunted after truth ;
A thousand various schemes I tried, and yet was pleased
with none ;
I threw them by, and tuned my pipe to John o' Badenyon.

And now, ye youngsters everywhere, who wish to make a
show,
Take heed in time, nor vainly hope for happiness below ;
What you may fancy pleasure here is but an empty name ;
And girls, and friends, and books, and so, you'll find them
all the same.
Then be advised, and warning take from such a man as me ;
I'm neither Pope nor Cardinal, nor one of high degree ;
You'll meet displeasure everywhere ; then do as I have
done—
E'en tune your pipe, and please yourselves wi' John o'
Badenyon.

A long and well established favourite, "John o' Badenyon," was written by the Rev. John Skinner, of Linshart, Aberdeenshire, who was author besides of the immortal "Tullochgorum" and "The Ewie wi' the Crookit Horn," and was a much esteemed correspondent of Robert Burns. Skinner was born at Balfour, in the parish of Birse, in 1721, was a teacher for a time, first at Kemnay and then at Monymusk. In 1742 he was appointed Episcopal minister of Longside, where he officiated for the long period of 65 years, residing all that time in a small thatched cottage at Linshart, where he died in 1807.

What the reverend author meant by "John o' Badenyon" has more than once been the subject of debate. The natural idea is that "John o' Badenyon" was a favourite air to which the hero tuned his pipes and played to comfort himself by on any occasion of sorrow or disappointment. But some one has affirmed that he had authority for believing that this was the name which Skinner gave to his family Bible, which had presumably been the gift of the farmer of Badenyon, a place not very distant from Birse, his birthplace. Another tradition is that "John o' Badenyon" was the name or nickname of a relative of Skinner's whom he was fond of chaffing. Neither of these two latter explanations, however, harmonises with the tenor of the song. "Tuning one's pipes," as the Rev. William Walker says, "is surely no suitable preparation for chaffing a friend, still less for reading one's Bible." That is so; and what suits best with the moral of the song is a simple, solitary amusement, such as playing a tune on the pipes, which is wholly within one's own power.

JOHN O' BADENYON.

WHERE now the trees are budding green,
And flow'rs bloom on the lea,
The time I used to meet my love,
Beneath yon spreading tree,
My happy days it brings to mind—
But, ah! these days are gone!—
Yet still I tune the pipe I got
Frae John o' Badenyon.

For my false love he proved untrue,
And left me here to mourn;
And often wet wi' ev'ning dew,
I've sat beneath this thorn.
I've wander'd here, I've wander'd there,
But rest I could find none,
Until I met beneath this shade
Wi' John o' Badenyon.

"Why is thy face o'ercast with woe,"
He said, "or why oppressed?
Should worldly care, or hapless love
Ere rob thy youth of rest?"
He tuned his pipe, and play'd sae sweet
He gar't my cares stand yon';
I bless the day I chanced to meet
Wi' John o' Badenyon.

'Twas he first taught my youth to sing,
And made the rustic lay,
And to his pipe the words would ring
The lee-lang summer day.
Nane had sic art to soothe my heart,
But now, alas! he's gone,
For nane could ever play or sing
Like John o' Badenyon.

He, dying, gave to me this pipe,
On which he used to play;
"Be thou its second lord," he said,
"And soothe thy care away;
And seize each op'ning bud of joy,
That blooms the thorns amon';"
So, dying said, he left this scene—
Dear John o' Badenyon.

I laid his head beneath the yird,
And dew'd it wi' a tear;
I aften wander near the spot,
For he to me was dear.

Now Spring's green mantle clothes the field,
But, ah ! I sing alone ;
For Spring's green mantle clothes the grave
Of John o' Badenyon.

I find these verses, under this title, given in an old chap-book printed at Glasgow (no date), comprising "five Scotch Songs." Whether they are older or later than Skinner's time, no one living may be able to tell.

THE LOWLANDS OF HOLLAND.

THE love that I had chosen
Was to my heart's content ;
The saut sea shall be frozen
Before that I repent ;
Repent me will I never,
Until the day I dee,
Tho' the Lowlands o' Holland
Hae twined my love and me.

My love lies in the saut sea,
And I am on the side,
Enough to break a young thing's heart,
Wha lately was a bride ;
Wha lately was a bonnie bride,
Wi' pleasure in her e'e ;
But the Lowlands o' Holland
Hae twined my love and me.

My love he built a bonnie ship,
And sent her to the sea,
Wi' seven score brave mariners
To bear her companie ;
Three score gaed to the bottom,
And three-score died at sea,
And the Lowlands o' Holland
Hae twined my love and me.

My love he built anither ship,
And sent her to the main ;
He had but twenty mariners,
And a' to bring her hame ;
But the weary wind began to rise,
And the sea began to rout,
My love then and his bonnie ship
Turned widdershins * about.

There shall nae coif come on my head,
Nae kame come in my hair,
There's neither coal nor candle licht
Shine in my bower mair ;
Nor shall I hae anither love
Until the day I dee ;
I never loved a love but ane,
And he's drowned in the sea.

O haud yer tongue my daughter dear,
Be still, and be content,
There are mair lads in Galloway,
Ye needna sair lament.

* In a direction contrary to the sun.

Oh ! there is nane in Galloway,
There's nane at a' for me ;
For I never lo'ed a lad but ane,
And he's drown'd in the sea.

According to a popular tradition, this plaintive ballad, which has been an established favourite with the country people of Scotland for several generations, though seldom printed in the collections, was composed about the beginning of last century by a young lady in Galloway, whose husband was drowned in the course of a voyage to Holland. It may, however, as Mr. George Eyre-Todd shrewdly suggests, belong to an earlier period, when Scottish knights, in times of peace at home, were accustomed, as soldiers of fortune, to carry their swords and followers to the wars in the Low Countries. Its original air, from which Miss Admiral Gordon's Strathspey was made, is preserved in the "Caledonian Pocket Companion." David Herd was the first to print the ballad, but four verses make the total of his version. Here are six, all of which have been accustomed to be sung.

THE CROOK AND PLAID.

I WINNA love the laddie that ca's the cart and pleugh,
Though he should own that tender love that's only felt by
few ;
For he that has this bosom a' to fondest love betray'd
Is the faithfu' shepherd laddie that wears the crook and
plaid ;
For he's aye true to his lassie—he's aye true to his lassie,
Who wears the crook and plaid.

At morn he climbs the mountains wild, his fleecy flocks to
view,
While o'er him sweet the laverock sings, new sprung frae
'mang the dew ;

His doggie frolics roun' and roun', and may not weel be
stay'd,
Sae blythe it is the laddie wi' that wears the crook and
plaid.

And he's aye true, etc.

At noon he leans him down upon the high and heathy fell,
And views his flocks beneath him a' fair feeding in the dell;
And then he sings the sangs o' love, the sweetest ever made;
O! how happy is the laddie that wears the crook and plaid.
And he's aye true, etc.

He pu's the bells o' heather red, and the lily flowers sae
meek,
Ca's the lily like my bosom, and the heathbell like my
cheek;
His words are sweet and tender, as the dews frae heaven
shed,
And weel I love to list the lad who wears the crook and
plaid.

For he's aye true, etc.

When the dews begin to fauld the flowers, and the gloamin'
shades draw on;
When the star comes stealing through the sky, and the kye
are in the loan;
He whistles through the glen sae sweet, the heart is lighter
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To ken the laddie hameward hies who wears the crook and
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To ken the laddie hameward hies who wears the crook and
plaid.

For he's aye true, etc.

Beneath the spreading hawthorn grey, that's growing in the
glen,
He meets me in the gloamin' aye, when nane on earth can
ken,
To woo and vow, and there, I trow, whatever may be said,
He kens aye unco weel the way to row me in his plaid.
For he's aye true, etc.

The youth o' mony riches may to his fair one ride,
And woo across the table cauld his madam-titled bride ;
But I'll gang to the hawthorn grey, where cheek to cheek is
laid,
O ! nae wooer's like the laddie that rows me in his plaid.
For he's aye true, etc.

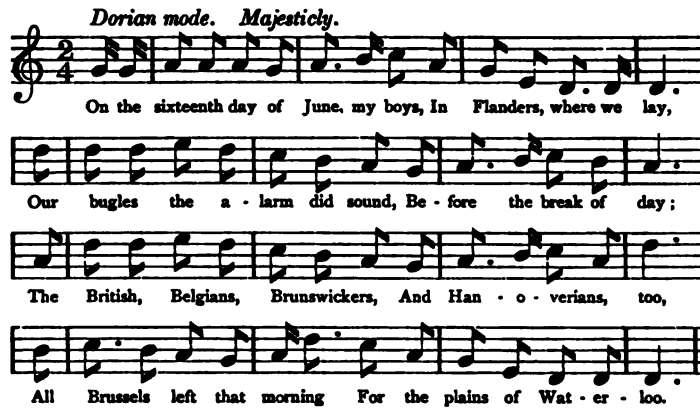
To own the truth o' tender love, what heart wad no
comply,
Since love gives purer happiness than aught aneath the sky?
If love be in the bosom, then the heart is ne'er afraid,
And through life I'll love the laddie that wears the crook
and plaid.
For he's aye true to his lassie—he's aye true to his lassie,
Who wears the crook and plaid.

Here is a song of country love, by one who thoroughly understood country life, hence its favour with our rural lads and lasses, who have sung it regularly for half a century. It was composed by Henry Scott Riddell, who was author besides of "Scotland Yet," "The Wild Glen sae Green," and other lyrics of rare vim and quality. Riddell was born at Sorbie, in the Vale of Ewes, in Dumfriesshire, in 1798. His father was a shepherd, and Henry's early years were spent at the same calling. In course of time, however, he threw aside the crook and plaid, studied at the University of Edinburgh, and became the minister of Teviotdale, where he laboured faithfully for nearly nine years. In 1841 a serious attack of nervous disease came upon him, and he had to abandon

for ever the labours of the pastorate. He died in 1870. Riddell wrote a great deal, and much that he wrote became exceedingly popular, but nothing more so than "The Crook and Plaid," which was written to supplant a song of questionable character called "The Plough Boy." Isobel Pagan, an earlier singer, who was author of a version of "Ca' the Yowes to the Knowes," it is fair to state, wrote also a song entitled "The Crook and Plaid." It is Riddell's song, however, that every country person knows and sings.

THE PLAINS OF WATERLOO.

Dorian mode. Majestically.



On the sixteenth day of June, my boys, In Flanders, where we lay,
Our bugles the a-larm did sound, Be-fore the break of day;
The British, Belgians, Brunswickers, And Han-o-verians, too,
All Brussels left that morning For the plains of Wat-er-loo.

On the sixteenth day of June, my boys,
In Flanders, where we lay,
Our bugles the alarm did sound
Before the break of day;
The British, Belgians, Brunswickers,
And Hanoverians, too,
All Brussels left that morning
For the plains of Waterloo.

By a forcèd march we did advance,
Till three in the afternoon ;
Each British heart with ardour burned
To pull the tyrant down.
At Quatre Bras we met the French—
Their form to us was new ;
For in steel armour they were clad
On the plains of Waterloo.

Napoleon to his men did say,
Before the fight began—
“ My heroes, if this day we lose
Our nation is undone.
The Prussians we’ve already beat,
We’ll beat the British too,
And display victorious eagles
On the fields of Waterloo.”

Our immortal hero, Wellington,
No speech to us did make.
We were Peninsula heroes
And oft had made them quake ;
At Vittoria, Salamanca,
Toulouse, and Burgos, too—
They beheld their former conquerors
On the plains of Waterloo.

In bright array Britannia stood
And viewed her sons that day,
Then to her much-loved hero went
And thus to him did say—

“ If you the wreath of laurel grasp
From yon usurper’s brow
Through ages all shall you be called
The Prince of Waterloo.”

The bloody fight it then began,
The cannons they did roar ;
We being short of cavalry
They pressèd us full sore.
Three British cheers we gave them,
With volleys not a few,
Which made them wish themselves in France
And far from Waterloo.

For full four hours, or longer, we
Sustained the bloody fray ;
And during a long darksome night
Upon our arms we lay.
The orders of our General
Next day we did pursue,
We retired in files for near six miles,
To the plains of Waterloo.

This day both armies kept their ground,
When scarce a shot was fired ;
The French did boast a victory gained
Because we had retired.
This noble act of generalship
Them from their strongholds drew,
Then we’d some share by fighting fair
On the plains of Waterloo.

On the eighteenth, in the morning,
Both armies did advance,
On this side stood brave Albion's sons,
On that the pride of France.
The fate of Europe in his hands,
Each man his sabre drew,
And death or victory was the word
On the plains of Waterloo.

Upon our right they did begin,
Prince Jerome led the van,
With Imperial Guards and Cuirassiers,
Thought none could them withstand ;
But British steel soon made them yield,
Though our numbers were but few,
Prisoners we made, but more lay dead,
On the plains of Waterloo.

When to our left they bent their course
In disappointed rage,
The Belgian line fought for a time,
But could not stand the charge ;
Then Caledon took up her drone,
And loud her chanter blew,
Played Marshall Ney a new strathspey,
To the tune of Waterloo.

Before the tune was half played o'er
The French had danced their fill—
Ten thousand of their warriors
Lay dead upon the field.

Ten thousand prisoners we took,
Imperial eagles too—
Oh ! British valour was displayed
On the plains of Waterloo.

A health to George, our royal King,
And long may he govern ;
Likewise the Duke of Wellington,
That noble son of Erin !
Two years they added to our time,
With pay and pension too ;
And now we are recorded all
As " men of Waterloo."

Every schoolboy in Scotland is familiar with Lord Byron's blood-kindling verses on "The Eve of Waterloo," and all who presume to be read in poetical literature beyond the mere alphabet of the subject know also Sir Walter Scott's poem descriptive of the "king-making victory" of that terrible Sabbath in mid-June, 1815, when Napoleon and Wellington met face to face for the first and last time, and the "terror of Europe" was fain to flee from the death-spitting mouths of the British guns. But not the infinitely greater poems of Byron and Scott—nor either of them—has captivated more thoroughly the common heart of the peasantry of this country than the unsophisticated ballad printed above, which is supposed to have been written by a Scottish soldier who took part in the engagement. To wit, John (better known as Jock) Robertson, a bugler in the 92nd Highlanders. It is worth noting here besides that one who fought with the Scots Greys at Waterloo on being asked many years after how he would like to fight it over again, replied at once, while his eye brightened at the question, "In my shirt sleeves."

Except in broad-sheet form, this ballad has been seldom printed.

TAM FREW'S HAT.

You've a' heard tell o' auld Tam Frew,
Wha ance lived down at Sheepford Locks,
Whase only way o' livin' noo
Is gaun about and cleanin' clocks.
He's unco queer in a' his ways,
And aye as dry's he licket saut ;
But the oddest o' his queerest ways—
He keeps his smiddy in his hat.

Noo, auld Tam's hat's nae ord'nar hat,
Though unco bare and gey far through ;
It has seen better days I wat,
Although it hauds a smiddy noo.
When it was new Laird Waddell wore't,
And out frae 'neath 't gied mony a squint,
I'm sure he paid a guinea for't,
Though noo Tam hauds his smiddy in't.

A vice, a study, and a file,
A cramp, and twa or three screw taps,
An eight-day clock's bell packit fu'
O' auld watch gear and bits o' scraps,
Twa pendlums and a chapper wecht,
Twa hammers and twa drills I wat,
Twa hanks o' cage wire, if I'm richt,
Were a' panged into Tammy's hat.

A wee pock fu' o' points o' preens,
For pinnin' wheels, an' points, an' gear,
An ink-glass, fu' o' gude sweet oil,
A feather in't, ye needna fear,
A saw made o' an auld knife blade,
A punch an' brogue, for widenin' holes,
An' ilka thing a smith micht need,
But bellows, hearth, an' smiddy coals.

Noo, auld Tam's smiddy needs nae lums,
Nor doors nor winnocks, roun' an' roun,
But he fa's to work as soon's it comes,
And turns his smiddy upside down.
An' aft he'll yoke to cuckoo nocks,
And gar them speak tho' ten years dead,
As soon's works dune awa' he rocks,
Wi' his smiddy hotchin' on his head.

Auld Tam when young could crack and joke,
And play that way richt weel I wat,
Haund doon his name like ither folk,
Though noo his smiddy's in his hat.
There's mony a slip 'tween cup and lip,
Tho' bodies they think nocht o' that,
For wha wad thocht that time wad slip
Tam's smiddy stock intil his hat?

Noo, Tam's like mony ither smiths,
He likes a drap to weet his reed,
And gangs to whaur it's gude atweel,
Wi' his smiddy placed upon his head.

And down he sits and smokes and drinks,
 Until that he be roarin' fu',
 There's three o' them ye maist wad think—
 The hat, the smiddy, and Tam Frew.

But auld Tam's race is nearly run,
 His smiddy roof is nearly bare,
 An' aft his bits o' tools are fun',
 A' fankled in amang his hair.
 Regardless o' yon auld fell chiel',
 Wha passing by may gie 'm a bat,
 An' gar him tak' a lang fareweel
 O' baith his smiddy and his hat.

Though not included in any collection of note, this has been a popular song—and deservedly so—all over Scotland for nearly half a century. It has been printed again and again in broadsheets and penny songsters, etc., but always anonymously; and it was my privilege not many years ago to print it for the first time with the author's name attached, and to furnish particulars regarding the subject and history of the effusion.

The allusion in the opening stanza to the "Sheepford Locks" denotes the vicinity of Airdrie and Coatbridge as being the native locality of the song; and inquiring thereaway, through the medium of a friend, I learned on very reliable authority that the author's name was John M'Lay. He would be born about the end of the last or the beginning of the present century, and at the time the song appeared—about 50 years ago—was a miner in the employment of the Calder Iron Company, and resided at Greenwood, on the Monkland Canal, between Airdrie and Coatbridge, and not far from the spot where once stood Tam's Smiddy at the Sheepford Locks. He appears to have been able to pick out a character, and to appreciate with whom he had to deal. Tam Frew, of course, was a real personage, and one day, some time after the song had been composed, M'Lay was in company with a few other miners in a public-house in Holytown, when, lo! who should enter but the redoubtable Tam with "his smiddy hotchin' on his head." *Sotto voce* the conversation turned on the song, when Tam offered to give any man a gill who would sing it to him. The author at once stood up and sang it to the delight of the company. When it was finished, Tam declared he "would gie another gill to ken wha wrote it." He was informed on the spot, and a jolly night ensued. M'Lay is reputed to have

written other songs besides the present. One entitled "Nosey," now lost, which hit off a person in the district with an abnormally large proboscis, my informant once heard him sing, though not until some considerable time after the decease of the person to whom it alluded. He has been named, indeed, as the author of "Heather Jock." Certainly the hand that delineated Tam Frew so graphically was equal to the task; but "Heather Jock" as will be seen further on in this work was not written by John M'Lay.

THE BONNIE LASSIE'S ANSWER.

"FAREWELL to Glasgow City, likewise to Lanarkshire,
Farewell, my dearest parents, I'll never see you mair,
For I am bound to go, my love, where no one shall me
know."

But the bonnie lassie's answer was aye no, no.

'Twas aye no, no, my love; 'twas aye no, no;
The bonnie lassie's answer was aye no, no.

"It's for the want of pocket money, and for the want of cash,
Makes a bonnie laddie to leave his bonnie lass,
So I am bound to go, my love, where no one shall me know,"
But the bonnie lassie's answer was aye no, no.

"The Queen is wanting men, they say, and I for one should
go,
And for my very life, love, I dare not answer no."
"O, stay at home, my bonnie lad, and dinna gang afar,
For little, little do you ken the dangers of the war.

" 'Tis I'll cut off my yellow hair and gang along wi' thee,
And be your faithful comrade in ilk foreign countrie ;"
" O, stay at hame, my bonnie lass, and dinna gang wi' me,
For little, little do ye ken the dangers of the sea.

" The fervent love I bear to you is constant, true, and kind,
You are always present to my view, and never from my
mind,
But I am bound to go, my love, where no one shall me
know,"
And the bonnie lassie's answer was aye no, no.

" Farewell to Cathkin's sunny braes, where oft times we have
been,
Farewell unto the banks of Clyde, and bonny Glasgow
Green,
Farewell, my loving comrades, I own my heart is sair,
Farewell for aye, my bonnie Jean, I'll never see you mair.

" For I am bound to go, my love, where no one shall me
know,"
But the bonnie lassie's answer was aye no, no—
'Twas aye no, no, my love, 'twas aye no, no,
The bonnie lassie's answer was aye no, no.

Originally from the West, perhaps, we have here a song that will be at once
recognised as a common favourite all over rural Scotland, the custom being for
the singer to make it apply to the nearest military town.

NANCY DAWSON.

THERE lived a lass in yonder glen
Wham auld and young did brawly ken,
She crackit the hearts o' a' the men,
Her name was Nancy Dawson.
But her auld daddie ne'er could bear
That ony ane her price should speir,
Except the laird o' Mucklegear,
Gleed, whistlin' Bauldy Lawson.

The lass was scarcely out nineteen,
Wi' coral lips and diamond een,
Wi' rosy cheeks and gracefu' mien,
Oh, but she was a darlin' ;
But Bauldy, bleer'd in baith his een,
Had mair than half a century seen,
Yet he wad come ilk Friday's e'en
To rival Rab M'Farlane.

But Rab was young and Rab was braw,
He had a tongue ayont them a',
He could wile an egg frae 'neath the craw,
And pleased the lassie's fancy ;
But Rab had neither gear nor lan',
So couldna please the auld gudeman ;
It made the carle to rage and ban,
The loon should ne'er get Nancy.

The faither fleech'd, the mither flate,
They bother'd the lass baith ear' and late
To wed the laird for his braw estate,

Or she wad get nae tocher ;
But she in Glasgow toon did ca',
And was advised by a limb o' the law
To please hersel' afore them a',
For she was an only dochter.

The laird his beard did trimly maw,
And dressed himsel' fu' trig and braw,
To strike the match for good and a'

Cam' branklin' ben the entry ;
But Nancy wished the carle at France
As he cam' hoastin' ben the trance,
She thocht, wi' sigh and scornfu' glance,
This plan but answers gentry.

The day was fix'd, the banns were ca'd,
The braws were bocht wi' great paraud,
An' Bauldy he fu' croosely craw'd

Ower a' the lads victorious.
At length the bridal day cam' roon',
The gossips met wi' gleesome soun' ;
But hope turns disappointment soon,
We see nae far afore us.

Wi' poothered wig arrived the priest,
The brewer and his lade cam' neist,
The baker brang a special feast

O' roast, pies, buns, and gravy ;

The cry gat up, "The bridegroom's comin',"
Baith auld and young did oot come rinnin',
For then they heard the fiddle bummin',
An' liltin' "Dainty Davie."

The bride was left i' the spence her lane,
And oot at the back door she has gane,
And through the yard, and doon the glen,
Amang the birks and hazels :
She ran straucht to the trysting tree,
And met wi' Rab in muckle glee,
And they hae fled across the lea
As swift as hares or weasels.

Noo Bauldy he drew near the hoose,
And, vow ! but he was skeich and croose,
Cock-sure ere lang to hae a spouse,
Surpass'd wi' nane ava, man.
He was welcomed in wi' muckle mense,
To see his bride within the spense,
But they were bereaved o' every sense,
When they found she was awa', man.

They socht her oot, they socht her in,
But on the track they ne'er could win,
Some hintit leukin' roon the linn—
Hysterics seized ilk carline ;
Till Tam the herd cam' down the dale,
The herald o' a dolefu' tale ;
Quo' he, "I saw her blithe and hale,
Scoorin' aff wi' Rab M'Farlane."

Thinkin' in vain the lass he'd wooed,
Puir Bauldy ran as hard's he could ;
Put on his specs, the hills he viewed,
And saw them turn the cairn.
He cried to the best-man, " Roger, rin,
As yet we're no that far ahin',
To me a wife you yet may win,
And save the laird's dear bairn."

So Roger cuist his shoon and coat,
Took to the road like cannon shot,
And neebours, pityin' Bauldy's lot,
Set aff as swift as roes, man.
The fiddler, neither stiff nor slack,
Ran till his limbs were like to crack,
He fell on his broo, an' his bow he brak'
And returned wi' bluidy nose, man.

Wi' quakin' knees and daunted breist,
Puir Bauldy saw his cronie reist,
Took consolation frae the priest
And dichted baith his een, man.
Yet aye he looked wi' ruefu' face
To see the up-shot o' the chase
For ilka ane believed the race
Wad end at Gretna Green, man.

Noo, wha's to eat the feast sae fat ?
And wha's to quaff the brews o' maut ?
For Bauldy hasna taste for that,
Sin' Nancy's proved na sterlin'.

'They a' slade aff like knotless threads,
'To lay aside their bridal weeds,
Sayin', "The morn we'll rise wi' braw hale heids,
An' be thankin' Rab M'Farlane."

Ye wha hae dochters a' tak' tent,
And prudence learn from this event,
Ne'er barter them 'gainst their consent,
Although it be the fashion ;
Lest on their blithesome bridal day
They oot at the back door chance to stray,
And lichtly skip across the lea,
Like charming Nancy Dawson.

From various correspondents I have received versions of this song, more or less incomplete ; but Mrs. Robertson, Birnam, furnishes apparently the complete and perfect article. Mrs. Robertson never saw the song in print, but committed it to memory from hearing it sung by her mother in Ayrshire many years ago. About the middle of last century a theatre version of "Nancy Dawson" was very popular, the first verse of which ran :—

"Of all the girls in our town—
The black, the fair, the red, the brown—
That prance and dance it up and down,
There's none like Nancy Dawson.
Her easy mien, her shape so neat,
She foots, she trips, she looks so sweet,
Her every motion is complete—
I'd die for Nancy Dawson."

It contained four stanzas, the above being the best, so that it cannot thole to be compared with the humorous old ditty given above, and printed now perhaps for the first time. The tune is "The Cauldrie Woocer."

THE PLAIDIE AWA'.

FRAE flesher Rab that lived in Crieff,
A bonnie lassie wanted to buy some beef ;
He took her in his arms and down she did fa',
And the wind blew the bonnie lassie's plaidie awa'.

Her plaidie awa', her plaidie awa',
The wind blew the bonnie lassie's plaidie awa' ;
He took her in his arms and down she did fa',
And the wind blew the bonnie lassie's plaidie awa'.

The plaidie was lost and couldna be fun',
The deil's in the plaid, it's awa' wi' the win' ;
An' what shall I say to the auld folks ava ?
I daurna say the wind blew the plaidie awa'.

It wasna lang after the plaidie was lost,
Till the bonnie lassie grew thick about the waist,
And Rabbie was blamed for the hale o' it a',
And the wind blawin' the bonnie lassie's plaidie awa'.

When Rabbie was summoned to answer the Session,
They a' cried out ye maun mak' a confession ;
But Rabbie ne'er answered them ae word ava,
But "the wind blew the bonnie lassie's plaidie awa'."

The auld wife came in puir Rab to accuse,
The minister and elders began to abuse
Puir Rabbie for trying to mak' ane into twa,
But Rabbie said, "The wind blew the plaidie awa'."

The lassie was sent for to come there hersel',
She look'd in his face, says, "Ye ken who I fell,
And ye had the cause o't, ye daurna say na,"
But Rabbie said, "The wind blew the plaidie awa'."

Rab looked in her face and gied a bit smile,
He says, "My bonnie lass, I winna you beguile;
The minister is here, he'll make ane o' us twa,
That will pay for the plaid that the wind blew awa'."

The whisky was sent for to mak' a' thing right,
The ministers and elders they sat a' the night,
And sang till the cock began for to crow,
"The wind blew the bonnie lassie's plaidie awa'."

Now Rab and his lassie are hand in hand,
They live as contented as ony in the land;
And when he gets fou he minds o' the fa',
An', "The wind blew the bonnie lassie's plaidie awa'."

This favourite song has the true marrow of the Scottish lyre in it. Humorous, and although a little high kilted, it is by no means rudely indelicate, while the glorious *dénouement* of the story makes up for all previous indiscretions and offences.

My friend Mr. D. Kippen, of Crieff, has it that the song was composed by an Irishman who lived in Crieff, near to the Cross, in the early years of the present century, and was known familiarly by the name of "Blind Rob." This song, at least, and "Molly M'Kay," which was a favourite itinerant song between 1820 and 1840, "Blind Rob" sang into fame (Mr. Kippen avers), and he claimed the authorship of both.

THE BRAES O' STRATHBLANE.

As I was a walking one morning in May,
Down by yon green meadow I carelessly did stray,
I espied a fair maid, she was standing her lane,
While bleaching her claes on the braes o' Strathblane.

I stepped up towards her as I seemed to pass,
"You are bleaching your claes here, my bonnie young lass;
It's a twelvemonth and more since I had you in my mind,
And oh, to be married, if you would incline."

"To marry! to marry! I'm sure I'm too young,
Besides the young men have a flattering tongue;
My father and mother displeasèd would be
If I were to marry a rover like thee."

"Oh, lassie! oh, lassie! how can you say so?
You know not the pains which I undergo.
Consent, my dear lassie, to be a' my ain,
And we will live happy on the braes o' Strathblane."

"Oh, tempt me no longer," the fair maid did say,
"It's better for you to jog on your way—
It's better for me to bide here my lane
Than with you and your stell on the braes o' Strathblane."

I turned about with a tear in my e'e,
Saying, "I wish you a good man whoe'er he may be—
I wish you a good one, as we are here alane,
And I'll court another on the braes o' Strathblane."

“Oh, stop,” says the lassie, “for you’ve won my heart,
There is my hand, we never shall part—
We never shall part till the day that we dee,
And may goodness attend us wherever we be.”

“It’s now you’ve consented, but quite out of time,
Since you spoke these few words, I have changed my mind ;
The clouds lower heavy, I’m afraid we’ll have rain—”
So we shook hands and parted on the braes o’ Strathblane.

Come all you fair maidens, where’er you may be,
And ne’er slight a young man who’d prove true to thee :
For the slighting of this young man I’m afraid I’ll get nane,
But forlorn aye must wander on the braes o’ Strathblane.

Poor in the literary sense—the merest doggerel, indeed—there has yet been no ploughman, or ploughman’s sweetheart, or wife, in all the Blane Valley for fifty years and more with whom this song has not been as familiar as the lines of the 23rd Psalm ; and as a rural folk-song, if for no better reason, it is worthy of preservation. It has been often printed in broad sheet form ; and ballad-hawkers continue to find ready sale for it at feeling markets in Glasgow and the West of Scotland.

THE BANKS OF SWEET DUNDEE.





It's of a farmer's daughter, so beautiful I'm told,
 Her parents died and left her five hundred pounds in gold;
 She lived with her uncle, the cause of all her woe—
 You soon shall hear this maiden fair did prove his over-
 throw.

Her uncle had a ploughboy young Mary loved full well,
 And in her uncle's garden their tales of love would tell;
 There was a wealthy squire who oft came her to see,
 But still she loved the ploughboy on the banks of sweet
 Dundee.

It was on a summer's morning her uncle went straightway,
 He knocked at Mary's bedroom door, and unto her did say—
 "Come, rise up, pretty maiden, a lady you may be,
 The squire is waiting for you on the banks of sweet Dun-
 dee."

"A fig for all your squires, your lords and dukes likewise,
 My William he appears to me like diamonds in my eyes."
 "Begone, unruly female, you ne'er shall happy be,
 I mean to banish William from the banks of sweet Dundee."

Her uncle and the squire rode out one summer's day,
"Young William is in favour," her uncle he did say ;
"Indeed, 'tis my intention to tie him to a tree,
Or else to bribe the press-gang on the banks of sweet Dun-
dee."

The press-gang came to William when he was all alone,
He boldly fought for liberty, but they were six to one,
The blood did flow in torrents. "Pray, kill me now," said
he,
"I would rather die for Mary on the banks of sweet Dun-
dee."

This maid one day was walking, lamenting for her love,
She met the wealthy squire down in her uncle's grove.
He put his arms around her—"Stand off, base man," said
she,
"You sent the only lad I love from the banks of sweet
Dundee."

He clasped his arms around her and tried to throw her
down,
Two pistols and a sword she spied beneath his morning
gown.
Young Mary took the pistols, his sword he used so free,
Then she did fire, and shot the squire, on the banks of sweet
Dundee.

Her uncle overheard the noise, and hastened to the ground,
"O, since you've kill'd the squire, I'll give you your death-
wound ;"

"Stand off, then," cried young Mary, "undaunted I will
be—"

She trigger drew, her uncle slew, on the banks of sweet
Dundee.

A doctor soon was sent for, a man of noted skill,
Likewise came his lawyer, for him to sign his will ;
He willed his gold to Mary, who fought so manfully,
And closed his eyes, no more to rise, on the banks of sweet
Dundee.

Young William he was sent for, and quickly did return,
As soon as he came back again, young Mary ceased to
mourn ;
The day it was appointed, they joined their hands so free,
And now they live in splendour on the banks of sweet Dun-
dee.

Seldom printed, but passed down faithfully from mouth to mouth, this
rudely-girded, tragic love-ballad cannot be less than a hundred years old.
Fifty years ago, when harvest work in Scotland was almost wholly done by the
hand-hook, it was a common song among the bands of shearers in the Carse of
Gowrie and thereabout when songs went round in the bothies at night. Poeti-
cally it is a poor affair. But will any one say that "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay," for
instance, appeals to a higher culture ? I trow the old one has it.

CORUNNA'S LONE SHORE.

Do you weep for the woes of poor wandering Nelly ?
I love you for that, but I love you now no more ;
All I had long ago lies entomb'd with my Billy,
Whose grave rises green on Corunna's lone shore.

Oh ! they tell me my Billy looked noble when dying,
That round him the noblest in battle stood crying.
While from his deep wound life's red floods were drying,
At evening's pale close on Corunna's lone shore.

That night Billy died, as I lay on my pillow,
I thrice was alarmed by a knock at my door ;
Thrice my name it was called in a voice soft and mellow,
And thrice did I dream of Corunna's lone shore.
Methought Billy stood on the beach where the billow
Boom'd over his head, breaking loud, long, and hollow,
In his hand he held waving a flag of green willow,
"Save me, God !" he exclaimed on Corunna's lone shore.

And now when I mind on't, my dear Billy told me,
While tears wet his eyes, but those tears are no more,
At our parting, he never again would behold me,
'Twas strange, then I thought on Corunna's lone shore.
But shall I ne'er see him when drowsy-eyed night falls,
When through the dark arch Luna's tremulous light falls,
As o'er his new grave slow the glow-worm of night crawls,
And ghosts of the slain trip Corunna's lone shore.

Yes, yes, on this spot shall these arms enfold him,
For here hath he kissed me a thousand times o'er ;
How bewildered's my brain, now methinks I behold him,
All bloody and pale on Corunna's lone shore.
Come away, my sweetheart, come in haste, my dear Billy,
On the wind's wafting wing to thy languishing Nelly ;
I've got kisses in store, I've got secrets to tell thee,
Come, ghost of my Bill, from Corunna's lone shore.

Oh ! I'm told that my blue eyes have lost all their splendour,

That my locks, once so yellow, now wave thin and hoar ;
 'Tis, they tell me, because I'm so restless to wander,
 And from thinking so much on Corunna's lone shore,
 But, God help me, where shall I go to forget him ?
 If to father's, at home in each corner I meet him,
 The arbour, alas ! where he used aye to seat him,
 Says, " Think, Nelly, think on Corunna's lone shore."

And here as I travel all tatter'd and torn,

By bramble and briar, over mountain and moor,
 Ne'er a bird bounds aloft to salute the new morn,
 But warbles aloud, " Oh, Corunna's lone shore."
 It is heard in the blast when the tempest is blowing ;
 It is heard on the white, broken waterfall flowing ;
 It is heard in the songs of the reaping and mowing,
 Oh, my poor bleeding heart ! Oh, Corunna's lone shore !

Written by the author of "The Lass o' Glenshee," the present song—at one time familiar in every Perthshire cottage—does more credit to his lyric power than the fore-mentioned. Whitelaw prints it in his "Book of Scottish Song," but has not a word about its tragic origin and deeply moving history. For its story we are indebted to the late Mr. P. R. Drummond, bookseller and historian, who, in his "Perthshire in Bygone Days," says :—"The chain of unfortunate circumstances which suggested to the mind of Andrew Sharpe the composition of the ode, 'Corunna's Lone Shore,' was shortly this. In the year 1808, William Herdman, a handsome and well-conducted young tradesman, lived in a land of houses facing the river, which has been lately removed to make way for Tay Street, and on the opposite side dwelt Ellen Rankine, whose father was gardener at Bellwood. Frequently passing and repassing across the river, the two formed a fond mutual attachment, which was about to resolve itself into their becoming man and wife, when a misunderstanding of a very trivial nature arose between Herdman and Helen's father, which became aggravated into a quarrel, and the young man, being too proud to submit, took revenge on all by enlisting in the 92nd Regiment, then under orders for foreign service. Within a few months he

was carrying a musket and knapsack across the trodden and hungry orange groves of Old Castile, and under Sir David Baird, eventually joined Sir John Moore's retreat upon Corunna. The same evening, the 16th of January, 1809, that they buried Sir John Moore in the centre of the battery at Corunna, they buried William Herdman under the green turf on the outside of the battery walls, and within a few feet of the ebbing and flowing waters of the Bay of Biscay. The first news William Herdman's father and mother heard of him, after his enlistment, was the news of his death—terribly distracting news to them, accompanied as they were with full details of his last moments on the field of battle. Andrew Sharpe had observed that, since Herdman's departure, Ellen Rankine was greatly changed. Her passionate blue eyes had begun to fade, and her luxuriant brown hair, the pride of better days, to get tangled and dry; but when the news of his death came she sank into helpless idiocy, and despite the careful watchings of her distressed parents, she stole from them in a luckless moment, and, taking the back of the hill, went crooning and singing for a whole week away through the Howe of Strathmore, the burden of her song taken, no doubt, from Sharpe—

'Oh ! Corunna's lone shore.'

The interest taken in the beautiful but crazed maiden, and the kindness shown to her wherever she went, have been the theme of many a story. She has been described by those who had seen her as walking at a rapid pace, bare-headed and barefooted, waving a red handkerchief in her right hand, and under her white, naked arm carrying her masses of brown hair tied up in an inextricable bundle."

One of the earliest recollections of my life, and a tender one, is my own mother's crooning of these touching verses of an evening.

THIS IS THE NIGHT MY JOHNNIE SET.

THIS is the night my Johnnie set,
And promised to be here ;
Oh, what can stay his longing step ?
He's fickle grown, I fear.
Wae worth this wheel, 'twill no rin roun',
I hae nae heart to spin,
But count each minute wi' a sigh,
Till Johnnie he steal in.

How snug that canty fire it burns,
For twa to sit beside ;
And there fu' aft my Johnnie sat,
And I my blushes hid.
My father now he snugly snores,
My mother's fast asleep ;
He promised aft, but, oh ! I fear,
His word he winna keep.

What can it be keeps him frae me ?
The road it's no sae lang ;
And frost and snaw are nought ava,
If folk are fain to gang.
Some ither lass wi' bonnier face
Has caught his wandering e'e ;
Than thole their jeers at kirk an' fair,
Oh ! sooner let me dee.

Oh ! if we lasses could but gang
And woo the lads we like,
I'd run to thee, my Johnnie dear,
Nor stop at bog or dyke.
But custom's such a powerfu' thing,
Men aye their will maun hae,
While mony a bonnie lassie sits
And mourns from day to day.

But wheesht ! I hear my Johnnie's fit,
It's just his very jog,
He sneaks the fa'-yett saftly too—
Oh, hang that collie dog !

And now for mony sugar'd words,
And kisses no a few ;
Oh, but this world's a paradise
When lovers they prove true.

Whitelaw includes this song in his collection, but has nothing to say about it further than the fact that it is sung to the tune of "Low down he's in the Broom." It is one of the happiest and knackiest of all the wandering country lilt, and has been carried from mouth to mouth in a very perfect way. The unknown framer of it certainly had no mean sleight of the poet's art. Our copy is from an old broadsheet, and differs verbally from Whitelaw's. Differs for betterment, too.

THE BROON CLOAK ON.

SOME lads are ne'er at rest
Till wi' crowds o' lassies press'd
A' tosh'd up in their best—
Wi' their kirk claes on ;
But pleasure mair I find,
And as much content o' mind,
Wi' ae lassie true and kind,
And her broon cloak on.

Ye leddies wha are great,
A' dressed in pomp and state,
Ye may thank your lucky fate
For the claes you hae on.
Though in gaudy pomp ye move,
There's a cauldness in yer love,
When compared wi' my sweet dove
Wi' her broon cloak on.

My grannie says, "Beware
O' the curls o' their hair,"
And "They will your heart ensnare,
 Wi' the dresses they hae on."
But had my grannie seen
The smiling charms o' Jean
As she cam' oot yestreen
 Wi' her broon cloak on !

I've heard my uncle tell,
When wi' a lass himsel',
When he heard the ten-'oor bell,
 For hame he would run.
But, lay a' jokes aside,
To the mornin' I would bide
Wi' my Jeanie by my side
 And her broon cloak on.

My mither she says, "Son,
Ye're unco sune begun
'Mang the lasses for to run ;
 It's ruin's road ye're on."
Though I own her counsel's richt,
Yet, when young hersel' at nicht,
She could hide a lad frae sicht
 Wi' her broon cloak on.

My faither, honest carl,
Sighs "Oh, this weary warl',
It mak's my heart to dirl,
 For joys it has none."

But weary though it be,
O, it never fashes me,
When my comforter I see
Wi' her broon cloak on.

Like many more of the same vagabond class, the foregoing lively and ingenious song has been seldom printed, yet was much sung between thirty and fifty years ago. There have been slightly varying versions. Here it appears in what I esteem its best form. The air to which it is sung is simple and appropriate.

THE EWIE WI' THE CROOKIT HORN.

WERE I but able to rehearse
My ewie's praise in proper verse,
I'd sound it out as loud and fierce
As ever piper's drone could blaw !
My ewie wi' the crookit horn,
A' that kenn'd her could ha'e sworn
Sic a ewie ne'er was born
Hereabout nor far awa' !

I needed neither tar nor keel
To mark her upo' hip or heel,
Her crookit hornie did as weel
To ken her by amang them a'.
She never threatened scab nor rot,
But keepit aye her ain jog-trot
Baith to the fauld and to the cot—
Was never sweir to lead nor ca'.

Could nor hunger never dang her,
Wind nor weet could never wrang her,
Ance she lay a week and langer
Forth aneath a wreath o' snaw.
Whan ither ewies lap the dyke,
And ate the kail, for a' the tyke,
My ewie never played the like,
But teesed about the barn wa'.

A better or a thriftier beast
Nae honest man could weel ha'e wished,
For, silly thing, she never miss'd
To ha'e ilk year a lamb or twa.
The first she had I ga'e to Jock,
To be to him a kind o' stock,
And now the laddie has a flock
O' mair nor thirty head awa'.

I looked aye at even' for her,
Lest mishanter should come o'er her,
Or the founmart might devour her,
Gin the beastie bade awa'.
My ewie wi' the crookit horn
Weel deserv'd baith girse and corn ;
Sic a ewie ne'er was born
Hereaboot nor far awa'.

Yet last week, for a' my keepin'—
I canna speak o't without greetin'—
A villain cam' when I was sleepin',
Staw my ewie, horn an' a' !

I sought her sair upo' the morn—
And down aneath a bush o' thorn
I got my ewie's crookit horn ;
But my ewie was awa'.

O ! gin I had the loon that did it,
I hae sworn as weel as said it,
Tho' a' the warld should forbid it,
I wad gie his neck a thraw.
I never met wi' sic a turn
As this sin' ever I was born ;
My ewie wi' the crookit horn—
Silly ewie ! stown awa' !

O ! had she died o' croup or cauld,
As ewies do when they grow auld,
It had nae been, by mony fauld,
Sae sair a heart to ane o's a' ;
For a' the claith that we hae worn,
Frae her and her's sae aften shorn,
The loss o' her we could hae borne,
Had fair strae-death ta'en her awa'.

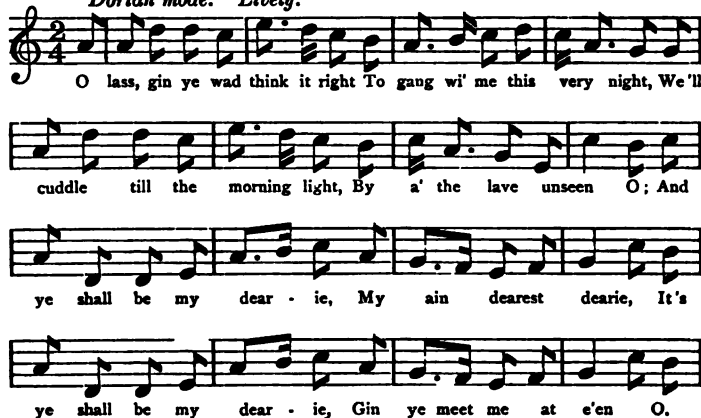
But thus, puir thing ! to lose her life
Aneath a bluidy villain's knife !
I'm really fleyt that our gudewife
Will never win aboon't ava' !
O ! a' ye bards benorth Kinghorn,
Ca' your muses up and mourn
Our ewie wi' the crookit horn,
Frae us stown, and fell'd, an' a'.

Another song this from the pen of the Rev. John Skinner, of Linshart, which, from its very character and subject, apart from any other reason, appeals strongly to all familiar with agricultural life.

In subject and treatment the lyric is most simple and natural. Yet some critical genius, with the perverted ingenuity of a Shakespearian commentator, started a theory that the "Ewie" was a metaphor for a "whisky still" which had been captured and smashed. We believe with the editor of "The Bards of Bon-Accord," that the unfortunate heroine of the lamentation had a much more innocent identity—that she was, in fact, a *bona-fide* piece of live mutton. The song is said to have been suggested, indeed, by Dr. Beattie, the accomplished author of "The Minstrel," who had been requested by some one to write a pastoral lyric, but got no further with the effort than the first three lines, when the Scottish muse deserted him, and he handed the opening over to his friend Skinner, as "the best qualified person in Scotland," with a request that he would finish it. The result was surely eminently satisfactory to all concerned, for certainly it has charmed countless thousands of people in Scotland since.

THE BIRKEN TREE.

Dorian mode. Lively.



O lass, gin ye wad think it right To gang wi' me this very night, We'll
cuddle till the morning light, By a' the lave unseen O; And
ye shall be my dear - ie, My ain dearest dearie, It's
ye shall be my dear - ie, Gin ye meet me at e'en O.

“ O, lass, gin ye wad think it right
To gang wi' me this very night,
We'll cuddle till the morning light,
By a' the lave unseen, O ;
And ye shall be my dearie,
My ain dearest dearie ;
It's ye shall be my dearie
Gin ye meet me at e'en, O.”

“ I daurna for my mammie ga'e,
She lock's the door and keeps the key,
And e'en and morning charges me,
And aye about the men, O.
She says they're a' deceivers,
Deceivers, deceivers ;
She says they're a' deceivers,
We canna trust to ane, O.”

“ O never mind your mammie's yell,
Nae doubt she met your dad hersel' ;
And should she flyte ye may her tell
She's aften dunè the same, O.
Sae, lassie, gie's yer hand on't,
Your bonnie milk-white hand on't ;
O lassie, gie's your hand on't,
And scorn to lie your lane, O.”

“ O, lad, my hand I canna gie,
But aiblins I may steal the key,
And meet you at the birken tree
That grows down in the glen, O.

But dinna lippen, laddie,
 I canna promise, laddie,
 O dinna lippen, laddie,
 In case I canna win, O."

Now, he's gane to the birken tree,
 In hopes his true love there to see;
 And wha cam' tripping o'er the lea,
 But just his bonnie Jean, O.
 And she clink'd doon beside him,
 Beside him, beside him,
 And she clink'd doon beside him,
 Upon the grass sae green, O.

"I'm overjoyed wi' rapture noo,"
 Cried he, and pree'd her cherry mou',
 And Jeannie ne'er had cause to rue
 That nicht upon the green, O.
 For she has got her Johnnie,
 Her sweet and loving Johnnie,
 For she has got her Johnnie,
 And Johnnie's got his Jean, O.

A simple country courtship is here preserved in a simple country song, which had Burns or Lady Nairne ever heard, together with its pleasing melody, might have been touched into a thing of real beauty and become famous.

JOCKEY TO THE FAIR.

"TWAS on the morn of sweet Mayday—
 When nature painted all things gay,
 Taught birds to sing, and lambs to play,
 And decked the meadows fair—

Young Jockey early in the morn,
Arose and tripped it o'er the lawn ;
His Sunday coat the youth put on,
For Jenny had vowed away to run
 With Jockey to the fair.
 For Jenny, etc.

The cheerful parish bells had rung,
With eager steps he trudged along,
Sweet flow'ry garlands round him hung,
 Which shepherds used to wear ;
He tapp'd the window, " Haste, my dear !"
Jenny, impatient, cried, " Who's there ? "
" 'Tis I, my love, and no one near ;
Step gently down, you've naught to fear,
 With Jockey to the fair.
 Step gently," etc.

" My dad and mam are fast asleep,
My brother's up and with the sheep,
And will you still your promise keep,
 Which I have heard you swear,
That you will ever constant prove ? "
" I will, by all the powers above,
And ne'er deceive my charming dove ;
Dispel these doubts, and haste, my love,
 With Jockey to the fair.
 Dispel these," etc.

" Behold the ring ! " the shepherd cried,
" Wilt, Jenny, be my charming bride ?
Let Cupid be our happy guide,
And Hymen meet us there ! "

Then Jockey did his vows renew ;
 He would be constant, would be true,
 His word was pledged—away she flew,
 O'er cowslips sparkling with the dew,
 With Jockey to the fair.
 O'er cowslips, etc.

Soon did they meet a joyful throng,
 Their gay companions blythe and young ;
 Each joins the dance, each joins the song,
 To hail the happy pair.
 What two were e'er so fond as they !
 All bless the kind, propitious day,
 The smiling morn and blooming May,
 When lovely Jenny ran away
 With Jockey to the fair.
 When lovely, etc.

The date of this sprightly rustic ballad is uncertain, but there is reason to believe that the melody, which is of a lively character, is very old. Though of English origin, it has enjoyed unbroken popularity for at least a hundred years in every country district on this side of the Tweed, and is entitled to rank permanently among the bothy and vagabond ballads of Scotland. It is to the rural manner perfect.

A CRONIE O' MINE.

YE'LL mount yer bit naiggie an' ride your wa's doun,
 'Bout a mile an' a half frae the neist borough toun,
 There wons an auld blacksmith, wi' Janet his wife,
 And a queerer auld cock ye ne'er met in your life,
 Than this cronie o' mine, this cronie o' mine,
 O ! be sure that ye ca' on this cronie o' mine.

Ye'll find him, as I do, a trustworthy chiel',
Weel tempered wi' wit frae his heid to his heel,
Wi' a saul in his body auld Nick ne'er could clout,
And a spark in his throat, whilk is ill to drown out.
 This cronie o' mine, this cronie o' mine,
 For a deil o' a drouth has this cronie o' mine.

His smiddie ye'll ken by the twa trough stanes
At the auld door cheeks, an' the black batter'd panes—
By the three airn cleeks whilk he drave in the wa',
To tie up wild yads when heigh customers ca'.
 O! this cronie o' mine, this cronie o' mine,
 Sure the hail countrie kens him, this cronie o' mine.

Up agen the auld gable 'tis like you may view
A tramless cart, or a couterless plough,
An auld toothless harrow, a brechem ring rent,
Wi' mae broken gear, whilk are meant to be men't
 By this cronie o' mine, this cronie o' mine ;
 He's a richt handy craftsman, this cronie o' mine.

There's an auld broken sign-board looks to the hie-road,
Whilk tells ilka rider whaur his naig may be shod,
There's twa or three wordies that ye'll hae to spell,
But ye needna find fault, for he wrote it himsel' ;
 This cronie o' mine, this cronie o' mine,
 He's an' aul' farrant carle, this cronie o' mine.

When ye fin' his auld smiddie, ye'll like, there's nae doubt,
To see the inside o't as weel as the out ;

Then step ye in bauldly, altho' he be thrang,
Gif the pint stoup but clatter, ye'll ken him ere lang,
This cronie o' mine, this cronie o' mine,
Baith wit, fun, and fire has this cronie o' mine.

Twa or three chiels frae the toon-end are sure to be there—
There's the bauld-headed butcher, wha tak's aye the chair,
Mang the queerest auld fallows ae way and anither,
That e'er in this world were clubbit thegither,
A' cronies o' mine, a' cronies o' mine,
They'll a' mak' ye welcome, thae cronies o' mine.

There's Dominie Davie, sae glib o' the mou';
But it's like ye will fin' the auld carle blin' fou;
Wi' the wee barber bodie, an' his wig fu' o' news,
Wha wad shave ony chap a' the week for a booze;
A' cronies o' mine, a' cronies o' mine,
They'll a' mak' ye welcome, thae cronies o' mine.

There's our auld Toun Clerk, wha has ta'en to the pack,
Whilk is naething in bulk to the humph on his back;
His knees are sae bow't, his splay feet sae thrawn,
Troth, it's no easy telling the road whilk they're gaun,
Tho' a cronie o' mine, a bauld cronie o' mine,
They'll a' mak' ye welcome, thae cronies o' mine.

There's Robin the ploughman, wha's crammed fu' o' fun,
Wee gamekeeper Davie, wi' bag, dog, and gun,
And the miller, wha blythely the pipes can play on,
So you're sure to fa' in wi' the "Miller o' Drone,"
A' cronies o' mine, a' cronies o' mine,
They'll a' mak' ye welcome, thae cronies o' mine.

Then wi' thumpin' o' hammers, and tinklin' o' tangs,
Wi' auld fashion'd stories wrought into queer sangs,
Wi' this soun'. and that, ye'll aiblins be deaved—
And tak' care o' your breeks that they dinna get sieved
 Wi' this cronie o' mine, this cronie o' mine,
 For an arm o' might has this cronie o' mine.

Then the Vulcan his greybeard is aye sure to draw,
Frae a black sooty hole whilk ye'll see i' the wa',
And lang or it's empty, frien', I meikle doubt,
Gif the tae chap kens weel what the tither's about,
 Wi' this cronie o' mine, this cronie o' mine—
 O ! be sure that ye ca' on this cronie o' mine.

Come now, my gude frien', gie's a shake o' your haun',
The night's wearin' thro', an' ye maun be gaun ;
The callan' will bring down your naig in a blink ;
But before that ye mount, again let us drink—
 To this cronie o' mine, this cronie o' mine ;
 Here's lang life and pith to this cronie o' mine !

How often the walls of the roadside smiddy, the village inn, the ploughmen's bothy, and the shoemaker's shop have rung with the refrain of this inspiring song the statistical demon will never be able to tell us. Lately, to be sure, it has been out of vogue ; but when you and I were young, my reader—ah, then, then, then ! There was pith and vim in the singing of those days, and "A Cronie o' Mine" for a chorus all round—you remember ! The author was Alexander MacLagan, a native of Bridgend, Perth, who died in Edinburgh in 1879, in his 68th year. He was a song-writer of note, and, besides the present excellent ditty, gave his country "Hurrah for the Thistle," "We'll Hae Nane but Hieland Bonnets Here," "My Auld Granny's Leather Pooch," and other songs equally well known.

THE BREWER LADDIE.

In Perth there lived a bonnie lad,
A brewer to his trade, O,
And he has courted Peggy Roy,
A rum but handsome maid, O.
 She was a rum one, fal da reedle I do,
 She was a rum one, fal da reedle ay.

He courted her for seven long years,
All for to gain her favour ;
When there came a lad from Edinburgh town,
And he swore that he would have her.

“ So wilt thou go along with me,
 O, wilt thou go, my honey ?
And wilt thou go along with me,
 And leave your own dear Johnnie ? ”

“ Yes, I will go along with you,
 And along with you I'll ride, O ;
Yes, I will go along with you,
 Though I'm the brewer's bride, O.”

The brewer he came home at e'en,
 Enquiring for his honey ;
Her father he made then reply,
 “ I've ne'er seen her since Monday.”

“ Be it not, or be it so,
 Little does it grieve me ;
I'm a young man, free, as you may see,
 And a small thing will relieve me.

“There are as good fish in the sea
As ever yet were taken ;
And I'll cast out my net again,
Although I am forsaken.”

She's rambled up, she's rambled down,
She's rambled through Kirkcaldy ;
And many's the time she's rued the day
She jilted her brewer laddie.

She's rambled up, she's rambled down,
She's rambled through Perth town, O ;
And when she cam' to the brewer's door,
She daur'd na venture in, O.

He's drawn his course where'er he's gone,
His country he has fled, O !
And he left na a shirt upon her back,
Nor a blanket on her bed, O !

The brewer he set up in Perth,
And there he brews gude ale, O ;
And he has courted another lass,
And ta'en her to himsel', O.

Ye lovers all, where'er you be,
By this now take a warning,
And never slight your ain true love,
For fear you get a waur ane.

The story embraced in this rude and once familiar ditty, we need not doubt,
is all perfectly true. It's truth alone, indeed, may account for its popularity.

THE QUEER FOLK I' THE SHAWS.

I THOCHT unto mysel' ae day I'd like to see a Race,
For mony ither lads like me had been to sic a place;
Sae up I gat an' wash'd mysel', put on my Sunday braws,
An' wi' a stick into my hand I started for the Shaws!

My mither tichtly coonsell'd me before that I gaed oot,
To tak' gude care and mind my e'e wi' what I was about;
Said she, "Ye may be trod to death beneath the horses'
paws;
An' mind ye, lad, the sayin's true—'There's queer folk i'
the Shaws!'"

The Races pleased me unco weel—gosh! they were grand to
see:
The horses ran sae awfu' swift, I thocht they maist did flee;
When they cam' near the winnin'-post—O, siccan loud
huzzas!
Ye wad hae thocht they'd a' gane daft—the queer folk i' the
Shaws!

A bonnie lass cam' up to me and asked me for a gill;
Quoth I, "If that's the fashion here, I maunna tak' it ill."
She wiled me owre intil a tent, an' half-a-mutchkin ca's;
Thinks I, my lass, I see it's true—There's queer folk i' the
Shaws!

The whisky made my love to bleeze, I fand in perfect bliss,
So I gripp'd the lassie roun' the neck to tak' a wee bit kiss;

When in a crack she lifts her neive and bangs it in my jaws;
Says I, "My dear, what means a' this?—There's queer folk
i' the Shaws!

A strappin' chiel' cam' forrit then and took awa' my lass,
Misca'd me for a kintra clown—a stupid, silly ass;
Says I, "If I've dune ony ill juist lat me ken the cause"—
He made his fit spin aff my hip—There's queer folk i' the
Shaws!

Aroused at last, I drew my fist, and gied him on the lug,
Though sairly I was worried for't by his big collie dog;
It bit my legs, it bit my airms, it tore my Sunday braws,
And in the row I lost my watch, wi' the queer folk i' the
Shaws..

The police then cam' up to me, and haul'd me aff to quod;
They put their twines aboot my wrists, and thump'd me on
the road;
They gar'd me pay a gude pound-note ere I got oot their
claws;
Catch me again when I'm ta'en in by the queer folk i' the
Shaws.

Forty years ago this was a popular song all over Scotland, but particularly so in the West, whence it emanated about that time. It was written by James Fisher, a native of Glasgow, who was born in 1818, and has resided successively in Barrhead, Manchester, and Kilmarnock. More than twenty years ago he returned to his native city, where, presumably, he still moves and has his being. Another song of Fisher's, "Pat M'Garadie's Lodgings," had a vogue for a while. The "Shaws" of the song, it is scarcely necessary to add, is Pollokshaws, near Glasgow, and the "race" mentioned in the opening line has reference to the annual races that were wont to be held on the Pollok estate contiguous to the village in question.

MY ROLLING EYE.

Lively.

As I gaed up yon Hieland hills, I met a bonnie lassie; She
 CHORUS.
 looked at me and I at her, And, oh, but she was saucy. With my
 rolling eye, fal the diddle eye, Rolling eye dum derry, With my rolling eye.

As I gaed up yon Hieland hill,
 I met a bonnie lassie,
 She looked at me and I at her,
 And oh, but she was saucy.

With my rolling eye,
 Fal the diddle eye,
 Rolling eye, dum derry,
 With my rolling eye.

"Where are you going, my bonnie lass?
 Where are you going, my lammie?"
 Right modestly she answered me—
 "An errand to my mammie."

With my rolling eye, etc.

"Where do you live, my bonnie lass?
Where do you won, my lammie?"
Right modestly she answered me—
"In a wee house wi' my mammie."

With my rolling eye, etc.

"What is your name, my bonnie lass?
What is your name, my lammie?"
Right modestly she answered me—
"My name is Bonnie Annie."

With my rolling eye, etc.

"How old are you, my bonnie lass?
How old are you, my lammie?"
Rightly modestly she answered me—
"I'm sixteen years come Sunday."

With my rolling eye, etc.

"Where do you sleep, my bonnie lass?
Where do you sleep, my lammie?"
Right modestly she answered me—
"In a wee bed near my mammie."

With my rolling eye, etc.

"If I should come to your board-end
When the moon is shining clearly,
Will you rise and let me in
That the auld wife mayna hear me?"

With my rolling eye, etc.

" If you will come to my bower door
When the moon is shining clearly,
I will rise and lat you in,
And the auld wife winna hear ye."

With my rolling eye, etc.

When I gaed up to her bower door,
I found my lassie wauken,
But lang before the grey morn cam',
The auld wife heard us talkin'

With my rolling eye, etc.

It's weary fa' the waukrife cock
May the founmart lay his crawling,
He wauken'd the auld wife frae her sleep,
A wee blink ere the dawing.

With my rolling eye, etc.

She gaed to the fire to blaw the coal,
To see if she would ken me,
But I dang the auld runt in the fire,
And bade my heels defend me.

With my rolling eye, etc.

" Oh, sodger, you maun marry me,
And now's the time or never ;
Oh, sodger, you maun marry me,
Or I am done for ever."

With my rolling eye, etc.

“Blink ower the burn, my bonnie lass,
Blink ower the burn, my lammie,
Ye are a sweet and kindly queen,
For a’ yer waukrife minnie.”

With my rolling eye,
Fal the diddle eye,
Rolling eye, dum derry,
With my rolling eye.

There are many people living who vividly remember an odd character known as “Rolling Eye” or “Singing Sandy,” who from forty to fifty years ago regularly visited the villages of Perthshire and Fifeshire in the capacity of an itinerant musician, and sang only this song. It was customary for Sandy (his real name, I believe, was Alexander Smith, and he hailed originally from Freuchie) in the summer months to have his hat profusely adorned with gay-coloured ribbons and natural flowers. His antics, too, when singing were particularly lively and attractive, and a tremendous slap on the thigh with his hand always, as he started the chorus, was the signal for those standing about to join in. Wherever he went he was followed by a crowd of delighted children, for whose attachment he had the utmost esteem.

The song, in one form or another, is no doubt very old. Burns picked up a version of it considerably different from this (see “The Waukrife Minnie”) from the singing of a country girl in Nithsdale, and said, he never met with it, or the air to which it is sung, elsewhere in Scotland. That it was known elsewhere than in Nithsdale, even in Burns’s time, however, is very likely. The present version, so far as I am aware, appears in print now for the first time.

THE GOULDEN VANITEE.

THERE was a gallant ship, and a gallant ship was she,
Eek iddle dee to the Lowlands low ;
And she was called the Goulden Vanitee,
As she sailed to the Lowlands low, low, low—
As she sailed to the Lowlands low.

They had not sailed a league, a league but only three,
Eek iddle dee to the Lowlands low,
When she came up to a French gallee,
As she sailed to the Lowlands low.

Out spoke the little cabin boy, out spoke he,
Eek iddle dee to the Lowlands low,
"What will ye gi'e me if I sink that French gallee?"
As she sailed to the Lowlands low.

Then out spoke the captain, out spoke he,
Eek iddle dee to the Lowlands low,
"We'll gi'e ye an estate in the North Countrie,"
As she sailed to the Lowlands low.

"Then row me up tight in a black bull's skin,
Eek iddle dee to the Lowlands low,
And throw me over deck-board, sink I or swim,"
As she sailed to the Lowlands low.

They've row'd him up tight in a black bull's skin,
Eek iddle dee to the Lowlands low,
And they've thrown him over deck-board sink he or swim,
As she sailed to the Lowlands low.

Then about, about, about, and about went he,
Eek iddle dee to the Lowlands low,
Till he came up to the French gallee,
As she sailed to the Lowlands low.

O, some were playing cards, and some were playing dice,
Eek iddle dee to the Lowlands low,
When he took out an instrument, bor'd thirty holes in
twice,
As she sailed to the Lowlands low.

Then some they ran with cloaks, and some they ran with
caps,
Eek iddle dee to the Lowlands low,
To see if they could stap the saut-water draps,
As she sunk to the depths below.

Then about, about, about, and about went he,
Eek iddle dee to the Lowlands low,
Till he came back to the Goulden Vanitee,
As she sailed to the Lowlands low.

"Now throw me a rope, and pull me up on board,
Eek iddle dee to the Lowlands low,
And prove unto me as good as your word,"
As she sailed to the Lowlands low.

"We'll no throw ower a rope, nor pu' ye up on board,"
Eek iddle dee to the Lowlands low,
"Nor prove unto ye as good as our word,"
As she sailed to the Lowlands low.

Out spoke the little cabin boy, out spoke he,
Eek iddle dee to the Lowlands low,
"Ye will not? then I'll sink ye as I sunk the French
gallee!"
As she sailed to the Lowlands low.

Now they've thrown him ower a rope, and pu'd him up on
board,

Eek iddle dee to the Lowlands low,
And proved unto him far better than their word,
As she sailed to the Lowlands low, low, low—
As she sailed to the Lowlands low.

The words and music of this quaint ballad appear in the Memoir of "Christopher North," from the pen of his daughter, Mrs. Gordon. It was a great favourite with the genial and gifted Professor, who was wont to sing it at convivial gatherings, to the supreme delight of his companions. Probably, indeed, the words fell in a whimsical moment from the pen of the versatile author of the "Noctes," and I am not alone in suspecting this. The late David Kennedy, the eminent Scottish vocalist, sang it with great birr. The ballad has not been often printed, and will be welcome here.

CAIRN-O'-MOUNT.

I LEFT the banks o' winding Dee,
An' haughs o' bonny green,
Where birds sang blithe on ilka tree,
An' flowers bloomed fair atween.
As I rode on by Brig o' Dye,
Just as the sun gaed down,
A maiden sang fu' merrily
Amang the heather brown—

"Tho' Cairn-o'-Mount is bleak an' bare,
An' cauld is Clochnabane,
I'd rather meet my Donald there
Than be fair Scotland's Queen."

I jumpit aff my dapple grey,
An' walked by her side ;
" O, lassie, I hae lost my way
Amang the muirs sae wide ;
Yet leeze me on your face sae fair,
An' een sae bonny blue ;
The langest day I'd blythely spare
To kiss your cherry mou'."

" Tho' Cairn-o'-Mount is bleak an' bare,
An' Clochnabane is cauld,
If Shepherd Donald saw you here
Ye wadna be sae bauld."

" O, lassie, wilt thou gang wi' me,
An' leave this cauld rife glen ?
O'er a' your kin you'se bear the gree
Wi' wealth baith but an' ben ;
In silks an' satins buskit braw,
Wi' ribbons for your hair,
An' maids to answer when ye ca'—
Say, could ye wish for mair ?"

" Tho' Cairn-o'-Mount is bleak an' bare,
An' cauld is Clochnabane,
I wadna leave my Donald there
To be fair Scotland's Queen !"

" Dear lassie, think ! your Donald's poor,
Has neither horse nor coo ;
A shepherd wanderin' o'er the muir
Was ne'er a match for you."

'Twad break my heart, sweet Highland maid,
If e'er it sud be tauld
Ye cower'd aneath a shepherd's plaid,
To screen ye frae the cauld !"

" O, Cairn-o'-Mount is bleak an' bare,
An' cauld is Clochnabane,
An' ye may see the snaw-wreaths there
That mock the simmer sheen.

" But tho' our hills are bleak and bare,
Our winters lang and cauld,
Yet halesome is our mountain air,
An' sweet's the shepherd's fauld.
My Donald's rich in love and health,
There's truth upon his tongue ;
An honest heart's the noblest wealth ;
Ye've heard what I have sung—

" Tho' Cairn-o'-Mount is bleak an' bare,
An' cauld is Clochnabane,
I wadna leave my Donald there
To be fair Scotland's Queen !"

" My bonnie lass, yet think a wee,
My lands are fair an' wide,
I've gowd in banks an' ships at sea ;
Say, will ye be my bride ?
My father left me lairdships twa,
A coach at my command ;
I'll mak' you lady o' them a'
If you'll gie me your hand ?"

“O, Cairn-o'-Mount is bleak an' bare,
You're nae a match for me;
My Donald's heart is a' my care,
Ride on, an' lat me be!”

“Sweet lassie, tho' I'm laith to tell,
Ye fling your love awa';
An' Donald brawly kens himsel'
What I this gloamin' saw.
As I cam' past yon shielin' door
I spied a Highland maid,
Your Donald kiss'd her o'er an' o'er
And row'd her in his plaid!”

“O, Cairn-o'-Mount is bleak an' caul',
An' caulder Clochnabane,
But caulder still your coward saul;
Ye shanna be forgi'en.

“Tho' ye wad swear wi' solemn aith
What now ye've told to me,
I wadna doubt my Donald's faith,
But say, 'Fause loon, ye lee!'
He'll meet me 'yont yon hillock green
Wi' heart baith leal and true;
An' sud he read my angry e'en
Fu' sairly wad ye rue!

“O, Cairn-o'-Mount is bleak an' caul',
An' caulder Clochnabane;
But caulder still your coward saul,
Ye'll never be forgi'en!”

I flang aside my lowland dress,
 Kaimed down my yellow hair,
 Cried, "Leeze me on thee, bonny Bess,
 We meet to part nae mair !
 Nae langer Donald o' the glen,
 I'm laird ayont the Dee ;
 The heart that's proved ye for its ain,
 Sall aye be true to thee !"

Tho' Cairn-o'-Mount is bleak an' bare,
 An' cauld is Clochnabane,
 Yet faithfu' love can linger there,
 Amang the heather green.

This ballad, long a favourite in the north, has been frequently inquired for by widely separated correspondents, and Mr. Jonathan Gauld, Edinburgh, to whom I am indebted for the copy, in an accompanying letter, says:—"A few years ago there appeared in the *People's Journal* eleven four-line verses of an old ballad with this title. In a note the editor said it was forwarded by a Cromar correspondent, who stated it was very popular in the rural districts of Aberdeen, Kincardine, and Forfarshires more than a century since, but that it had never been printed, and nothing was then known of its authorship, being copied from a manuscript comedy entitled 'The Humours of the Forest,' which bore to have been written by R. Lumsden, Esq., author of 'Jean of Bogmore, or a Cromar Maiden's Wooing,' dated 1789. Lately I picked up a book entitled 'Contemplation and other Poems,' by Alexander Balfour, published in 1820, and dedicated to the Marchioness of Huntly. Some of the poems are dated in last century, and among these 'Cairn-o'-Mount' appears under the title of 'Donald, a Ballad.' I am sorry I cannot give you any particulars of Balfour. He is not mentioned in either Edwards' or Murdoch's 'Poets.'"

Alexander Balfour, a poet, novelist, and miscellaneous writer of some note in his day, was a native of the parish of Monikie, in Forfarshire. He was for some time a manufacturer in Arbroath, but latterly gravitated to Edinburgh, where he died in 1829.

HALF-PAST TEN.

I MIND when I courted my ain wifie Jean ;
Though aften I gaed she little was seen,
For her faither, the elder, like a' gudely men,
Aye steekit his door about half-past ten.

Ae Sacrament Sabbath I saw Jeanie hame,
Ony lad wi' his lassie wad hae dune the same ;
We crackit sae lang at the cosy fire-en',
That the time slipt awa' till near half-past ten.

The worthy man read, syne fervently pray'd,
And when he was dune he solemnly said—
“ It has aye been a rule—but 'tis likely ye ken—
That we steek a' our doors about half-past ten.”

The hint was eneuch for a blate lad like me,
But I catch'd a bit blink o' Jeanie's black e'e,
As much as to say—Come ye back to the glen,
An' ye'll maybe stay langer than half-past ten.

Ae nicht twa-three lads an' mysel' did agree
To gang some place near just to hae a bit spree ;
Quo' I, “ What d'ye think o' gaun doon to the glen,
For we're sure to be hame about half-past ten ? ”

We a' were received wi' hearty gudewill,
An' the elder, nae less, broached a cask of his yill ;
Syne gaed aff to his bed, and says, “ Jean, ye'll atten'
That the doors are a' lockit by half-past ten.”

"Ou, ay," says Jean, but the best o' the joke
Was her slippin' ben an' stoppin' the clock,
I'm no gaun to tell the hoo or the when,
But the hands werena pointin' to half-past ten.

About four i' the mornin' the auld man arose,
An' lichtin' a spunk, to the clock straucht he goes.
"Gude sauf us, gudewife! did ye hear me gae ben?
Lod, the lads are awa' before half-past ten."

But the cat very soon was let oot o' the poke
By the kecklin' o' hens an' the craw o' the cock;
An' opening the shutters he clearly saw then
We wad a' hae our breakfasts ere half-past ten.

Ye ne'er heard sic lauchin' a' the days o' yer life,
An' nane were sae hearty's the auld man an' wife;
Quo' he, "What'll lassies no do for the men?
Even cheat their auld faithers wi' half-past ten."

It was a' settled then that Jean should be mine,
The waddin' sune followed; an' we've aye sin' syne
Lived happy thegither, an' hope to the en'
We'll aye mind that nicht an' its half-past ten.

An' noo, a wee bit advice I wad gie—
Ne'er stint young folks' time when they gang to a spree;
I'm a faither mysel', but brawly I ken
That the fun just begins aboot half-past ten.

This has been, and deservedly so, a popular song among country people in Scotland for many years, and will be welcome here—the more especially as it is seldom seen in print. It was written, Mr. Alan Reid tells us, by Mrs. James

Bacon (*nee* Catherine G. Mackay), who resides at Bainsford, near Falkirk. Some sing it to an adaptation of "The Laird o' Cockpen," but the air that fits it best, and the one that all singers of taste have been accustomed to use, will be found at page 247, Vol. II., of the "National Choir." (Paigley: J. & R. Parlana.)

WATTY AND MEG.

KEEN the frosty winds were blawin',
Deep the snaw had wreath'd the ploughs,
Watty, weary a' day sawin',
Daunert down to Mungo Blue's.

Dryster Jock was sittin', cracky,
Wi' Pate Tamson o' the Hill;
"Come awa'," quo' Johnny, "Watty!
Haith, we'se hae anither gill."

Watty, glad to see Jock Jabos,
And sae mony neibours roun',
Kickit frae his shoon the snaw-ba's,
Syne ayont the fire sat doon.

Ower a board wi' bannocks heapit,
Cheese, and stoups, and glasses stood;
Some were roaring, ithers sleepit,
Ithers quietly chewt their cude.

Jock was selling Pate some tallow—
A' the rest a racket hel'—
A' but Watty, wha, poor fellow,
Sat and smokit by himsel'.

Mungo fill'd him up a toothfu',
Drank his health and Meg's in ane;
Watty, puffin' out a mouthfu',
Pledged him wi' a dreary grane.

"What's the matter, Watty, wi' you?
Troth, your chafts are fa'in' in;
Something's wrang—I'm vext to see you—
Gudesake, but ye're desp'rate thin!"

"Ay," quo' Watty, "things are alter't;
But it's past redemption now—
Lord, I wish I had been halter'd
When I married Maggie Howe!

"I've been poor, and vext, and raggy,
Tried wi' troubles no that sma'—
Them I bore; but marrying Maggy
Laid the capstane o' them a'.

"Night an' day she's ever yelpin',
Wi' the weans she ne'er can gree;
When she's tired wi' perfect skelpin',
Then she flees like fire on me.

"See you, Mungo! when she'll clash on
Wi' her everlasting clack,
Whyles I've had my nieve, in passion,
Liftit up to break her back."

“ Oh, for gudesake, keep frae cuffets ! ”
Mungo shook his head and said—
“ Weel I ken what sort o’ life it’s ;
Ken ye, Watty, how I did ?

“ After Bess and I was kippled
Soon she grew like ony bear,
Brak’ my shins, and when I tippled,
Harl’t out my very hair !

“ For a wee I quietly knuckled,
But when naething wad prevail,
Up my claes and cash I buckled—
‘ Bess, for ever fare ye weel ! ’

“ Then her din grew less and less aye,—
Haith, I gart her change her tune ;
Now a better wife than Bessy
Never stept in leather shoon.

“ Try this, Watty, when ye see her
Raging like a roaring flood,
Swear that moment that ye’ll lea’ her ;
That’s the way to keep her gude.”

Laughing, sangs, and lasses’ skirls
Echo’d now out thro’ the roof :
“ Done ! ” quo’ Pate, and syne his airles
Nail’d the Dryster’s waukit loof.

In the thrang o' stories tellin',
Shaking haun's and ither cheer,
Swith ! a chap comes on the hallan—
“ Mungo, is our Watty here ? ”

Maggy's weel-kent tongue and hurry
Darted thro' him like a knife ;
Up the door flew—like a fury
In came Watty's scawlin' wife.

“ Nasty, gude for naething bein' !
Oh, ye snuffy drucken sow !
Bringin' wife and weans to ruin,
Drinkin' here wi' sic a crew !

Devil nor your legs were broken,
Sic a life nae flesh indures,
Toiling like a slave to slocken
You, ye dyvour, and your whores.

“ Rise, ye drucken beast o' Bethel !
Drink's your night and day's desire ;
Rise this precious hour, or, faith, I'll
Fling your whisky i' the fire.”

Watty heard her tongue unhallow'd,
Pay'd his groat wi' little din,
Left the hoose, while Maggy follow'd,
Flyting a' the road behin'.

Fowk frae every door cam' lampin' ;
Maggy curst them ane and a',
Clappit wi' her haun's, and stampin',
Lost her bauchels i' the snaw.

Hame at length, she turn'd the gavel
Wi' a face as white's a clout,
Ragin' like a verra deevil,
Kickin' stools and chairs about.

"Ye'll sit wi' your limmers round ye !
Hang you, sir, I'll be your death !
Little hauds my hands, confound you !
But I'll cleave you to the teeth."

Watty, wha, 'midst this oration,
E'd her whyles, but durstna speak,
Sat like patient Resignation,
Trem'lin' by the ingle cheek.

Sad his wee drap brose he suppit,
Maggy's tongue gaed like a bell,
Quietly to his bed he slippit,
Sighin' aften to himsel' :

"Nane are free frae some vexation,
Ilk ane has his ills to dree :
But through a' the hale creation
Is a mortal vexed like me ?"

A' nicht lang he row'd and gaunted,
Sleep or rest he cou'dna tak' ;
Maggy aft wi' horror haunted,
Mum'lin', started at his back.

Soon as e'er the morning peepit,
Up raise Watty, waefu' chiel',
Kissed his weanies while they sleepit,
Wauken'd Meg, and sought fareweel.

"Fareweel, Meg ! And oh ! may Heaven
Keep ye aye within His care :
Watty's heart ye've lang been grievin',
Now he'll never fash you mair.

"Happy could I been beside you,
Happy, baith at morn an' e'en ;
A' the ills did e'er betide you,
Watty aye turned out your frien'.

"But ye ever like to see me
Vext and sighin', late an' ear',
Fareweel, Meg, I've sworn to lea' thee,
So thou'll never see me mair."

Meg, a' sabbin' sae to lose him,
Sic a change had never wist,
Held his hand close to her bosom,
While her heart was like to burst.

“ Oh, my Watty, will ye lea’ me
Frien’less, helpless, to despair?
Oh ! for this a’e time forgi’e me,
Never will I vex you mair.”

“ Ay ! ye’ve aft said that, and broken
A’ your vows ten times a week ;
Na, na, Meg ! See, there’s a token
Glitterin’ on my bonnet cheek.

“ Ower the seas I march this mornin’,
Listed, tested, sworn an’ a’,
Forced by your confounded girnin’ ;
Fareweel, Meg ! for I’m awa’.”

Then poor Maggie’s tears an’ clamour
Gush’t afresh, and louder grew,
While the weans, wi’ mournfu’ yammer,
Round their sabbin’ mother flew.

“ Through the yirth I’ll wander wi’ you—
Stay, oh, Watty ! stay at hame,
Here upo’ my knees I’ll gi’e you
Ony vow you like to name.

“ See your poor young lammies pleadin’,
Will ye gang and break our heart ?
No a house to put our head in !
No a frien’ to tak’ our part !”

Ilka word came like a bullet !
Watty's heart begoud to shake !
On a kist he laid his wallet,
Dighted baith his een and spake—

“ If ance mair I could, by writin',
Lea' the sodgers and stay still,
Wad you swear to drap your flytin' ? ”
“ Yes, O Watty ! yes I will.”

“ Then,” quo' Watty, “ mind, be honest ;
Aye to keep your temper strive ;
Gin ye break this dreadfu' promise,
Never mair expect to thrive :—

“ Marget Howe ! this hour ye solemn
Swear by everything that's gude,
Ne'er again your spouse to scawl' him,
While life warms your heart and blude,—

“ That ye'll ne'er in Mungo's seek me,
Ne'er put ' drucken ' to my name,
Never out at e'ening steek me,
Never gloom when I come hame,—

“ That ye'll ne'er, like Bessie Miller,
Kick my shins, or rug my hair ;
Lastly, I'm to keep the siller—
This upon your soul you swear ? ”

"O——h!" quo' Meg—"Aweel," quo' Watty,
 "Fareweel! faith, I'll try the seas;"
 "Oh, stand still," quo' Meg, and grat aye,
 "Ony—ony way ye please."

Maggy, syne, because he press'd her,
 Swore to a' thing owre again;
 Watty lap, and danced, and kiss'd her;
 Wow! but he was wondrous fain.

Doun he threw his staff victorious;
 Aff gaed bonnet, claes, and shoon;
 Syne below the blankets, glorious,
 Held anither hinneymoon!

As everybody knows, "Watty and Meg" was written by Alexander Wilson, one of the most gifted of Paisley's many gifted sons, who was born in July 1766, and died (in America) in August 1813. Originally designed for the ministry, he was instead brought up to the trade of a handloom weaver, but ultimately developed into a pedlar—an occupation which, he said, was more appropriate to a "mortal with legs" than tramping treddles. In his twenty-eighth year he went to America, where in a short time he developed into a valued ornithologist, prepared a work on American ornithology, which in learned circles will ever be regarded as his *magnum opus*. Wilson was a voluminous poet, but produced nothing that caught the public taste in any way nearly equal to "Watty and Meg." This was first issued anonymously in 1792, and sprang into immediate favour, no fewer than 100,000 copies of it being disposed of within a few weeks. The author was much gratified by its great success, but still more by hearing it attributed to Robert Burns, for whom he naturally entertained the highest respect. Burns also thought highly of the poem. It is on record, indeed, in this connection, that one day as the national poet was sitting at his desk by the side of his window, a well-known hawker, Andrew Bishop, went past crying, "'Watty and Meg,' a new ballad by Robert Burns." The poet looked out and cried, "That's a lee, Andrew; but I wad mak' your plack a bawbee if it were true."

Not Paisley, as is generally supposed, but Lochwinnoch, I believe, was the scene of this world-known poem, which was founded on a long-remembered scene in the married career of Watty Mathie and his wife, Meg Love. After he

published his poems in 1790, Wilson, I have been told, wrote "Watty and Meg" while he was in "durance vile" in the Tolbooth, in consequence of Sheriff Orr's just and mild sentence for his rash conduct as a satirist. "Mungo Blue" was really notorious in the village scandal. His real name was Jamie Orr, and he was commonly called "Smithie," from his small property. He led a joyous but short life, and went through his "subject" by drinking and other debaucheries. His changehouse at Lochwinnoch was frequented by a Cyprian bevy issuing from their bower at the Cruika. Hence the allusion—

"Ye'll sit wi' your limmers round ye."

Smithie's house was situated at the Kirk Style, and the road to the east end goes round the "gavel." Thus—

"Hame at length, she turn'd the gavel,
Wi' a face as white's a clout."

In the east end was situated the wretched domicile of Watty Mathie and his wife, the hero and heroine of the wonderfully graphic poem, which is true in every respect to the character of Watty, and to the flying and tinkler nature of his wife, Meg Love. Those are interesting particulars, not hitherto afforded to the innumerable admirers of the poem.

BURNS AND HIS HIGHLAND MARY.

Dorian mode. Slowly.



In green Caledonia there ne'er were twa lovers,
Sae enraptured and happy in each ither's arms,
As Burns, the sweet bard, and his dear Highland Mary,
And fondly and sweetly he sang o' her charms.

And lang will his sang, sae enchanting and bonnie,
Be heard wi' delight on his ain native plains,
And lang will the name o' his dear Highland Mary
Be sacred to love in his heart-melting strains.

Oh, 'twas a May-day, and the flowers o' the summer
Were blooming in wildness, a' lovely and fair,
When our twa lovers met in a grove o' green bowers,
Which grew on the banks o' the clear winding Ayr ;
And oh, to them baith 'twas a meeting fu' tender,
As it was the last for a while they could hae ;
Sae in love's purest raptures they feasted thegither,
Till the red setting sun show'd the close of the day.

" Oh, Mary, dear Mary," exclaimed her fond lover,
" Ye carry my heart to the Highlands with thee ;
Every burn, every grove, and every green bower,
May talk of the love of my lassie and me ;
My life's sweetest treasure, my ain charming Mary,
To thee I'll be ever devoted and true ;
For the heart that is beating so hard in this bosom
Is a heart that can never love ony but you.

" O dinna bide lang in the Highlands, my Mary,
O dinna bide lang in the Highlands frae me ;
For I love thee sincerely, I love thee o'er dearly,
To be happy, sae far, my dear Mary, frae thee."
" I winna bide lang, my dear lad, in the Highlands,
I canna bide lang, for ye winna be there.
Altho' I hae friends I like weel in the Highlands,
The ane I love best's on the banks of the Ayr."

Then he kissed her red lips, they were sweeter than roses,
And he strained her lily-white breast to his heart,
And his tears fell like dew-drops at e'en on her bosom,
And she said, "My fond lover, alas we maun part."
"Then farewell," he said, and flew frae his Mary ;
"Oh, farewell," said Mary, she could say nae mair ;
Oh, little they kenn'd they had parted for ever,
When they parted that night on the banks of the Ayr.

Yet the green summer saw but a few sunny mornings,
Till she, in the bloom of her beauty and pride,
Was laid in her grave like a bonnie young flower
In Greenock Kirkyard, on the banks of the Clyde ;
And Burns, the sweet bard of his ain Caledonia,
Lamented his Mary in many a sad strain,
And sair did he weep for his dear Highland lassie,
And ne'er did his heart love sae deeply again.

Then bring me the lilies, and bring me the roses,
And bring me the daisies that grow in the vale,
And bring me the dew o' the mild simmer's ev'ning,
And bring me the breath o' the sweet scented gale,
And bring me the sigh o' a fond lover's bosom,
And bring me the tear o' a fond lover's e'e,
And I'll pour them a' down on thy grave, Highland Mary,
For the sake o' thy Burns wha sae dearly lo'ed thee.

No song touching the life of Robert Burns and his idealised Highland Mary—not any one of the poet's own, perhaps—has found more favour with the country people of Scotland than this rhapsody of unknown authorship, which has been widely circulated in broad sheet form. Ballad-hawkers, indeed, still find it a "catch" at country markets and fairs.

WHAT DO YOU THINK O' ME NOO, KIND SIR?

I AM a young man, I live wi' my mither,
A braw decent kimmer, I trow ;
But aye when I speak aboot takin' a wife,
She aye gets up in a lowe.

Sae what do ye think o' me noo, kind sirs ;
And what do ye think I shud try ?
Gin mither was deein', there's naebody livin'
To mind the hoose and the kye.

There's red-headed Jenny, lives doon by our side,
At shearin' she aye dings them a',
But her very face mither canna abide,
And her a wild hizzie does ca'.

Sae what do ye think, etc.

Yestreen my mither she pouter'd my wig
As white as the new-driven snaw ;
She took an auld mutch and made me a gravat,
Stuck in a big breastpin and a'.

Sae what do ye think, etc.

"No gang awa', Sandy, ye're gaun to the waddin',
Ye ken ye're to be the best man,
And Betty M'Haffie's to be the best maid,
Mak' up to her noo like a man."

Sae what do ye think, etc.

I gaed to the waddin', and Betty was there ;
 And, losh, but she was buskit braw,
 She had ribbons and lace a' deck'd round her face,
 And necklaces twa or three raw.

Sae what do ye think, etc.

To please my auld mither, by makin' up till her,
 At aince I thocht I might try ;
 So I speir'd at Betty if ever she heard
 That we had twa dizzen o' kye.

Sae what do ye think o' me noo, kind sirs ;
 And what do ye think I shud try ?
 Wi' a toss o' her head, she answered, " Indeed !
 Wha cares for you or your kye ? "

There is a rich full flavour of the country about this rarely humorous and clever song, which cannot be so very old. And seeing that it must have leaped almost immediately into popular favour, it is strange that the author has never been named, nor even guessed at. Whitelaw has no note of it. Until now, indeed, it has been embraced in no collection worthy of the name, but has led a lively vagabond life notwithstanding.

BONNIE SUSIE CLELAND.

THERE lived a lady in Scotland,
 Hey, my love, and ho, my jo ;
 There lived a lady in Scotland,
 And dearly she loved me ;
 There lived a lady in Scotland,
 And she's fallen in love wi' an Englishman,
 And bonnie Susie Cleland is to be burnt at Dundee.

The father unto the daughter came,
Hey, my love, and ho, my jo ;
The father unto the daughter came,
And dearly she loved me ;
The father unto the daughter came,
Saying—" Will you forsake that Englishman ?"
And bonnie Susie Cleland is to be burnt at Dundee.

" If you will not that Englishman forsake,
Hey, my love, and ho, my jo ;
If you will not that Englishman forsake,
So dearly loved by thee ;
If you will not that Englishman forsake,
Oh, I will burn you at a stake !"
And bonnie Susie Cleland is to be burnt at Dundee.

" I will not that Englishman forsake,
Hey, my love, and ho, my jo,
I will not that Englishman forsake,
Who dearly loveth me ;
I will not that Englishman forsake,
Though you should burn me at a stake !"
And bonnie Susie Cleland is to be burnt at Dundee.

" Oh, where will I get a pretty little boy ?
Hey, my love, and ho, my jo ;
Where will I get a pretty little boy
Who dearly loveth me ;
Oh, where will I get a pretty little boy
Who will carry tidings, to my joy,
That bonnie Susie Cleland is to be burnt at Dundee ?"

“ Here am I, a pretty little boy,
Hey, my love, and ho, my jo ;
Here am I, a pretty little boy,
Who dearly loveth thee ;
Here am I, a pretty little boy,
Who will carry tidings, to your joy,
That bonnie Susie Cleland is to be burnt at Dundee.”

“ Oh, give to him this right hand glove,
Hey, my love, and ho, my jo ;
Give to him this right hand glove
Who dearly loveth me ;
Oh, give to him this right hand glove,
Tell him to get another love,
For bonnie Susie Cleland is to be burnt at Dundee.

“ Give to him this little penknife,
Hey, my love, and ho, my jo ;
Give to him this little penknife,
Who dearly loveth me ;
Give to him this little penknife,
Tell him to get another wife,
For Bonnie Susie Cleland is to be burnt at Dundee.

“ And give to him this gay gold ring,
Hey, my love, and ho, my jo ;
Give to him this gay gold ring,
Who dearly loveth me :
Oh, give to him this gay gold ring,
Say I'm going to my burying,
For bonnie Susie Cleland is to be burnt at Dundee.”

Her father he ca'd up the stake,
 Hey, my love, and ho, my jo;
 Her father he ca'd up the stake,
 So dearly she loved me:
 Her father he ca'd up the stake,
 Her brother he the fire did make,
 And bonnie Susie Cleland she was burnt at Dundee.

Here is a curious old tragic ballad, the cadences of which linger in one's ears long after reading it or hearing it sung. It forms one of the many valuable fragments of ballad poetry that were rescued from oblivion by William Motherwell, the poet. Motherwell does not mention whence he derived it, though in a note he confesses his inability to trace it to any historical source. In Ariosto's "Ginerva" it is mentioned that ladies guilty of incontinence were, by the laws of Scotland, doomed to the flames: but this cruel enactment has no foundation in the criminal code of the land—at least, within historic times. To some other circumstance, then, must be attributed the terrible doom of bonnie Susie Cleland. Was it for merely falling in love with an Englishman, which is all she is charged with in the ballad? Then surely Bannockburn was due.

GLOWEROWEREM.

THERE lived an auld man on the head o' yon knowes,
 His legs were as bent as twa wizen'd boughs;
 'Twad set him far better to be herdin' his yowes,
 Than startin' a farm on bonnie Glowerowerem.

Whilk o' ye lasses is gaun to Glowerowerem,
 Whilk o' ye lasses is gaun to Glowerowerem,
 Whilk o' ye lasses is gaun to Glowerowerem,
 To be the gudewife o' bonnie Glowerowerem?

" Mither, I'm gaun to Lowden Fair."

" Laddie, what are ye gaun to do there ? "

" I'm gaun to buy horses, harrows, and plows,
An' start wi' a pair on Glowerowerem Knowes.

Whilk o' ye lasses, etc.

" I'll get a thiggin' frae auld John Watt,
An' I'll get ane frae the Leddy o' Glack,
An' I'll get anither frae auld John Grey,
For keppin' his sheep sae lang on the brae.

Whilk o' ye lasses, etc.

" I'm no for the lassie that speaks for us a',
I'll no hae the lassie that speaks nane ava,
I'm no for the lassie that rages and flytes,
An' blames the gudeman when it's a' her ain wytes.

Whilk o' ye lasses, etc.

" I'm no for the lass wi' the bonnie black locks,
Nor yet for the lass wi' the braw ribbon knots,
But I'm for the lass wi' the bonnie bank notes
To plenish the farm o' bonnie Glowerowerem."

Whilk o' ye lasses, etc.

" Mither, I'm gaun to Lowden fair."

" Lassie, what are ye gaun to do there ? "

" I'm gaun to buy ribbons, an' laces, an' lawn
To put on my head an' to get a gudeman.

For I'm the lassie that's gaun to Glowerowerem,
 I'm the lassie that's gaun to Glowerowerem,
 And tho' he's a feckless body, Glowerowerem,
 A braw, braw farm is bonnie Glowerowerem."

This song, long a favourite with country people north of the Tay, on the few occasions on which it has received the honour of print, has had nearly in every instance "Buchairn" named as its locality, and not "Glowerowerem." Notwithstanding, the latter name has been often used in singing, and I confess at once to a preference for it. The editor of the *National Choir*, to whom the country is indebted for the rescue of many semi-neglected yet excellent bits of lyric verse, while admitting the song to be well known in Forfarshire, where it has been heard of under the title of "The Lass o' Buchairn," says—"Fife appears to have the strongest claim upon it; indeed Glowerowerem is the name of a farm lying on the Fife shore of the Forth, and we have heard several 'Fifers' from widely different parts of the *Kingdom* render it." Quite so. But "Lowden" or "Laurence Fair," we know, refers to a fair at Laurencekirk, whither Fife lasses and lads have not been in the habit of going to buy one thing or another. Therefore, though we admit Glowerowerem, because of its glamour and euphony, we do not by virtue of this act alone give the song away from its original owners—the people of Forfarshire and the Mearns.

BONNIE BARBARA, O.

THERE cam' ance a troop o' Irish Dragoons,
 And they lodged a'e nicht into Derby, O;
 The Captain fell in love wi' a handsome servant maid,
 And I think they ca'd her name bonnie Barbara, O.

"O come down the stair, bonnie Barbara, O,
 O, come down the stair, bonnie Barbara, O,
 O, come down the stair, and comb back your yellow hair,
 Take your last fareweel o' your mammie, O."

“How can I come down the stair, bonnie Sandy, O?
How can I come down the stair, bonnie Sandy, O?
O, how can I come down when I’m locked up in a room,
And a deep draw-well below my window, O?”

“I’ll buy you ribbons, and I’ll buy you rings,
And I’ll buy you beads o’ the amber, O;
I’ll buy you silken gowns to roll you up and down,
And I’ll follow you into your chamber, O.”

“I’ll hae nane o’ your ribbons, I’ll hae nane o’ your rings,
I’ll hae nane o’ your beads o’ the amber, O;
As for your silken gowns, I’ll never put them on,
And you never shall enter my chamber, O.”

“What would your mammie think, bonnie Barbara, O?
What would your mammie think, bonnie Barbara, O?
What would your mammie think to hear the guineas clink,
And the oboes playing on before you, O?”

“Little would my mammie think, bonnie Sandy, O,
Little would my mammie think, bonnie Sandy, O,
Little would my mammie think though she heard the
guineas clink,
If her daughter was following a sodger, O.”

“A sodger, my dear, you’ll never need to fear,
A sodger will never, never wrang ye, O.
He’ll make his troop to stand with their hats into their
hand
When they enter the presence o’ his Barbara, O.”

It was up then and spake our bold brother John,
And oh ! but he spake angry, O—
“If she winna buckle-to I'm sure that she will rue,
Ye'll get mony greater beauties e'en than Barbara, O.”

“There's bonnie lassies here, and bonnie lassies there,
And braw bonnie lassies into Derby, O ;
But there's nane among them a', the bonnie or the braw,
The match o' my bonnie lassie Barbara, O.”

They hadna gane a mile, a mile oot frae the town,
And oh ! but the pipes play'd drearily, O.
They gae the drum a beat, and his tender heart did break,
And he died for the sake o' bonnie Barbara, O.

Here we find a curious mixture of a ballad. The scene is laid in Derby, in England, although the hero and heroine are evidently both Scotch, and the former, curiously, is a Captain in a troop of Irish Dragoons, which has a pipe band. Notwithstanding, the piece has enjoyed a deal of popular favour in rural Scotland. I noted it some years ago from the singing of an old lady in Dundee, who committed it to memory when she was a girl residing in the Carse of Gowrie. In Aberdeenshire, I am aware, Fyvie is substituted for Derby, but not to improve matters.

THE RAM O' BERVIE.

As I went up to Bervie
Upon a market day,
I saw the fattest ram, sir,
That ever was fed on hay.

Singing hey dingle derby,
Hey dingle day ;
This was the greatest ram, sir,
That ever was fed on hay.

The ram it had a foot, sir,
Whereon to sit or stand,
And when it laid it down, sir,
It covered an acre of land.

The ram it had a horn, sir,
That reached up to the moon ;
A man went up in December,
And didn't come down till June.

The ram it had two teeth, sir,
Each like a hunter's horn ;
And every meal it took, sir,
It ate five bolls of corn.

The ram it had a back, sir,
That reached up to the sky ;
The eagles built their nests there,
For I've heard the young ones cry.

The ram it had a tail, sir,
Most wonderful to tell ;
It reached across to Ireland,
And rang St. Patrick's bell.

The wool of this rare big ram, sir,
It trailed upon the ground ;
It was taken away to London,
And sold for a hundred pound.

The man that killed the ram, sir,
Was up to the eyes in blood ;
And the boy that held the basin
Was washed away in the flood.

The blood of this wonderful ram, sir,
It ran for many a mile ;
And it turned the miller's wheel, sir,
As it hadn't been for a while.

Oh, the man that owned the ram, sir,
He must have been very rich ;
And the man that sings the song, sir,
Must be the son of a witch.

Now, if you don't believe me,
And think I'm telling a sham,
You may go your way to Bervie,
And there you will see the ram.

There are various readings of this curiously extravagant old country song—which, by the by, has a wonderful fascination for the rural mind—each one localised to a different part of the country. Here it is the “Ram o' Bervie,” there the “Ram o' Derby,” in another place the “Ram o' Diram,” again the “Ram o' Doram,” and so on. What its origin may have been it is impossible to say, although I have heard a story about it to the effect that a prisoner had been condemned to death, in the time of the feudal laws, and was promised free pardon should he succeed in composing a song without a grain of truth in it, and that this was the song he produced. Surely the man deserved not only free pardon, but a life pension as well !

THE PEDLAR.

THE pedlar ca'd in by the house o' Glenneuk,
When the family were by wi' the breakfast an' beuk;
The lasses were kaimin' an' curlin' their hair,
To gang to the bridal o' Maggie M'Nair.
"Guid morn," quo' the pedlar, fu' frank, an' fu' free,
"Let's see wha this day will be handsel to me;
An' if an ill bargain she happen to mak',
I'll gie her mysel' and the hale o' my pack."

"Aha!" the gudewife cried, "gif I've ony skill,
I fear that wad be makin' waur out o' ill;
My dochters, guid certes, o' wark wad be slack,
To trudge thro' the kintra an' carry a pack."
"Gudewife," quo' the pedlar, "'tis only a joke,"
And he flang down his wallet to show them his stock;
When she saw his rich cargo she rued e'er she spak'
Sae lightly o' either the pedlar or pack.

The lasses drew roun' wi' their gleg glancin' een
To glower on his ware that might fitted a queen;
They waled, an' they bought satins, ribbons, an' lace,
Till they raised mony lirks on the laird's niggard face.
His brooches an' bracelets, wi' diamonds enrich'd,
They green't for till baith hearts an' een were bewitch'd;
But bonnie blate Nelly stood aye a bit back,
Stealin' looks at the pedlar, but ne'er min't the pack.

This lovely young lassie his fancy did move,
 He saw that her blinks were the glances o' love ;
 A necklace he gi'ed her, wi' pearlins beset,
 Sayin', " Wha kens but we twa may be married yet !"
 The blush flush'd her cheek, an' the tear fill'd her e'e,
 She gaed oot to the yaird, an' sat doon 'neath a tree,
 When something within her aye silently spak',
 " I could gang wi' this pedlar an' carry his pack."

Her heart lap wi' joy ilka time he cam' roun',
 Till he tauld her he'd ta'en a braw shop in the toun ;
 Then the rose left her cheek, an' her head light did reel,
 For she dreaded this wad be his hin'maist fareweel.
 " Look blythe, my dear lassie, your fears banish a'.
 Your parents may flyte, an' your titties may jaw,
 But they'll heartily rue yet that e'er their jokes brak'
 Upon me when the kintra I rang'd wi' my pack."

The auld wife kent nocht o' the secret ava,
 Till a'e day to the kirk she gaed vogie and braw ;
 Her heart to her mouth lap, the sweat on her brak',
 When she heard Nelly *cried* to the lad wi' the pack.
 She sat wi' a face hafflins roasted wi' shame,
 Syne awa' at twal hours she gaed scourin' straucht hame;
 She min't na the text nor a word the priest spak'
 A' her thochts were ta'en up wi' the pedlar an' pack.

" What's wrang," quo' the laird, " that ye're hame here
 sae soon ?"

The kail's no long on ; is the day's service done ? "

" Na, na," quo' the kimmer, " I've got an affront
 That for months yet to come will my bosom gar dunt !

'That glaikit slut, Nell, we hae dautit sae weel,
Has now wound us a pirn that will sair us to reel ;
For a' we've wared on her o' pound an' o' plack,
She is thrice *cried* this day to yon chiel wi' the pack."

"Od Saffs !" sigh'd the laird, " gif she be sic a fule,
He sall get her as bare as the birk tree at Yule !
Whaur is she, the slut ? gif I could but her fin',
Fient haud me, gin I wadna reesil her skin !"
But Nellie foresaw what the upshot wad be,
Sae she gaed 'cross the moor to a freen's house awee,
Whaur a chase-an'-pair cam', an' whene'er daylight brak'
She set aff wi' the pedlar unfasht wi' the pack.

They were lawfully spliced by the Rev'rend J.P.,
Whilk the hale kintra roun' in the *Herald* may see ;
Now his big shop's weel stow'd, baith for bed an' for back,
That was started wi' ballads an' trumps in a pack.
He raise up in rank an' he raise up in fame,
An' the title o' Bailie's affixed to his name ;
Now the laird o' Glenneuk aboot naething will crack
Save the Bailie—but ne'er hints a word o' the pack.

This, by William Watt, the talented author of "*The Tinkler's Waddin*," has long been a favourite song with the country people of Scotland. The copy presented I recently received from Mr. Alexander Watt, the author's son, who, in a note accompanying it, said, "I have copied from the original MS., as several spurious versions of the ballad are abroad." It sings to the air of "Come under my plaidie." It was because I had several copies of the ballad, all varying, that I recently appealed to the readers of the *People's Journal* for supply. The appeal brought in written and printed copies from all parts of Scotland, England, and America. Now, to those obliging correspondents, as well as to all besides, it will be a special gratification to possess the really authentic and only true version, for which thanks to Mr. Alexander Watt.

THE CARLE HE CAM' OWER THE CRAFT.

THE carle he cam' ower the craft,
Wi' his beard new shaven ;
He looked at me as he'd been daft—
The carle trowed that I wad hae him.
Hout awa ! I winna hae him !
Na, forsooth, I winna hae him !
For a' his beard's new shaven,
Ne'er a bit o' me will hae him.

A siller brooch he gae me neist,
To fasten on my curchie nookit ;
I wore't awee upon my breist,
But soon, alake ! the tongue o't crookit ;
And sae may his, I winna hae him !
Na, forsooth, I winna hae him !
Twice-a-bairn's a lassie's jest ;
Sae ony fool for me may hae him.

The carle has nae faut but ane ;
For he has land and dollars plenty ;
But, wae's me for him, skin and bane
Is no for a plump lass o' twenty.
Hout awa', I winna hae him !
Na, forsooth, I winna hae him !
What signifies his dirty riggs,
And cash, without a man wi' them ?

But should my cankert daddie gar
Me tak' him 'gainst my inclination,
I warn the fumbler to beware
That antlers dinna claim their station.
Hout awa' ! I winna hae him !
Na, forsooth, I winna hae him !
I'm fleyed to crack the holy band,
Sae lawty says, I shouldna hae him.

This is a very old song, as may be gathered from the fact that it appears in Ramsay's *Tea-Table Miscellany*.

THE DOTTERED AULD CARLE.

A DOTTERED auld carle came over the lea,
Ha, ha, ha ! but I wadna hae him ;
Came over the lea, an' a' to court me,
Wi' his grey beard newly shaven.

My mither tell'd me to open the door,
Ha, ha, ha ! but I wadna hae him :
I opened the door an' he tottered inower,
Wi' his grey beard newly shaven.

My mither tell'd me to gie him a chair,
Ha, ha, ha ! but I wadna hae him ;
I gae him a chair, he sat down on the floor,
Wi' his grey beard newly shaven.

My mither tell'd me to gie him some meat,
Ha, ha, ha ! but I wadna hae him ;
I gae him some meat, but he'd nae teeth to eat,
Wi' his grey beard newly shaven.

My mither tell'd me to gie him some drink,
Ha, ha, ha ! but I wadna hae him ;
I gae him some drink, an' he began to wink,
Wi' his grey beard newly shaven.

My mither tell'd me to gie him a kiss,
Ha, ha, ha ! but I wadna hae him ;
When ye like him sae weel ye can kiss him yersel',
Wi' his grey beard newly shaven.

The above is evidently just another version of the preceding song : which is the older might be the question. In my opinion this is the more felicitous of the two. It has been widely sung in the country districts of Scotland, but, so far as I am aware, has not previously appeared in any song collection.

HEATHER JOCK.

HEATHER Jock's noo awa',
Heather Jock's noo awa' ;
The moorcock he may croosely craw,
Sin' Heather Jock's noo awa'.

Heather Jock was stark and grim,
Faucht wi' a' wad fecht wi' him ;
Swank and supple, sharp and thin,
Fine for gaun against the win',

Tawny face an' towsie hair,
In his cleeding unco bare,
Cursed an' swore whene'er he spoke,
Nane could equal Heather Jock.

Jock kent ilka bore an' bole,
Could creep through a wee bit hole,
Quietly pilfer eggs an' cheese,
Dunts o' bawcon, skeps o' bees ;
Sip the kirn an' steal the butter,
Nail the hens without a flutter ;
Na ! the watchfu' wily cock
Durstna craw for Heather Jock.

Eppie Blaikie lost her gown
She coft sae dear at borough town ;
Sandy Tamson's Sunday wig,
Left the house to rin the rig ;
Jenny Baxter's blankets a'
Took a thocht to slip awa' :
E'en the wean's bit printed frock,
Wha was thief—but Heather Jock ?

Jock was nae religious youth,
At the priest he thraw'd his mouth,
He wadna say a grace nor pray,
But played his pipes on Sabbath day ;
Robb'd the kirk o' baan and book,
Everything wad lift, he took ;
He didna lea' the weather-cock,
Sic a thief was Heather Jock.

Nane wi' Jock could draw a tricker,
'Mang the muirfowl he was siccar ;
He watch'd the wild ducks at the springs,
And hang'd the hares in hempen strings.
Blass'd the burns and speared the fish,
Jock had many a dainty dish ;
The best o' muirfowl and blackcock
Graced the board o' Heather Jock.

Keepers catch'd him on the muir,
Kickit up an unco stoure ;
Charged him to lay down his gun,
Or his nose should delve the grun'.
Jock slipp'd down ahint a hurst,
Cried, " Ye swabs, I'll empty't first ; "
They saw his fingers at the lock,
And left the field to Heather Jock.

Aften fuddling at the stills,
Sleepin' sound amang the hills,
Blazing heath and cracklin' whins,
Choked his breath and brunt his shins ;
Up he gat in terror vast,
Thocht 'twas doomsday come at last ;
Glowerin', dazed thro' fire and smoke,
" I'm in hell ! " cried Heather Jock.

Nane wi' Jock had ony say
At the neive or cudgel play ;
Jock for bolt nor bar e'er stay'd
Till ance the jail his courage laid.

Then the Judge without delay
Sent him aff to Botany Bay,
And bade him mind the laws he broke,
And never mair play Heather Jock.

Jock's bit housie i' the glen
Lies in ruins, but an' ben ;
There the mawkin safe may rest
And the muirfowl build her nest.
Ower the sea Jock's herdin' swine,
Glad wi' them on husks to dine ;
Sae tak' warnin', honest folk—
Never do like Heather Jock.

When introducing "Tam Frew's Hat" I mentioned that the author of that clever humorous ditty had been credited also with the production of "Heather Jock." I have since learned, however, that John M'Lay was not the author, but that the reckless poacher and reiver was limned by the dexterous hand of Dr. James Stirling, who was born on the Keir estate, in Western Perthshire, in the end of last or beginning of this century, and died in Ontario, Canada, in the year 1857. By Captain W. M. Somerville, of Washington, D.C., who is a native of Dunblane, which he left forty-five years ago, I am informed that the doctor learned the dry goods business in Perth, but afterwards studied medicine in Edinburgh and Paris. He emigrated to Canada with his family in the early twenties, and settled near Caledonia Springs, a place of fashionable resort, where he edited a paper called *Life at the Springs*, and published many of his poetical pieces, but issued no collection of them.

The original of the song—John Ferguson—lived, moved, and had his being in and about Dunblane, near to where he was born in a small thatched house on the old Doune Road, in the parish of Kilmadock, some time about a century ago. And his picture, as presented in the song, does not seem to have been overdrawn, for he was not only a poacher, says my informant, but a daring thief as well, and a terror to the district. Jock always went to Dunblane for his shot, and so notorious a character was he that half the folks would turn out to see him on his home-going. When Handsel Monday came round with its shooting matches, Jock was sure to be there and carry off the best prizes. One verse about his shooting which is founded on fact (the fifth in our version) has not been generally printed. It refers to an occasion when Jock was hunting

deer on Slumaback Hill, Cambushie nie. John Drummond, gamekeeper for Mr. Stirling of Kippendavie, challenged him. Jock fired point blank at John, and only distance saved him, as the bullet struck the turf just a few yards in front of the keeper. A washing having disappeared from Kilbride Castle, Jock was at once suspected, and on search being made he was found drying the clothes in the Shank Wood on the Sabbath day. When his mother, poor body, hanged herself, he cut her down, and with the same rope went off and stole a cow. The parties who had lost the cow found out who was the thief, and on searching Jock's house found the cow shut up in a press bed; and when they were leading her away Jock indignantly demanded the rope, saying that he was not going to part with the rope that had hanged his mother. Ultimately Jock was tried for cattle-stealing, convicted, and sent to Botany Bay. But after a lapse of years he succeeded in finding his way back to his old familiar haunts, and was commencing his former practices, when he was reaprehended and sent permanently out of the country. No former editor of songs has afforded these or any particulars regarding "Heather Jock," which has invariably been printed anonymously, and none of the collections contains a copy so complete as the present.

THE GLENORCHY MAID.

Slowly.

When Spring spreads her green velvet claes on the common,

f

When Summer wi' flow'rs decks the sweet heather braes,

How rich then to view, on the tow'ring Ben Lomond,

f

The loch's silver waves meet the sun's golden rays.

How clear every fountain, and green every mountain,
 Wi' moor - lands and meadows and glens rich - ly clad;
 But far more in - vit - ing, to me more de - light - ing,
 Is the pride o' the Highlands, my Glen - orch - y maid!
Last line variant to finish.
f
 Wi' the pride o' the Highlands, my Glen - orch - y maid!

WHEN Spring spreads her green velvet claes on the common,
 When Summer wi' flow'rs decks the sweet heather braes,
 How rich, then, to view on the tow'ring Ben Lomond
 The loch's silver waves meet the sun's golden rays.
 How clear every fountain, and green every mountain,
 Wi' moorlands, and meadows, and glens richly clad;
 But far more inviting, to me more delighting,
 Is the pride o' the Highlands, my Glenorchy maid.

Her skin's like the lily, her hair's like the raven,
 Wi' nature's simplicity kindly she speaks;
 Her face sae bewitching, her een sae enslaving,
 Like the rose after rain are her soft blushing cheeks.

Sae smiling, sae wiling, sae cheering, endearing,
 Whilst we roam o'er the heather or rest by the shade ;
There first I break silence to tell of my feeling—
 She's the pride o' the Highlands, my Glenorchy maid.

How delightfu' is gloamin', when every sweet blossom
 Is wet wi' the drops o' the clear shining dew ;
But sweeter my charmer when, close to my bosom,
 She blushed, and consented she'd ever prove true.
Let Art and let Nature display their fond treasures,
 I'll row my dear lass in my soft tartan plaid ;
O, great is my bliss, and sweeter my pleasure,
 Wi' the pride o' the Highlands, my Glenorchy maid.

Mr. Duncan Kippen, of Crieff, to whom I have been indebted for various excellent examples of these floating country ballads and songs, tells me that he noted this one, words and music both, from the singing of an old man at a fair in Aberfeldy many years ago, and has heard it sung repeatedly since in the lower reaches of Perthshire. The melody, which is preserved in *The National Choir*, as well as here, Mr. Kippen avers, "has a freshness and artless beauty which is wanting in many modern song tunes."

WHERE ARE YOU GOING, MY PRETTY FAIR MAID ?

"WHERE are you going, my pretty fair maid,
 With red rosy cheeks and coal black hair ?"
"I'm going a-milking, kind sir," she replied,
 "Rolling on the dew makes a milkmaid fair."

" May I go with you, my pretty fair maid,
With red rosy cheeks and coal black hair ? "
" O, just if you're willing, kind sir," she replied,
" Rolling on the dew makes a milkmaid fair."

" What is your father, my pretty fair maid,
With red rosy cheeks and coal black hair ? "
" My father's a farmer, kind sir," she replied,
" Rolling on the dew makes a milkmaid fair."

" And what is your mother, my pretty fair maid,
With red rosy cheeks and coal black hair ? "
" A wife to my father, kind sir," she replied,
" Rolling on the dew makes a milkmaid fair."

" And what is your fortune, my pretty fair maid,
With red rosy cheeks and coal black hair ? "
" A coo an' a wee calf, kind sir," she replied,
" Rolling on the dew makes a milkmaid fair."

" Then I won't go with you, my pretty fair maid,
With red rosy cheeks and coal black hair."
" And naebody asked ye, kind sir," she replied,
" Rolling on the dew makes a milkmaid fair."

An English version of this song has gained much popularity, due, doubtless, to the lively and catching air to which it is set. Our Scotch variety, however, perhaps never previously printed, and which Mr. Hugh M'Aulay, of Johnstone, tells me he learned more than twenty-five years ago from the singing of a girl named Bathgate, who had quite a host of these simple old wandering songs, is by far the more fascinating in respect of words.

THE PIPER O' DUMBARTON.

Saw ye Rory Murphy,
Rory Murphy, Rory Murphy ;
Saw ye Rory Murphy
Comin' through Dumbarton ?

Rory was a piper guid,
As ever cam' o' Hielan' bluid ;
The Lowland bodies' hearts aye glowed
To the tunes o' Rory Murphy.
Though Rory's pipes were rude an' rough,
His drones were dainty, auld, an' teuch,
And like Boreas was their sough
When blawn by Rory Murphy.

Saw ye Rory, etc.

When Rory drank an extra gill,
He made his chanter sound sae shrill,
Ye'd heard it on Benlomond hill
As well as in Dumbarton.
He filled the warrior's breast wi' fire,
He charmed the hearts o' sage an' sire,
And made the listenin' groups admire,
When comin' through Dumbarton.

Saw ye Rory, etc.

He had a beard o' amber gloss,
Twa cheeks the colour o' the rose,
Twa sparklin' een as black as sloes,
And a nose as red's a partan ;
He had a plaid o' plaids the wale,
That screened him frae the winter gale,
Arrayed he was frae tap to tail
In claes o' praw, praw tartan.

Saw ye Rory, etc.

When lords and lairds wad wedded be,
And kintra bodies needed glee,
They didna grudge the minstrel's fee
When they got Rory Murphy.
For Rory sang, an' leuch, an' drank,
Wi' cronies leal he aye was frank,
And mony a tune he played for thank
When comin' through Dumbarton.

Saw ye Rory, etc.

But Rory had a lowin' drouth,
He liked a drap to wat his mouth ;
Dumbarton bodies ken it's truth
I say o' Rory Murphy.
And Rory had a ready tale
To tell the wives that sell't guid ale ;
He charmed the swats frae cog and pail
When comin' through Dumbarton.

Saw ye Rory, etc.

But whisky proved to him a fae,
For stotterin' hameward drunk ae day,
He fell heid-foremost doun a brae,
That killed him deid for certain.
Nae mair we'll hear his witchin' tones,
Nae mair he'll blaw his Hielan' drones,
His banes lie cauld beneath the stones,
In the kirkyard o' Dumbarton.

Farewell, Rory Murphy,
Rory Murphy, Rory Murphy ;
Farewell, Rory Murphy,
Piper o' Dumbarton.

There is an old song in the "Tea-Table Miscellany" which tells that "Dumbarton drums beat bonnie, O ;" but whether these or the pipes of Rory Murphy were the first to give musical celebrity to the Royal Burgh it would be difficult to say. Mr. Donald Macleod, the veteran historian of the town and shire, in his "Past Worthies of the Lennox: A Garland of their Droll Sayings and Doings, Clubs, and Election Incidents," says:—"I have not been able to obtain information from the burgh records that our good town ever had a piper it could call its own. However, tradition has it that in a far back period in its history it could boast of a piper hight Rory Murphy, a rantin', rovin', clever, drucken cratur, who, on account o' his lowin' drooth, came to a bad end. I have in my day seen what purported to be a portrait of the illustrious Rory, and intended at one time to have inserted it here, but as I think it a spurious production, I do not give it a place in this veracious chronicle. As far as Dumbarton is concerned, the long line of those whose duty it was to blow the pipes, tuck the drum, and ring the bell, the latter dating from 1634 according to the Town's Records, ceased and determined when John Orme in 1889 was deprived of his office as town's drummer and bellman."

This means that it must be a long time since Rory Murphy "screwed his pipes and gar't them skirl." Anyway, he was doubtless a real character, and a kenspeckle one to boot, if the unknown author of the song is to be trusted—and who would doubt him ?

THE AULD QUARRY KNOWE.

Oh, weel I mind the joys we had,
In youth's bright sunny days,
When we were pu'in' buttercups
On Cathkin's flowery braes.
But better far I mind the time
When first my heart took lowe,
When daffin' wi' my Jessie
On the auld quarry knowe.

We'd watch the water-wagtail,
As he skimm'd the river side ;
Or cocked upon a mossy stane
And beckon'd to his bride ;
Or we'd look ower yonder rocky cliff,
Till our heads would dizzy grow,
And wad haud by ane anither
On the auld quarry knowe.

I used to think on summer nichts
The bellman whiles got fou',
When he rang the bell at ten at e'en,
I ne'er could think it true.
And I ne'er could say guid nicht until
Its tones rang out, I trow ;
I was sweer't to leave my Jessie
And the auld quarry knowe.

But noo these days are gane,
And auld grey-bearded Time
Hath heap'd years upon oor heids ;
We're far beyond oor prime.
But I never can forget them,
Tho' my heid be like the tow,
The daffin' and the courtin',
And the auld quarry knowe.

Two versions of this happy, natural, and sweetly reminiscent song have appeared, but the present, which is the older and better lyric of the pair, is the one generally sung. It has not hitherto won its way into any collection of importance ; has not been much seen in print, indeed ; and the author, who may still be living, has not been revealed.

SIR ROBERT O' GORDONSTOWN.

OH ! wha hasna heard o' that man o' renown,
The wizard, Sir Robert o' Gordonstown !
The wisest o' warlocks—the Morayshire chiel—
The despot o' Duffus an' frien' o' the Deil ;
The man whom the folks o' auld Morayshire feared—
The man whom the friends o' auld Satan revered ;
Oh ! never to mortal was evil renown
Like that o' Sir Robert o' Gordonstown !
What a wicked auld loon
Was this Morayshire loon !

The sun he might shine in the east or the wast,
But Sir Robert's wee body nae shadow could cast ;
Langsyne had he lost it in far foreign parts,
When he cheated the Deil in the School of Black Arts ;
"The hurly-buck-out o' the School is my fee,"
Cried Satan ; "and surely Sir Robert is he."
"Look behin'," cried Sir Robert, "there tak' him, thou
loon"—

'Twas the shadow o' Robert o' Gordonstown !
What a crafty auld loon
Was this Morayshire loon !

How fiercely the furnace at Gordonstown glows !
At Gordonstown, famous for witches and crows,
Seven years hath Sir Robert been toiling wi' micht,
Till a fiend Salamander hath gladdened his sight !
"Hurra !" cried Sir Robert, and the creature cried "Here,
Ye witches an' warlocks o' Moray, draw near,"—
An' loud is the din o' the demons that own,
Their master, Sir Robert o' Gordonstown !
What a terrible loon
Was this Morayshire loon !

Far up in the lift are the starnies o' nicht,
O'er the ice-sheeted Spynie-loch blinkin' sae bricht ;
But so tender's that ice that it mauna be press'd,
For it yields to the wecht o' the water-fowls' breast.
But what cares Sir Robert for the ice or the hour !
He's oot on the Loch in his chariot an' four,
An' it cracks, an' it rattles, but daurna gang down—
Sic power hath Sir Robert o' Gordonstown !
What a venturesome loon
Was this Morayshire loon !

Sanny Phulp, Sanny Phulp, his coachman sae bold,
Thou art het eneuch there though the night it be cold ;
An' the sweat frae thy e'ebrow is tricklin' in beads—
But lookna behin'—or thou'rt meat for the gleds !
For a legion o' witches are close in thy wake,
An' a corbie's behin' wi' the e'e o' a snake.
But wha is that corbie wi' Beelzie's ain frown ?
'Tis a frien' o' Sir Robert o' Gordonstown.

Oh ! that awfu'some loon—

Oh ! that Morayshire loon !

Twa cronies, at midnight, in Gordonstown Ha'
Are boozin'—an' mony's the bicker they draw :
They drew, an' they drank, an' were ne'er like to tire,
For it fizzed frae their stammacks like water frae fire ;
That friend o' Sir Robert's is reverend to see
As the Parson o' Duffus. But it canna be he—
For a chauther o' maut the drooth didna droon
O' that guest o' Sir Robert's o' Gordonstown !

Oh ! the drooth o' the loon,

What a boozin' auld loon !

Sir Robert could drink like a Morayshire chiel',
But a man has sma' chance that wad drink wi' the Deil.
Sir Robert got fuddled ; when up started his guest
On all fours, an' nicher'd in shape o' a beast.
“Gee up !” cried Sir Robert, an' sprang to the back
O' that fierce-looking charger, so fiery an' black ;
An' bang through the window, for Birnie are boun'
The Deil and Sir Robert o' Gordonstown.

Losh ! sic a queer loon

Was this Morayshire loon !

Like the blast o' the north was the speed o' their flicht,
As they thundered alang through the mirks o' the nicht,
They dash'd through Loch Spynie, near Duffus' strong keep,
An' Finrassie's echoes aroused from their sleep,
They leaped o'er the Lossie, an' Elgin's lang street
Flash'd fire an' re-echoed the tramplin' o' feet ;
An' the burghers cried "Save us ! that's surely Mahoun,
Or that fearfu' Sir Robert o' Gordonstown !

Preserve's frae that loon,
Oh ! that awfu'some loon !"

Sir Robert leugh sair, an' his horse he leuch too,
When Birnie's green hillocks now gladdened their view,
For loud was the cheerin' that greeted them there,
Frae the spirits o' the earth an' fiends o' the air ;
There the witches o' Moray were dancin' wi' glee,
'Mid music and mirth and loud revelrie ;
For the parson o' Birnie has put himsel' down,
Preserve's frae Sir Robert o' Gordonstown !

Oh ! that waefu'some loon !
Oh ! that Morayshire loon !

Wild and picturesque legends cluster round the name of the hero of this ballad, whose fame as a wizard, Sheriff Rampini tells us in his *History of Moray and Nairn*, was as widely spread over the North of Scotland, as was that of Major Weir over the South. Like Michael Scot, it was thought that he had learned "the art that none may name" in Italy, and, like him, had lost his shadow in acquiring it. In a lower chamber, still pointed out, of his mansion house of Gordonstown, he is said to have fitted up a forge, and here night after night for seven long years he sat watching the glowing embers until at length his patience was rewarded by the appearance of a live salamander. From this creature he tortured many unearthly secrets. But his choice familiar was the arch-enemy of mankind himself. Often, in the long winter evenings, the belated traveller on his way to Elgin would see the windows of the house lighted up, and would hear sounds of ribald merriment proceeding

from within, which made him shake in his shoes. And when the wine had mounted into the heads of both, his guest would change himself into a coal-black charger; his host would mount on his back; and the next moment they were on their way through the window to join the revels of the witches in the old kirkyard of Birnie, seven or eight miles distant. On more than one occasion Sir Robert is said to have put the fiend's friendship to the test." But let William Hay's weird and wonderfully graphic ballad alone tell the rest. This, although it has not been printed in any of the larger collections, is almost worthy to rank with Nicholson's "Brownie o' Blednoch," and will be specially welcome to North country readers.

BANNOCKS O' BARLEY MEAL.

AN auld Hieland couple sat lane by the ingle,
While smoking their cutties and cracking awa';
They spak' o' lang syne, o' their daffin' when single,
O' the freaks o' their childhood, their auld age an' a'.
To his wife Donald bragg'd o' his bauldest o' actions,
When he was a sodger wi' Geordie the Third;
Hoo his foes fell afore him, the leader o' factions,
And Donald he grat as his faes bit the yird.

Sae up wi' the kilties an' bonnie blue bonnets,
When put to their mettle they're ne'er kent to fail;
For a Highlandman's heart is upheld wi' a haggis
And weel-buttered bannocks o' barley meal.

Thus Donald was blessed, an' his wife heard wi' pleasure
His stories o' danger, his troubles, an' toils;
"My country," he cried, "is my heart's dearest treasure,
And, Mary, thou'rt next, for I lo'e thy saft smiles."

This pair, happy couple, their broom-covered dwelling
 Stood lane frae the world, its tidings, and cares,
And the news never reached their snug little hallan
 Unless when a packman stapp'd in wi' his wares.

Sae up wi' the kilties, etc.

The Romans lang syne loot a clacht at oor bannock,
 The Danes and the Normans they tried the same game,
But Donald cam' doon wi' his claymore and crummach,
 Maul'd maist o' them stark, chased the lave o' them hame,
An' should ony mair ever play sic a plisky,
 She vows by her dirk an' the Laird o' Kintail
That she'll pairt wi' her bluid, or she'll pairt wi' her whisky,
 Ay, or pairt wi' her bannocks o' barley meal.

Sae up wi' the kilties, etc.

There's Mungo M'Farlane, the Laird o' Drumgarlan,
 A birsy auld carle o' three score an' five,
He'll wield his lang airm, an' he'll gie them a haurlin',
 And keep his ain grund wi' the glegest alive.
There's Michael, the sodger, wha foucht wi' the rebels,
 And lost his left leg just a wee ere they ran ;
He has got ane o' wud, an' he gars it play thud,
 And whaur there's a row Michael's aye in the van.

Sae up wi' the kilties, etc.

Then fill up a glass, let us hae a guid waucht o't,
 Oor Mither Meg's mutch be't oor care to keep clean ;
And the foul silly loon that wad try to lay claucht on't,
 May Cloutie's lang claws haul oot baith o' his een.

She's auld, an' she's runckled, she'll no bide their scorning,
She'll beat them whan tried in a battle, I'll bail;
So we'll ne'er lat her want Athole brose i' the morning,
Nor weel-buttered bannocks o' barley meal.

Sae up wi' the kilties, etc.

There is a song with this refrain, said to have been written by the celebrated John, Duke of Argyll and Greenwich, who figures so favourably in the "Heart of Midlothian," as the patron of Jeanie Deans; and Robert Burns picked up a fragment of a still older ditty, the ower-turn of which was—

Bannocks o' bere-meal, bannocks o' barley!
Here's to the Highlandman's bannocks o' barley!

These have been often printed. But here is a song, a very worthy one—which, though it has seldom seen the light of the printed page, has been sung by at least a generation of country people in Scotland.

THE BONNIE BANKS O' LOCH LOMOND.

By yon bonnie banks, and by yon bonnie braes,
Where the sun shines bright on Loch Lomon',
Where me and my true love were ever wont to gae,
On the bonnie, bonnie banks o' Loch Lomon'.
O, ye'll tak' the high road, and I'll tak' the low road,
And I'll be in Scotland afore ye;
But me and my true love will never meet again
On the bonnie, bonnie banks o' Loch Lomon'.

'Twas there that we parted in yon shady glen,
On the steep, steep side o' Ben Lomon',
Where in purple hue the Hieland hills we view,
And the moon coming out in the gloamin'.

O, ye'll tak' the high road, etc.

The wee birdies sing, and the wild flowers spring,
 And in sunshine the waters are sleepin' ;
 But the broken heart it kens nae second spring again,
 Tho' the waefu' may cease frae their greetin'.

O, ye'll tak' the high road, etc.

The refrain of this puzzling song, which has recently enjoyed a vogue in the highest circles, is supposed in substance to have been the adieu to his sweetheart by one of Prince Charlie's followers in the '45, before the poor fellow's execution at Carlisle. The tradition is that his sweetheart was at the side of the scaffold, and his parting words to her were—"Ye'll tak' the high road, and I'll tak' the low road, and I'll be in Scotland afore ye." The low road, we are told, meant for the prisoner the grave, and his words indicated that death would bring his spirit to Scotland before his sweetheart could travel back to the banks of Loch Lomond, where they had learned to love each other, and had hoped to spend a long and prosperous married career.

I do not doubt that the song we have heard so much of recently is but the rescued fragment of an old country ballad of the same name. So evident is this, indeed, that a large portion is actually extant, which Lady John Scott, the writer of the modern version of "Annie Laurie," picked up in the streets of Edinburgh, I do not know how many years ago. Miss F. Mary Colquhoun, of Luss, has also gathered some wandering verses, notably these—

We'll meet where we parted in bonnie Luss Glen,
 'Mang the heathery braes o' Ben Lomon' ;
 Starts the roe frae the pass an' the fox frae his den,
 While abune gleams the mune thro' the rowan.

Wi' yer bonnie laced shoon an' yer buckles sae clear,
 An' yer plaid ower yer shouther sae rarely ;
 Ae glance o' yer e'e wad chase awa' my fear,
 Sae winsome are yer looks, O, my dearie !

What has been sung of late, however, is perhaps enough for the singer's purpose. William Black, the novelist, and others have given it as their opinion that the song is wholly of recent origin ; but Mr. Kippen, of Crieff, assures me that he heard it frequently on the streets, in one form or another, more than sixty years ago.

THE BONNIE BANKS O' LOCH LOMOND.

- “ OH ! whither away, my bonnie, bonnie May,
So late, an' so far in the gloamin' ?
The mist gathers grey o'er muirland an' brae,
Oh ! whither alane art thou roamin' ? ”
- “ I trysted my ain luvie the nicht in the broom,
My Ranald, wha lo'es me sae dearly ;
For the morrow he marches to Edinburgh toun,
To fecht for the King an' Prince Charlie ! ”
- “ Yet why weep ye sae, my bonnie, bonnie May,
Yer true luvie from battle returnin',
His darlin' will claim in the micht o' his fame,
An' change into gladness her mournin' ! ”
- “ Oh ! weel may I weep—yestreen in my sleep
We stood bride an' bridegroom thegither !
But his lips an' his breath were as chilly as death,
An' his heart's bluid was red on the heather !
- “ Oh ! dauntless in battle as tender in love,
He'll yield ne'er a foot to the foeman ;
But never again frae the field o' the slain
To Moira he'll come an' Loch Lomon'.
- “ Oh ! he'll gang the hie road an' I'll gang the low,
But I'll be in Heaven afore him ;
For my bed is prepar'd in the mossy graveyard,
'Mang the hazels o' green Inverarnan.

"The thistle shall bloom, an' the King hae his ain,
 An' fond lovers meet in the gloamin',
 An' I an' my true luve will yet meet again
 Far abune the bonnie banks o' Loch Lomon'."

These are the verses, alluded to in the note to the foregoing song, which Lady John Scott picked up in the streets of Edinburgh.

THE BARRIN' O' THE DOOR, O.

Lively.

It fell about the Martinmas time, And a gay time it was
 then, O! That our gude - wife had puddin's to mak', And she
 boil'd them in a pan, O! The barr - in' o' our door,
 weel, weel, weel, O, the barr - in' o' our door, weel.

It fell about the Martinmas time,
 And a gay time it was then, O!
 That our gudewife had puddin's to mak'.
 And she boil'd them in a pan, O!

The barrin' o' our door, weel, weel, weel,
 O, the barrin' o' our door, weel.

The win' blew cauld frae north to south,
It blew into the floor, O !
Quoth our gudeman to our gudewife,
"Get up and bar the door, O !"

"My hand is in my husswifeskip,
Gudeman, as ye may see, O !
An' it should na be barr'd this hundred year,
It's no be barr'd by me, O !"

They made a paction 'tween them twa,
They made it firm and sure, O !
Whaever spak' the foremost word
Should rise and bar the door, O !

Then by there cam' twa gentlemen,
At twelve o'clock at nicht, O !
And they could neither see house nor ha',
Nor coal nor candle licht, O !

And, oh, they were hungry, cauld, and weet,
An' it was an awfu' nicht, O !
And when they saw the open door
Their hearts lap at the sicht, O !

"Now, whether is this a rich man's house,
Or whether is it a poor, O ?"
But ne'er a word wad ane o' them speak,
For the barrin' o' the door, O !

And first they ate the white puddin's,
And syne they ate the black, O !
And muckle thocht the gudewife to hersel',
Yet ne'er a word she spak', O !

Then said the ane unto the other—
“ Here, man, tak' ye my knife, O !
Do ye tak' aff the auld man's beard,
And I'll kiss the gudewife, O ! ”

“ But there's nae water in the house,
What shall we do then, O ? ”
“ What ails ye at the puddin' bree
That boils into the pan, O ? ”

O up then started our gudeman,
And an angry man was he, O !
“ Will ye kiss my wife before my e'en,
An' scauld me wi' puddin' bree, O ? ”

Then up and started our gudewife,
Ga'e three skips owre the floor, O !
“ Gudeman, ye've spoken the foremost word,
Get up and bar the door, O ! ”

The little comic difficulties of rural domestic life have seldom been so neatly hit off as in this rare old song, which is of great antiquity, though still well known, and frequently sung. It forms one of the many songs snatched from oblivion by David Herd, being first printed in his collection of 1776. No trace of its authorship or origin survives. A song with a similar subject, bearing the title of “ John Blunt,” but of a rather coarse order, was transmitted by Burns for Johnson's *Museum*. No such objection applies here, where the fun is even richer. I have printed the song with a chorus, as it is generally sung at country meetings ; and have introduced a stanza not often seen—the sixth—which was added by the late David Kennedy, and aptly fills a slight hiatus in the narrative.

OLD KING COUL.

OLD King Coul was a jolly old soul,
And a jolly old soul was he ;
And he called for his pipe, and he called for his bowl,
And he called for his fiddlers three ;
And every fiddler had a fiddle,
And a very fine fiddle had he.
Fiddle-dee-dee, fiddle-dee-dee, fiddle-dee-dee, ' went the
fiddlers,

Happy men are we,
And there's none so rare as can compare
With the sons of harmonie.

Old King Coul was a jolly old soul,
And a jolly old soul was he ;
And he called for his pipe, and he called for his bowl,
And he called for his pipers three ;
And every piper had his pipes,
And very good pipes had he.
Ha-diddle, how-diddle, ha, went the pipers,
Fiddle-dee-dee, fiddle-dee-dee, fiddle-dee-dee, went the
fiddlers,

Happy men are we,
And there's none so rare as can compare
With the sons of harmonie.

Old King Coul was a jolly old soul,
And a jolly old soul was he ;
And he called for his pipe, and he called for his bowl,
And he called for his harpers three ;

And every harper had a harp,
And a very good harp had he.
Twingle-twangle, twingle-twangle, twingle-twangle, went
the harpers,
Ha-diddle, how-diddle, ha, went the pipers,
Fiddle-dee-dee, fiddle-dee-dee, fiddle-dee-dee, went the
fiddlers,
Happy men are we,
And there's none so rare as can compare
With the sons of harmonie.

Old King Coul was a jolly old soul,
And a jolly old soul was he ;
And he called for his pipe, and he called for his bowl,
And he called for his trumpeters three ;
And every trumpeter had a trump,
And a very fine trump had he.
Twana-rang, twana-rang, twana-rang, went the trumpeters,
Twingle-twangle, twingle-twangle, twingle-twangle, went
the harpers,
Ha-diddle, how-diddle, ha, went the pipers,
Fiddle-dee-dee, fiddle-dee-dee, fiddle-dee-dee, went the
fiddlers,
Happy men are we,
And there's none so rare as can compare
With the sons of harmonie.

Old King Coul was a jolly old soul,
And a jolly old soul was he ;
And he called for his pipe, and he called for his bowl,
And he called for his drummers three ;

And every drummer had a drum,
 And a very fine drum had he.
 Rub-a-dub, rub-a-dub, rub-a-dub, went the drummers,
 Twana-rang, twana-rang, twana-rang, went the trumpeters,
 Twingle-twangle, twingle-twangle, twingle-twangle, went
 the harpers,
 Ha-diddle, how-diddle, ha, went the pipers,
 Fiddle-dee-dee, fiddle-dee-dee, fiddle-dee-dee, went the
 fiddlers,
 Happy men are we,
 And there's none so rare as can compare
 With the sons of harmonie.

Some correspondents of *The Literary World* recently claimed the worthy old monarch of this jolly old song as a Welsh hero. They spelt his name "Coal," and concluded that he was a jolly old soul because of the jolly good dividends that accrued to him from his shares in coal mines. But such finding could never result from a study of the earliest version of the song or from any knowledge of its history. The fact is, old King Coul, or Cole, or Coil, as he has been variably termed, and whose strikingly convivial characteristics have formed the subject-matter of several very funny songs, according to fabulous Scottish history, flourished in the fifth century, and was father of the giant, Fin M'Coul. Coila (Ayrshire)—

"That place o' Scotland's isle
 That bears the name o' auld King Coil—"

was under his sway. The earlier version of the commoner of the two well-known forms of the song appeared in Herd's collection of 1776. The same song, slightly altered by Burns, appeared again in Johnson's *Museum*. The ancient version runs thus :—

"Old King Coul was a jolly old soul,
 And a jolly old soul was he ;
 And Old King Coul he had a brown bowl,
 And they brought him in fiddlers three ;
 And every fiddler was a good fiddler,
 And a very good fiddler was he.

Fiddle-diddle, fiddle-diddle, went the fiddlers three,
 And there's no a lass in a' Scotland
 Compared to our sweet Marjorie."

And so on, in substance the same as the foregoing, which we have often heard sung, and which is smoother in the lines than the older copy. Sung with action and mimicry, indeed, it forms excellent entertainment.

LUCY'S FLITTIN'.

'Twas when the wan leaf frae the birk tree was fa'in',
 And Martinmas dowie had wound up the year,
 That Lucy row'd up her wee kist wi' her a' in't,
 And left her auld maister and neebours sae dear :
 For Lucy had served in the glen a' the simmer ;
 She cam' there afore the flower bloomed on the pea ;
 An orphan was she, and they had been kind till her,
 Sure that was the thing brocht the tear to her e'e.

She gaed by the stable where Jamie was stannin' ;
 Richt sair was his kind heart the flittin' to see ;
 "Fare ye weel, Lucy !" quo' Jamie, and ran in,
 The gatherin' tears trickling fast frae his e'e.
 As down the burn-side she gaed slow wi' the flittin',
 "Fare ye weel, Lucy !" was ilka bird's sang ;
 She heard the crow sayin't, high on the tree sittin',
 And robin was chirpin't the brown leaves amang.

"Oh, what is't that puts my puir heart in a flutter ?
 And what gars the tears come sae fast to my e'e ?
 If I wasna ettled to be ony better,
 Then what gars me wish ony better to be ?

I'm just like a lammie that loses its mither ;
Nae mither or friend the puir lammie can see ;
I fear I hae tint my puir heart a'thegither,
Nae wonder the tears fa' sae fast frae my e'e.

"Wi' the rest o' my claes I hae rowed up the ribbon,
The bonnie blue ribbon that Jamie gae me ;
Yestreen, when he ga'e me't, and saw I was sabbin',
I'll never forget the wae blink o' his e'e.
Though now he said naething but 'Fare ye weel, Lucy !'
It made me I neither could speak, hear, nor see ;
He could say nae mair but just 'Fare ye weel, Lucy !'
Yet that I will mind till the day that I dee."

The lamb likes the gowan wi' dew when its droukit,
The hare likes the brake and the braird on the lea ;
But Lucy likes Jamie—she turn'd and she lookit,
She thocht the dear place she wad never mair see.
Ah, weel may young Jamie gang dowie and cheerless !
And weel may he greet on the bank o' the burn !
For bonnie sweet Lucy, sae gentle and peerless,
Lies cauld in her grave, and will never return !

This deeply pathetic ballad has so much of the country air about it that it has maintained its immense popularity almost entirely among the rural population. William Leidlaw, the author, was the son of a farmer in Yarrow, and was born in November, 1780. He rented for some time the farm of Traquair Knowe, and thereafter a farm at Liberton, Midlothian. For some years previous to 1832 he acted as amanuensis to Sir Walter Scott. Latterly he was factor to Sir Charles Lockhart Ross, of Balnagown, Ross-shire. He died in May, 1845, and was buried in Contin churchyard, near Dingwall.

Much difficulty has been experienced in fixing the exact locality of the ballad. "The residents on the banks of the Quair (says the Rev. Mr. Borland, in his *Poets and Poetry of Yarrow*) are of opinion that The Glen, now the magnificent mansion of Sir Charles Tennant, Bart., is the place referred to. On the other

hand, the writer has interviewed a number of Laidlaw's relatives—(some of them knew the poet intimately)—and also several old people in the district, and the only opinion he has ever elicited is that 'the glen' alluded to in the song is the one through which the Douglas Burn meanders to the Yarrow. This view finds confirmation in the poem itself. In the first edition of Hogg's *Forest Minstrel* the line runs thus—'And Lucy served i' *the glen a' the simmer*.' The italics are ours, but the fact that 'glen' is not printed with a capital 'G' is strong evidence that Laidlaw was not thinking of the *house* of that name."

Who "Lucy" was has not transpired, so far as we have seen, but James Gray, afterwards Bailie Gray, of Edinburgh, has been named as the hero. The ballad was originally contributed to Hogg's *Forest Minstrel*, and the last verse has been claimed for the author of "Kilmeny."

THE IRISH SCHOOLMASTER.

"COME here, my boy ; hould up your head,
And look like a jintleman, sir.
Just tell me who King David was,
Now tell me if you can, sir."
"King David was a mighty man,
And he was King of Spain, sir ;
His eldest daughter, Jessie, was
The ' Flower of Dunblane,' sir."

"You're right, my boy ; hould up your head,
And look like a jintleman, sir.
Sir Isaac Newton, who was he ?
Now tell me if you can, sir."
"Sir Isaac Newton was the boy
That climbed the apple tree, sir ;
He then fell down and broke his crown,
And lost his gravitee, sir."

“ You’re right, my boy ; hould up your head,
And look like a jintleman, sir.
Just tell me who old Marmion was ?
Now tell me if you can, sir.”
“ Old Marmion was a soldier bold,
But he went all to pot, sir ;
He was hanged upon the gallows-tree
For killing Sir Walter Scott, sir.”

“ You’re right, my boy, hould up your head,
And look like a jintleman, sir.
Just tell me who Sir Rob Roy was ?
Now tell me if you can, sir.”
“ Sir Rob Roy was a tailor to
The King of the Cannibal Islands ;
He spoiled a pair of breeches and
Was banished to the Highlands.”

“ You’re right, my boy ; hould up your head,
And look like a jintleman, sir.
Then, Bonaparte, who was he ?
Just tell me if you can, sir.”
“ Old Bonaparte was King of France
Before the Revolution ;
But he was kilt at Waterloo,
Which ruined his constitution.”

“ You’re right, my boy ; hould up your head,
And look like a jintleman, sir.”
Just tell me who King Jonah was ?
Now tell me if you can, sir.”

“ King Jonah was the strongest man
That ever wore a crown, sir ;
For though the whale did swallow him,
It couldn't keep him down, sir.”

“ You're right, my boy ; hould up your head,
And look like a jintleman, sir.
Just tell me who that Moses was ?
Now tell me if you can, sir.”
“ Sure, Moses was the Christian name
Of good King Pharaoh's daughter ;
She was a milkmaid, and she took
A profit from the water.”

“ You're right, my boy ; hould up your head,
And look like a jintleman, sir.
Just tell me now where London is ?
Now tell me if you can, sir.”
“ Och ! London is a town in Spain,
'Twas lost in the earthquake, sir ;
The Cockneys murther the English there,
Whenever they do speak, sir.”

“ You're right, my boy ; hould up your head,
You're now a jintleman, sir ;
For in history and in geography
I've taught you all I can, sir.
And if any one should ask you now
Where you got all your knowledge,
Just tell them 'twas from Paddy Blake,
Of Bally Blarney College.”

We have here a choice piece of humour, which, though truly Irish in its character, has enjoyed immense popularity, mainly in Scotland, and was really the product of a Scottish brain. The author, James A. Sidey, recently deceased, a well-known medical practitioner in Edinburgh, issued two volumes of his collected verses—*Misturiae Curiosa* and *Alter Ejusdem*—in the first of which the song appears.

THE WEBSTER OF BRECHIN'S MARE.

IN Brechin did a weaver dwell
Who was a man of fame,
He was the deacon o' his trade,
John Steinson was his name.
A mare he had, a lusty jade,
Sae sturdy, stark, and strang,
Baith lusty and trusty,
And he had spared her lang.

The webster bade his mare go work.
Quoth she—"I am not able,
For neither get I corn nor hay,
Nor stand I in a stable.
Thou hunts me and dunts me
And dings me frae the toon,
And fells me and tells me
I am not worth my room."

The webster swore a horrid oath,
And out he drew a knife,
"If one word mair come frae thy mouth
I vow I'll take thy life."

The mare, then, for fear, then,
Fell fainting to the ground,
And groaning and moaning
Gaed in a deadly swoon.

They clipp'd her and nipp'd her,
Then took from her the skin,
The haunches and the painches
They quickly brought them in.
"Make haste, dame," said he then,
"And wash the grease and dry't,
For I will hazard on my life
The doctor's wife will buy't."

They rumbled her, they tumbled her,
They shot her ower the brae ;
With rumbling and tumbling
She to the ground did gae.
But the nicht it being cauld,
And the mare wanting her skin,
And darkness coming ower the land,
It's fain wad she be in.

She rappit and she chappit
Wi' her twa forther hooves ;
They heared it and feared it,
And thocht it had been thieves.
The webster's son was stout o' heart,
He ran unto the door,
And thrust a spear into the mare
Five quarters lang and more.

The door ay, with more ay,
He closed richt hastily,
All quaking and shaking,
And then for help did cry.
"What ails thee, my son," says he ;
"O, tell me if you can ?"
"Ah, and alas ! father," he says,
"For I have killed a man !

"If magistrates and senators
Get knowledge of this deed,
They'll whang us, and they'll hang us,
Thout mercy or remede."
Then they ran unto the door
To bury the man for fear ;
But when they came—lo, and behold !—
They faund it was the mare !

"Go, haste you, I request you,
And tell me, father, dear,
What will we or shall we
Wi' this auld wicked mare ?"
"O hold thy tongue, my son," says he,
"I think you are a fool,
I wish we had her hung in cords,
We'll eat her against Yule.

"We'll wash her and we'll dash her,
She's a' smear'd ower wi' dub.
We'll wring her and fling her,
And saut her in a tub ;

And we'll gang roond the neighbours
 And bid them a' come in—
 John Dunkinson, John Davidson,
 And kindly Patie Grinn."

On Christmas Day the greasy pack
 Did a' convene in haste,
 The hale tribe o' yarn-stealers
 Cam' marching to the feast.
 They ate and drank and made a rant,
 The end no man could tell;
 On terms good I do conclude,
 And bid you now farewell.

This quaintly humorous old country ballad is preserved in *A Pedlar's Pack of Ballads and Songs*, edited, with illustrative notes, by W. H. Logan, into which it was copied from a chap book bearing the imprint of the well-known flying stationer of Falkirk, T. Johnston, whose business flourished in the beginning of the present century. A specimen of an earlier version is given in Johnson's *Scots Musical Museum* of which Mr. Stenhouse, in his *Illustrations of the Lyric Poetry and Music of Scotland*, says—"This is only a fragment of a long ballad frequently heard at country firesides, entitled 'The Brechin Weaver,' the tune of which is very pretty."

THE BONNIE BRIER BUSH.

THERE grows a bonnie brier bush in oor kailyaird,
 And sweet are the blossoms on't in oor kailyaird ;
 Beneath the bonnie brier bush a lad and lass were scared,
 Richt busy, busy courtin' in oor kailyaird.

In days o' mair simplicity, sic things were aften dared,
 An' mony a maid's been woo'd and won in a kailyaird.
 But noo they're sae fasteedious, their beauty needs a guard,
 An' ladies screw their mou's at love in oor kailyaird.

Whae'er may think wi' pen an' ink true love can be declared,
Will find that passion by a pen is wofully impaired.
I dinna like the kind o' love that's written on a card,
I'd rather hae't by word o' mou' in oor kailyaird.

When Adam in a single state o' blessedness despaired,
His courtin' was begun, I ween, in his kailyaird ;
Let's follow, then, the first o' men, nor be by fashion scared,
As he began, we'll end the plan in oor kailyaird.

Burns, Lady Nairne, the late Dr. Charles Mackay, and an elder bard than either whose name has not come down with his verses, all tried their hands at the making of a song with this title. Burns's deviations from the somewhat crude and hazy original are too slight, and where alterations are made he fails in giving the life-touch that is so characteristic of his song-work in general. Lady Nairne is but slightly more successful. The version of the song which, I think, is destined ultimately to eclipse all others, is the one here printed, which was written a number of years ago by an Edinburgh man whose name I have heard and forgotten. This one has no "dancings at Carlisle ha'" to perplex the understanding, or to confound the sense and jumble the judgment, but is a simple song of simple country courtship—and therein lies the charm.

THE IRON HORSE.

Come Hielandman, come Lowlandman, come every man on
earth, man,
And I'll tell you how I got on atween Dundee and Perth,
man ;
I gaed upon an iron road—a rail they did it ca', man—
An' ruggit by an iron horse, an awfu' beast to draw, man.

Sing fal, la, la.

Then first and foremost, near the door, there was a wee bit
wicket,
It was there they gar'd me pay my ride, and they gied me
a ticket ;
I gaed awa' up through the house, sat down upon a kist,
man,
To tak' a look o' a' I saw on the great big iron beast, man.

Sing fal, lal, la.

There was houses in a lang straucht raw, a' stannin' upon
wheels, man,
And then the chiels that fed the horse were as black's a pair
o' deils, man ;
And the ne'er a thing they gae the brute but only coals to
eat, man—
He was the queerest beast that e'er I saw, for he had wheels
for feet, man.

Sing fal, lal, la.

A chap cam' up, and round his cap he wore a yellow band,
man,
He bade me gang and tak' my seat. Says I, "I'd rather
stand, man."
He speer'd if I was gaun to Perth. Says I, "And that I
be, man ;
But I'm weel enough just whaur I am, because I want to
see, man."

Sing fal, lal, la

He said I was the greatest fule that e'er he saw on earth,
man !
For 'twas just the houses on the wheels that gaed frae this
to Perth, man,
And then he laughed, and wondered hoo I hadna mair discernment,
Says I—"The ne'er a ken kent I ; I thought the hale concern went."

Sing fal, lal, la.

The beast it roared, and aff we gaed, through water, earth,
and stanes, man ;
We ran at sic a fearfu' rate, I thought we'd brak' oor banes,
man,
Till by and by we stoppit at a place ca'd something Gowrie,
But ne'er a word had I to say, but only sit and glower aye.
Sing fal, lal, la.

Then after that we made a halt, and in comes Yellow Band,
man ;
He asked me for the ticket, and I a' my pouches fand, man,
But ne'er a ticket I could get—I'd tint it on the road, man—
So he gar'd me pay for't ower again, or else gang aff to
quod, man.

Sing fal, lal, la.

Then after that we crossed the Tay, and landit into Perth,
man ;
I vow it was the queerest place that e'er I saw on earth,
man ;

For the houses and the iron horse were far aboon the land,
man,
And hoo they got them up the stairs I canna understand,
man.

Sing fal, la, la.

But noo I'm safely landit, and my feet are on the sod, man,
When I gang to Dundee again I'll tak' anither road, man ;
Though I should tramp upon my feet till I'm no fit to stand,
man,
Catch me again when I'm ta'en in wi' a chap in a yellow
band, man.

Sing fal, la, la.

Few songs that have been seldom printed have enjoyed greater popularity about the districts of Perth and Dundee than "The Iron Horse," which had its rise and go in a time when the country people of Scotland were less familiar with railway travelling than now, and funny incidents were common. It was written by Charles Balfour, for many years, and even until recently, station-master at Glencarse, and was first sung, the author has told me, at a festival of railway servants held in Perth in 1848. If the ditty had any origin in fact at all, the following incident which occurred in Mr. Balfour's own experience when he was a guard on the Dundee and Arbroath line may bear the "wyte." One day a sailor with his chest entered the Dundee station bound for Arbroath. He had never seen a railway before, and pitching his chest from his shoulder on to the platform he quietly sat down on the top of it, as if to await the course of events. "Well, Jack," said Mr. B., "are you for Arbroath?" "Yes." "Well, then, you had better take your seat at once." "I think I'll do nicely here, mate." "But you must get into the train, you know." "Oh, hang the train," ejaculated the sailor; "I thought the whole concern went." This occurrence, it will be seen, is partially utilised in the song.

MACGREGOR'S COURTSHIP.

HE.

I've wandered 'mang the Grampian hills,
In search of virtue, love, and beauty,
And have come here with right goodwill
To offer you my love and duty.
Bonnie lassie, go with me,
And leave your father and your mother ;
I hae a heart and home for thee
'Mang the Braes o' Balquhidder.

SHE.

You are a stranger unto me,
And how can I accept your offer ?
You hae nae love that I can see,
You came to court me for my tocher.
And I have sweethearts two or three,
That I may wed without a swither,
So dinna think to blind my e'e
Wi' your Braes o' Balquhidder.

HE.

Your blythesome looks and comely mien,
And charming beauty I admire,
Your rosy cheeks and coal-black e'en
Hae set my youthfu' heart on fire.

Oh, give consent, my lovely fair,
That you'll be mine and hae nae ither,
And we will be the happiest pair
On the Braes o' Balquhiddier.

SHE.

Kind sir, you've gained my maiden heart,
I frankly will accept your offer,
We'll join our hands, nae mair to part,
Nae ither youth shall share my tocher ;
I'll leave acquaintance all for thee,
My sweethearts and my friends thegither,
And cross the Grampian Hills wi' thee,
To the Braes o' Balquhiddier.

HE.

Balquhiddier Braes are a' my ain,
Its bonnie glens, hills, dales, and fountains ;
Horses and cows upon the plain,
And goats that browse amang the mountains ;
Sheep and lamb, hart, hind, and deer,
That roam amang the blooming heather—
They'll a' be yours if you'll be mine,
'Mang the Braes o' Balquhiddier.

And so on plenty we shall dine,
While our horse and hounds are able,
For fish and fowl of every kind
I'll amply spread upon your table.

I'll o'er the moor in sporting fun,
The moorcock burring o'er the heather
I'll procure wi' dog and gun,
On the Braes o' Balquhiddie.

BOTH.

Up amang the summer sheals,
Where cattle browse amang the heather,
We'll blythely range the flowery fields,
And happy be wi' ane another.
Soon our plenty will be seen,
We'll spend our happy day's thegither,
By birken bowers that grow so green,
On the Braes o' Balquhiddie.

There is a tradition associated with this rural ditty to the effect that it was composed by one Captain Campbell, and refers to the courtship of one of the Macgregors of Edinchip with a lady of the House of Athole. May Tannahill not have got the hint here for his vastly superior and deservedly popular song with the same refrain? It is just possible that he did.

THE ROSE-A-LYND SAYE.


THERE are seven fair flowers in yon green wood,
On a bush in the woods o' Lyndsaye;
There are seven braw flowers and a'e bonnie bud,
Oh! the bonniest flower in Lyndsaye.

An' weel I luv the bonnie, bonnie rose—
The bonnie, bonnie Rose-a-Lyndsaye ;
An' I'll big my bower o' the forest boughs,
An' I'll dee in the green woods o' Lyndsaye.

There are jewels upon her snawy briest,
An' her hair is wreathed wi' garlan's,
An' a cord o' gowd hangs round her waist,
An' her shoon are sewed wi' pearlyns.
And, oh, but she is the bonnie, bonnie rose,
She's the gentle Rose-a-Lyndsaye ;
An' I'll big my bower where my blossom grows,
An' I'll dee in the green woods o' Lyndsaye.

Her face is like the evenin' lake
That the birch or the willow fringes,
Whase peace the wild winds canna break,
Or but its beauty changes.
An' she is aye my bonnie, bonnie rose,
She's the bonnie young Rose-a-Lyndsaye ;
An' a'e blink o' her e'e wad be dearer to me
Than the wale o' the lands o' Lyndsaye.

Her voice is like the gentle lute
When minstrel tales are tellin',
An' ever saftly steps her fute,
Like autumn leaves a-fallin'.
An', oh, she's the rose, the
She's the snaw-white Ro
An' I'll kiss her steps at th
Through the flowery w



Oh, seven brave sons has the gude Lord James,
 Their worth I downa gainsay ;
 For Scotsmen ken they are gallant men,
 The children o' the Lyndsaye ;
 An' proud are they o' their bonnie, bonnie rose,
 O' the fair young Rose-a-Lyndsaye ;
 But pride for love makes friends like foes,
 An' woe in the green woods o' Lyndsaye.

But should I weep when I daurna woo,
 An' the land in sic disorder ?
 My arm is strong, my heart is true,
 An' the Percy's over the border ;
 Then, fare ye weel, my bonnie, bonnie rose,
 An' blest be the woods o' Lyndsay ;
 I'll gild my spurs i' the bluid o' her foes,
 And come back to the Rose-a-Lyndsaye.

The curiously charming bit of country ballad verse here presented, strongly reminiscent as it is of an ancient and noble Forfar county family, was written by William Forsyth, a native of Turriff, in Aberdeenshire, who had a reputable career as a student, a surgeon, a journalist, and a poet. In his capacity of journalist, Mr. Forsyth acted first on the *Inverness Courier* and latterly on the *Aberdeen Herald*. He was born in 1818, and died at Aberdeen in 1879. Two volumes of his poems were published in the author's lifetime—*The Martyrdom of Kelavane*, in 1851, and *Idylls and Lyrics*—where the ballad appears—in 1872. I first met with "The Rose-a-Lyndsaye" in the family history-book, *The Lives of the Lindsays*. Later I came across it in the pages of *The National Choir*, where it is set to finely appropriate music by John Taylor. There the words, printed from memory, are ascribed to the late Dr. M'Gregor Peter. "But," says the discerning editor (Mr. Alan Reid) in a note, "the evidence available meanwhile regarding the authorship is presumptive." In his more recent work, *The Bards of Angus and the Mearns*, Mr. Reid cancels the name of Peter, and awards the song properly to Mr. Forsyth.

THE FARFAR SODGER.

IN Farfar I was born and bred
But, troth, I maist think shame, sir,
To tell the weary life I led
Afore I gaed frae hame, sir.
My daddy was a weaver poor
As ever ca'd a spule, man,
For beef was ne'er inowre the door
But just a pound at Yule, man.

I learned fu' sune the pirns to fill,
And rock the cradle too, sir ;
And though I liked it unco ill,
What ither could I do, sir ?
A' day I was obleeged to work,
To keep me frae a thrashin',
And ilka Sabbath gaed to kirk
Because it was the fashion.

I entered schule at twal' year auld,
But aft the truan' did play, sir,
Which made my dad and mam to scauld,
And beat me every day, sir ;
But when I could baith write and read,
And count the rule o' three, man,
The noble scheme cam' in my heid—
A sodger I wad be, man.

To be sae beat by mam and dad,
Nae longer wad I stay, sir,
But I wad try the sodger trade,
And sae I ran away, sir.
I ran till I was wast at Glamis,
A toun in Farfar County,
And listed there wi' Sergeant Fauns,
For fifteen pound o' bounty.

He learned me hoo to set my taes,
And hoo to fire an' a', sir,
That I micht bauldly face my faes,
When I was ca'd awa', sir.
He gae me claes to hap my back,
And mittens for my han's, man,
And swore I was the prettiest chap
In a' the toun o' Glamis, man.

I ran aboot frae place to place.
To markets up and down, sir,
My coat half covered ower wi' lace,
Wi' pouter on my crown, sir.
And hoo puir sodgers focht and fared
In climates distant far, man.
In sooth ! I never kent nor cared,
Nor felt the woes o' war, man.

But sune they gar'd me change my go,
For I was sent to Spain, sir.
Where twenty regiments in a row
Were marchin' ower the plain, sir.

At night when on our guns we lay,
That we micht aye be ready,
My drowsy thochts aft fand their way
To Farfar and my daddie.

When first the French cam' in my view,
My heart began to beat, sir,
But Farfar bluid was ever true,
And how could I retreat, sir?
It's true I got a wee bit fleg,
But grumlin' I disdain, man;
For tho' a ball gaed thro' my leg,
I fired and load again, man.

The bluid cam' bockin' thro' my hose,
And when I couldna gang, sir,
I toomed my gun among my foes,
And syne sat doon and sang, sir,
At "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled,"
An' "Up wi't Maggie Dick," man;
But sune wi' cauld my woundit leg
It grew as stiff's a stick, man.

I crawled and crept on hands and feet
Till I got frae the thrang, sir,
And when I loot the doctor see't,
Gude safe's! hoo he did ban, sir.
My limb he instantly cut aff,
And noo that I was lame, man,
I got a great big oxter staff,
And I cam' hirplin' hame, man.

I hae been twice three years abroad
In service o' my King, sir ;
I've wander'd mony a dreary road,
And unco sights I've seen, sir.
There's mony a place I hae been at
That here I needna mention,
But snug in Farfar noo I sit,
And thrive upon a pension.

Recently I received a garbled copy of this song from a correspondent in the "borough toun," to which it belongs, who, when sending it, assured me it was common in the country round Forfar, both in and out of bothies, when he was a young man. How long it is since then, however, he did not state, lest perhaps I might publish his name and "spoil his market." I may remark that a Kirriemuir man of my acquaintance sang it regularly in Dundee about twenty-five years ago ; and, indeed, got no peace at any social gathering until he produced "The Farfar Sodger," the immediate effect of which invariably was—largely by reason of his rare *abandon* in singing it—to put the company in an excellent mood for enjoyment.

The much-esteemed verses were written by David Shaw, a Forfar weaver-poet, who produced other screeds of humorous lyric verse, notably the song of "The Weavers," which held the local fancy in thrall for many a day. Shaw was a native of the little village of Auchterforfar, and was born in or about 1786. He died in Forfar, where most of his life was passed, in 1856.

THE PERTHSHIRE PENSIONER.

In Perthshire I was born an' bred, and though my dad was
poor, sir,
A gay and happy life I led, an' seldom wrought, I'm sure,
sir ;
Till to my grief my daddy died when I was twenty-two,
man ;
Then, as I had to win my bread, I fee'd to be a ploo'man.

But fegs, I couldna thole to work, and when I did complain, sir,
They said I was a lazy stirk, and heard me wi' disdain, sir ;
I still was forced to toil ilk day, an' a' my meat was stinted,
An' though for lang I tried to stay, I grew mair discontented.

At last a thought cam' in my head, that I wad bide nae langer,
But I wad leave the ploo'man trade, an' then defy their anger ;
And so I bundled up my claes, and strapt them on my shoulders,
An' cheerfully trudged on my way to Perth to join the sodgers.

I didna tarry on the road, and soon I reached Perth toon,
man,
Whaur sodgers, dressed in tartan duds, were marching up
an' doon, man ;
A sergeant, decked wi' ribbons gay, and scarlet claes sae
gaudy,
Cam' up an' asked if I wad gae an' be a sodger laddie.

I answered " Yes," just whaur I stood, " wi' a' my heart I'm
willin' ; "
And so to make the bargain good, he handed me the shillin'.
'Twas then I got a suit o' claes weel trimmed wi' lace sae
braw, man,
An' neist a gun to shoot my faes, wi' baynet, sword, an' a',
man.

Dressed up I marched through Perth ilk day, admired by
each beholder,

An' aft I heard the townsfolk say, "Eh, what a handsome
soldier!"

But to my grief, aboot this time the Czar becam' oor foe, man,
An' then, to tame his stubborn mind the sodgers had to go,
man.

An' so at last we sailed awa' an' left the shores o' Britain,
An' soon we cam' to Russia, all keen for fun and fightin';
We then got landed safe an' soond, and marched to Alma's
Heicht, man,
An' pitched oor tents upon the ground and waited for
daylicht, man.

Neist day the battle raged like hell, an' mony a lad did fa',
man,

For ilka chap was for himsel', an' God was for us a', man,
But wha can face the British fire, or beat oor Highland
men, sir?

We forced the Russians to retire, wi' thousands maimed an'
slain, sir.

Since then I've been in mony a fight, an' unco sights I've
seen, sir,

An' I've got wounds baith sair an' slight, an' roond the
warld I've been, sir;

But a' my warlike deeds o' fame some ither time I'll
mention,

For noo I'm safe an' snug at hame, an' livin' on my pension.

This song, which was presumably suggested by the one preceding it here, appeared in the *People's Journal* a good many years ago, over the initials "J. M." In Perthshire, at least, it has enjoyed considerable popularity.

ROBIN TAMSON'S SMIDDY.

Lively.

My mither men't my auld breeks, And wow! but they were duddy;
 And sent me to get Mally shod At Robin Tamson's smiddy:
 The smiddy stands be - side the burn That wimples through the clachan;
 I nev - er yet gae by the door, But aye I fa' a - lauchin'.

My mither men't my auld breeks,
 An' wow! but they were duddy;
 And sent me to get Mally shod
 At Robin Tamson's smiddy;
 The smiddy stands beside the burn
 That wimples through the clachan,
 I never yet gae by the door
 But aye I fa' a-lauchin'.

For Robin was a walthy carle,
 An' had ae bonnie dochter;
 Yet ne'er wad let her tak' a man,
 Tho' mony lads had socht her;
 But what think ye o' my exploit?
 The time the mare was shoeing,
 I slippit up beside the lass
 An' briskly fell a-wooing.

An' aye she e'ed my auld breeks,
The time that we sat crackin',
Quo' I, "My lass, ne'er mind the *clouts*,
I've new anes for the makin';
But gin ye'll just come hame wi' me,
An' lea' the carle, your faither,
Ye'se get my breeks to keep in trim,
Mysel', an' a' thegither."

"Deed, lad," quo' she, "your offer's fair,
I really think I'll tak' it;
Sae, gang awa', get out the mare,
We'll baith slip on the back o't;
For gin I wait my faither's time,
I'll wait till I be fifty;
But, na! I'll marry in my prime,
An' mak' a wife fu' thrifty."

Wow, Robin was an angry man
At tynin' o' his dochter,
Thro' a' the kintra-side he ran,
An' far an' near he socht her;
But when he cam' to our fire-end,
An' fand us baith thegither,
Quo' I, "Gudeman, I've ta'en your bairn,
An' ye can tak' my mither."

Auld Robin girn'd an' shook his pow,
"Gude sooth," quo' he, "you're merry,
But I'll just tak' ye at your word,
An' end this hurry-burry;"

So Robin an' our auld wife
 Agreed to creep thegither,
 Now I hae Robin Tamson's pet,
 An' Robin has my mither.

Here is a song, rich in country humour of the happiest order possible, which has given more delight at the fireside o' nights, in bothies and elsewhere, than any one will ever be able to tell. The author, Alexander Rodger, was a native of Midlothian, born in 1784, who spent most of his lifetime in Glasgow, and wrote besides "Behave Yoursel' before Folk," "Marry for Love and Work for Siller," and a dozen more songs that have not been surpassed by any that have appeared since the days of Robert Burns. The scene of "Robin Tamson's Smiddy" has been variously claimed for Aberdeenshire, Campsie, in Stirlingshire, and "Habbie's Howe," in Midlothian. There seems little doubt, however, that the last named, near to where the poet was born and spent his early years is the locality referred to in the song.

THE BLINKIN' O'T.

O, it wasna her daddy's lairdly kin,
 It wasna her siller—the clinkin' o't;
 It wasna her minny's welcome in;
 'Twas her ain blue e'e—the blinkin' o't.
 The blinkin' o't, the blinkin' o't,
 O weary fa' the blinkin' o't;
 My heart an' a' she's stown awa'
 Wi' the lythesome, blythesome blinkin' o't.

It wasna the licht o' her snawy broo,
 Nor her gowden hair—the dinkin' o't;
 Her dimplet cheek, nor her cherry mou',
 Nor her braw, braw gown—the prinkin' o't.

'Twas a' her e'e—the blinkin' o't,
O weary fa' the blinkin' o't;
Nae a' her charms could work such harms
As the lythesome, blythesome blinkin' o't.

A' day I dream o' its witchin' gleam,
A' nicht I wauk wi' thinkin' o't;
Afield, at hame, wi' sib or frem'd,
I'm glamour't wi' the blinkin' o't.
The blinkin' o't, the blinkin' o't,
O weary fa' the blinkin' o't;
My peace is ta'en, my wits are gane,
Wi' the lythesome, blythesome blinkin' o't.

Fanever I teach, fanever I preach,
I'm dottled 's gin I'd been drinkin' o't;
Fanever I sing or play a spring,
The burden's aye—the blinkin' o't.
The blinkin' o't, the blinkin' o't,
O weary fa' the blinkin' o't;
I'm feart fu' aft I gang clean daft
Wi' the lythesome, blythesome blinkin' o't.

'Tween hopes and fears, 'tween joys and tears,
My heart is at the sinkin' o't;
I'd better dee at ance than dree
The pain I thole frae the blinkin' o't.
The blinkin' o't, the blinkin' o't,
O weary fa' the blinkin' o't;
I'm sad, I'm sair, I'm in despair
Wi' the lythesome, blythesome blinkin' o't.

But, oh, gin she wad smile on me,
 And gie Mess John the linkin' o't ;
 Nae wardle's care should ever mair
 Torment me wi' the jinkin' o't.
 O ! then I'd bless the blinkin' o't,
 The smilin', wilin' blinkin' o't ;
 An' cheerfu' live, or happy dee,
 I' the lythesome, blythesome blinkin' o't.

Scottish poetical literature has been indebted to the occupants of the rural pulpit for not a few of its brightest lyric gems—notably, among northern divines, to Skinner, of Longside, for “Tullochgorum” and other songs ; to Bishop Geddes, of Ruthven, for “The Wee Wifukie ;” and to the Rev. James Greig, of Chapel of Garioch, for the equally happy song here appended. Mr. Greig was an Aberdeenshire man both by birth and training, and, distinguished as a scholar, he was also known as an accomplished musician, a skilful violinist, and a successful song-writer. For sixteen years, dating from 1843, he was parish minister of Chapel of Garioch. He died in August, 1859, at the early age of 48. Mr. Greig's love of music and poetry rendered Mr. William Carnie, of Aberdeen, the well-known poet and musician, a frequent and welcome visitor at the manse ; and the manuscript of the song, “The Blinkin' o't,” was discovered by Mr. Carnie, in Mr. Greig's handwriting, on the back of an old letter. It soon found its way into an Aberdeen paper, where it at once won the great and worthy admiration which will sustain it in living power for many a day.

THE HUMOURS OF GLASGOW FAIR.

O, THE sun frae the eastward was peeping,
 And braid through the winnocks did stare,
 When Willie cried, “Tam, are ye sleeping ?
 Mak' haste, man, and rise to the fair :

For the lads an' the lasses are thranging,
An' a'body's now in a steer ;
Fye, haste ye, an' let us be ganging,
Or, faith, we'll be langsome I fear."
Lilt te turan an uran, etc.

Then Tam he got up in a hurry,
And wow but he made himsel' snod,
And a pint o' milk brose he did worry,
To mak' him mair teugh for the road ;
On his head his blue bannet he slippit,
His whip o'er his shouther he flang,
And a clumsy oak cudgel he grippit,
On purpose the loons for to bang.
Lilt te turan an uran, etc.

Now Willock had trysted wi' Jenny,
For she was a braw canty quean,
Word gade that she had a gey penny,
For whilk Willie fondly did grean.
Now Tam he was blaming the liquor,
Ae night he had got himsel' fou',
An' trysted gleed Maggy MacVicar,
And, faith, he thocht shame for to rue.
Lilt te turan an uran, etc.

The carles, fu' cadgie, sat cocking
Upon their white nags and their brown,
Wi' snuffing, and laughing, and joking,
They soon cantered into the town ;

'Twas there was the funning and sporting ;
Eh ! lord, what a swarm o' braw folk,
Rowly-powly, wild beasts, wheels o' fortune,
Sweety stan's, Maister Punch, and black Jock.
Lilt te turan an uran, etc.

Now Willock and Tam, geyan boozie,
By this time had met wi' their joes,
Consented wi' Gibbie and Susy
To gang awa' doon to the Shows ;
'Twas there was the fiddling and drumming,
Sic a crowd they could scarcely get through,
Fiddles, trumpets, and organs a bumming ;
O, sirs, what a hully-baloo !
Lilt te turan an uran, etc.

Then hie to the tents at the paling,
Weel theeked wi' blankets and mats,
And deals seated round like a tap-room,
Supported on stanes and on pats ;
The whisky like water they're selling ;
And porter as sma' as their yill ;
And aye as you're pouring they're telling,
"Troth, dear, it's just sixpence the gill !"
Lilt te turan an uran, etc.

Says Meg—"See yon beast wi' the claes on't,
Wi' the face o't as black as the soot !
Preserve's ! it has fingers and taes on't—
Eh, lass, it's an unco like brute !"

“O, woman, but ye are a gomerai
To mak’ sic a won’er at that,
D’ye na ken, you daft gowk, that’s a mongrel,
That’s bred ’twixt a dog and a cat?”
Lilt te turan an uran, etc.

“See yon souple jaud how she’s dancing,
Wi’ the white ruffled breeks and red shoon,
Frae the tap to the tae she’s a’ glancing
Wi’ gowd, and a feather aboon.
My troth, she’s a braw decent kimmer,
As I have yet seen in the fair.”
“Her decent!” quo’ Meg. “She’s a limmer,
Or, faith, she would never be there.”
Lilt te turan an uran, etc.

Now Gibbie waa wantin’ a toothfu’,
Says he, “I’m richt tired o’ the fun,
D’ye think we’d be waur o’ a mouthfu’
O’ gude nappy yill an’ a bun?”
“Wi’ a’ my heart,” Tam says, “I’m willing—
’Tis best for to water the corn :
By jing, I’ve a bonnie white shilling,
And a saxpence that ne’er saw the morn.”
Lilt te turran an uran, etc.

Before they got out o’ the bustle,
Poor Tam got his fairing, I trow,
For a stick at the ginge’bread play’d whistle,
And knockit him down like a cow ;

Says Tam, "Wha did that? deil confound him—
Fair play, let me win at the loon."
And he whirled his stick round and round him,
And swore like a very dragoon.
Lilt te turan an uran, etc.

Then next for a house they gaed glow'ring,
Whare they might get wetting their mou',
Says Meg, "Here's a house keeps a pouring,
Wi' the sign o' the muckle black cow."
"A cow!" quo' Jenny, "ye gawky!
Preserve us! but ye've little skill,
Ca' ye that in real earnest a hawkie?
Look again and ye'll see it's a *bill*."
Lilt te turan an uran, etc.

But just as they darken'd the entry,
Says Willie, "We're now far eneugh,
I see it's a house for the gentry—
Let's gang to the sign o' the pleugh."
"Na, faith," then says Gibbie, "we'se rather
Gae dauner to auld Luckie Gunn's,
For there I'm to meet wi' my faither,
And auld uncle John o' the Whins."
Lilt te turan an uran, etc.

Belyve a' in Luckie's they landed,
Twa rounds at the bicker to try,
The whisky and yill round was handed
And baps in great bourocks did lie.

Blind Aleck the fiddler was trysted,
And he was to handle the bow ;
On a big barrel-head he was hoisted,
To keep himsel' oot o' the row.
Lilt te turan an uran, etc.

Ne'er saw ye sic din and guffawing—
Sic hooching and dancing was there ;
Sic rugging and riving and drawing
Was ne'er seen before in a fair.
For Tam, he wi' Maggy was wheeling,
And he gied sic a terrible leap
That his head came a thump on the ceiling,
And clyte he fell down in a heap.
Lilt te turan an uran, etc.

Now they ate and they drank till their bellies
Were bent like the head o' a drum,
Syne they raise, and they capered like fillies,
Whene'er that the fiddle played bum.
Wi' dancing they now were grown weary,
An' scarcely were able to stan',
So they took to the road a' fu' cheery,
As day was beginning to dawn.
Lilt te turan an uran, etc.

This felicitous and graphic screed of lyrical verse describes a popular feature of Glasgow life which has now almost disappeared, or which, as at present seen, affords but the faintest idea of what obtained in its place fifty and more years ago. John Breckenridge is the person that has long been credited with the authorship, but until recently nothing was publicly and correctly known of the man excepting his name. Alexander Whitelaw, when compiling *The Book of Scottish Song*, said, "We can learn nothing of the author beyond that his name

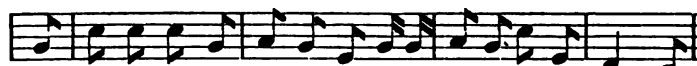
was Breckenridge, and that he was a compositor to trade." Editors of subsequent similar collections went on repeating this note until 1881, when Mr. Alexander G. Murdoch, in his estimable work on *Recent and Living Scottish Poets*, came to the front laden with full and reliable particulars. Breckenridge, as Murdoch learned, was not a compositor, but a handloom weaver at Parkhead, Glasgow, where he was born about the year 1790. He was a "crack" hand at the loom. He made famous rhymes and equally famous fiddles. He wrote like copperplate, we are assured, and was one of the blythest and best of men. His rhymes were made to please himself and his special fireside friends, and he would never allow them to appear in print. The publication and popularity of "The Humours of Glasgow Fair" were achieved accidentally, so far as he was concerned, and quite against his will. A MS. copy of the song somehow fell into the hands of Livingston, the famous comic singer, who soon sung it into the extensive favour which it so long enjoyed. Breckenridge, we are told, never completely forgave Livingston. He died about 1840.

MORMOND BRAES.

Slowly.



On Mormond braes, where heather grows, I heard a fair maid mourning:



My bonnie laddie's far a - wa', And I pine for his re - turn - ing.



So, fare ye weel, ye Mormond braes, Where aften I've been cheerie,



Oh, fare ye weel, ye Mormond braes, Sin' I ha'e lost my dearie.

ON Mormond braes, where heather grows,
I heard a fair maid mourning—
My bonnie laddie's far awa',
And I pine for his returning.

So, fare ye weel, ye Mormond braes,
Where aften I've been cheerie ;
Oh, fare ye weel, ye Mormond braes,
Sin' I ha'e lost my dearie.

He promised aft to marry me,
I for a while did think it ;
But now he's courting anither sweetheart,
And you see how I've been blinket.

Oh, fare ye weel, etc.

Young men are fickle, I do know,
Young maids should ne'er believe them :
For though young maids were e'er sae true,
Young men they would deceive them.

Oh, fare ye weel, etc.

But I'll put on a gown o' green,
For a forsaken token ;
And every one will very well know
That the band o' love's been broken.

O, fare ye weel, etc.

There's mony a horse has snappert and fa'n,
 And risen and gane fu' rarely ;
 There's mony a lass has lost her lad,
 And I hae lost mine fairly.

Oh, fare ye weel, etc.

There are as good fish in the sea
 As ever yet were taken ;
 I'll cast my net and try again,
 I've been but ance forsaken.

Oh, fare ye weel, etc.

I'll go doun to bonnie Strichen toun,
 Where I was bred and born ;
 And there I'll get anither sweetheart,
 Wha'll marry me the morn.

Then fare ye weel, ye Mormond braes,
 Where aften I've been cheerie ;
 Oh, fare ye weel, ye Mormond braes,
 I'll get anither dearie.

Mr. John Cranna, Fraserburgh, to whom, among others, I am indebted for a copy of this interesting north-country song, assures me that it enjoyed an immense popularity in the Buchan district from thirty to forty years ago ; and anybody who could sing it with taste and expression was esteemed no mean artist. "Its strains captivated all classes," writes Mr. Cranna, "in those old days, when the musical taste was not so severely classic as it is now, and when Wagner, Verdi, Bach, and the host of lesser musical lights were an unknown quantity in this remote corner of Buchan. To show the general favour in which the song was held here about the time I speak of, the fact has only to be mentioned that if a company was allowed by the singer to choose the song 'Mormond Braes' was almost invariably selected. The song may yet be common enough, too, among the country people, but it must be quite thirty years since I heard of it as the full dress effort of a soloist."

From notes I have otherwise gathered on the song it appears that in some parts it was sung as if a man had been the jilted party, while in others a woman was acknowledged to have been the victim of deceit. By the substitution of lad for lass and he for she, and *vice versa*, the verses, it will be seen, without being too critically examined, might be easily applied to either sex. One of the verses, however, has the expression which is common to all the versions—

“ But I’ll put on a gown o’ green
For a forsaken token.

And this of itself makes it clear beyond dispute that the song originally was the mean of a maid, and not of a man.

Mr. James Moir, in his notes on Strichen, in the *Peterhead Sentinel* some time ago, printed a version of the song, and said it was written by an unknown poet, who was born and bred in Strichen. “Perhaps,” says Mr. John Milne, of Maud, “he founds this assertion on the fifth verse, which says :—

‘ But I’ll gae doon to Strichen toon,
Where I was bred and born.’

But the fifth verse is an interpolation, and was grafted on to the original between the years 1856 and 1860, and many of our older singers refuse to give it a place when singing the song. The popular belief in the district has always been that the song was written by the late Dr. Gavin, father of the present Dr. Gavin, of Strichen. I have no proof for this, other than the persistency of local gossip, but I never heard another author hinted at.” The version of the song now submitted is collated slightly from at least half a dozen copies, all varying in minor details, but none of them so singable as the present copy should prove to be.

BONNY MALLY STEWART.

THE cold winter is past and gone
And now comes on the Spring,
And I am one of the King’s Life-Guards
And must go fight for my King,
My dear,
And must go fight for my King.

Now since to the wars you must go,
One thing pray grant to me ;
That I dress myself in man's attire
And march along with thee,
My dear,
And march along with thee.

I would not for ten thousand worlds
My love should danger know ;
The rattling of drums and shining swords
Would cause you sorrow and woe,
My dear,
Would cause you sorrow and woe.

I will do the thing for my true love
She will not do for me,
I'll put cuffs of black on my red coat
And mourn till the day I dee,
My dear,
And mourn till the day I dee.

So farewell my father and my mother,
Farewell and adieu also,
And farewell my bonny Mally Stewart,
The cause of all my woe,
My dear,
The cause of all my woe.

When we came to bonny Stirling toun
As we all lay in tent ;
The King's orders came, and we are ta'en,
And to Germany are sent,
My dear,
And to Germany are sent.

So farewell bonny Stirling town,
And the maids therein also,
And farewell my bonny Mally Stewart,
For from you I must go,
My dear,
For from you I must go.

She took the slippers aff her feet,
And the cockups aff her hair,
And she has ta'en a lang journey
For seven lang years and mair,
My dear,
For seven lang years and mair.

Sometimes she rade sometimes she gaed,
Sometimes sat down to mourn,
And 'twas aye the o'ercome o' her tale
Shall my bonny lad e'er return,
My dear !
Shall my bonny lad e'er return !

The trooper turned himself about,
All on the Irish shore,
He has gi'en the bridle-reins a shake,
Saying, Adieu for evermore,
My dear,
Saying, Adieu for evermore.

This song, which I have copied mainly from an old eight-page chap-book, "printed and sold, wholesale and retail, by W. Macnie, bookseller, Stirling," is of great interest, because undoubtedly the original on which Burns modelled his splendid romantic lyric, beginning, "It was a' for our Rightfu' King," a song over which there has been much controversy.

HOW SWEET THE ROSE BLAWS.

How sweet the rose blows, it fades and it fa's ;
Red is the rose and bonnie O !
It brings to my mind what my dear laddie was ;
So bloomed,—so cut off, was my Johnnie, O.

Now peace is returned, but nae joy brings to me :
Red is the rose and bonnie O !
For could is his cheek, and blameless his e'e,
And nae mair beats the heart o' my Johnnie, O.

Ah ! why did he love me, and leave those sweet plains ?
Red is the rose and bonnie O !
Where smiling contentment and peace ever reigns ;
But they'll ne'er bloom again for my Johnnie O.

Nor to me will their beauty e'er pleasure impart,
Red is the rose and bonnie O !
For sunk is my spirit and broken my heart :
Soon I'll meet ne'er to part frae my Johnnie O.

MALLY LEIGH.

WHEN Mally Leigh came doon the street her capauchin did
flee ;
She coost a look behind her to see her negligee.

We're a' gaun east and west,
We're a' gaun ajee,
We're a' gaun east and west
Courting Mally Leigh.

She had twa lappets at her head, that flaunted gallantlie,
And ribbon knots at back and breast o' bonnie Mally Leigh.

We're a' gaun east and west, etc.

A' doon along the Canongate were beauty o' ilk degree,
And mony ane turned roun' to look at bonnie Mally Leigh.

We're a' gaun east and west, etc.

At ilka bab her pong-pong gied, ilk lad thought—that's to
me,
But feint a ane was in the thought of bonnie Mally Leigh.

We're a' gaun east and west, etc.

Frae Seaton's land a Countess fair looked ower a window hie,
And pined to see the genty shape o' bonnie Mally Leigh.

We're a' gaun east and west, etc.

And when she reached the Palace porch, there stood earls
three,
And ilk ane thocht his Kate or Moll a drab to Mally Leigh.

We're a' gaun east and west, etc.

The dance gaed through the Palace ha', a comely sight to see,
And nane was there sae bright and braw as bonnie Mally
Leigh.

We're a' gaun east and west, etc.

Though some had jewels in their hair, like stars 'mang
clouds did shine,
Yet Mally did surpass them a', wi' but her glancing e'en.

We're a' gaun east and west, etc.

A Prince cam' oot frae 'mang them a', wi' garters at his knee,
And danced a stately minuet wi' bonnie Mally Leigh.

We're a' gaun east and west,

We're a' gaun ajee,

We're a' gaun east and west

Courting Mally Leigh.

Here is a charming and clever song, in celebration of the many winsome ways of an Edinburgh belle of the olden time. Why it has not commanded a place in the popular collections is a curious problem. The first verse appears in a manuscript subsequent to 1760, where, however, the name is Sleigh, and not Leigh. In 1725, Mrs. Mally Sleigh was married to the Lord Lyon Brodie of Brodie. Allan Ramsay celebrates her. This song, we need scarcely doubt, celebrates the same party.

LUBIN'S RURAL COT.

Re - turn - ing home - wards to the plain, Up -
With anxious eye I look'd around To
on a mar - ket day, A sudden storm of
find some sheltered spot, And from the storm I
D.S.
wind and rain O'er - took me on the way:
shel - ter found In Lub - in's rur - al cot.

CHORUS.



RETURNING homewards o'er the plain,
Upon a market day,
A sudden storm of wind and rain
O'ertook me on the way.
With anxious eye I look'd around
To find some sheltered spot,
And from the storm I shelter found
In Lubin's rural cot.

This youth had long conceal'd a flame
Within his truthful breast ;
And when this happy moment came
His love he thus expressed—
“ Fair maid, if thou my love return,
And share my humble lot,
Then stay with me, and mistress be
Of Lubin's rural cot.”

His words so well did please my heart,
I trembling answered “ Yes : ”
And said that I would faithful be—
We sealed it with a kiss.

Next day the wedding ring was bought,
I all my cares forgot :
I bless the day I shelter sought
In Lubin's rural cot.

This was a favourite song in the rural districts of Central Scotland more than half a century ago, and up to a very recent date might be heard occasionally sung to its own air, at festal gatherings, or in the turnip field at hoeing-time, in Western Perthshire.

MY JO, JANET.

"SWEET sir, for your courtesie,
When you come by the Bass, then,
For the love you bear to me,
Buy me a keekin'-glass, then."
"Keek into the draw-well,
Janet, Janet;
There ye'll see your bonnie sel'.
My jo, Janet."

"Keekin' in the draw-well clear,
What if I fa' in, sir?
A' my kin would say an' swear
I drown'd mysel' for sin, sir."
"Haud the better by the brae,
Janet, Janet;
Haud the better by the brae,
My jo, Janet."

" Guid sir, for your courtesie,
Comin' frae Aberdeen, then,
For the love ye bear to me,
Buy me a puir o' sheen, then."
" Clout the auld, the new are dear,
Janet, Janet ;
A'e pair may gain ye half a year,
My jo, Janet."

" But what, if dancin' on the green,
An' skippin' like a maukin,
They should see my clouted sheen,
O' me they will be talkin'."
" Dance aye laich, an' late at e'en,
Janet, Janet ;
Syne their fauts will no be seen,
My jo, Janet."

" Kind sir, for your courtesie,
When ye gang to the Cross, then,
For the love ye bear to me,
Buy me a pacin' horse, then."

upon your spinnin'-wheel,
Janet, Jan
pon yo
My



"Mak' the best o't that ye can,
 Janet, Janet;
 But like it never wale a man,
 My jo, Janet."

This remarkably clever and well known song was first printed in Ramsay's *Tea Table Miscel'any*, but probably belongs to an earlier date. From the allusion in it to the Bass—which has been presumed to mean the Bass of Inverurie (a noted hillock in the immediate neighbourhood of that little burgh)—coupled to the pronunciation of "sheen" for "shoon" in the third verse, the song is reasonably supposed to have originated in the province of Aberdeen. "As an expression of Scottish economic and moral philosophy," says Chambers, "the saving of all avoidable expense, and the taking down of youthful vanity and extravagance, the piece is beyond all praise. It is also to be remarked that the language is choice and the versification perfect, implying an educated mind in the unknown author." In connection with the reference to a "keekin' glass" in the first verse, it may be necessary to explain that a century ago mirrors were rare luxuries in rural Scotland. In Robertson's "Rural Recollections," printed in 1829, it is stated that in the but-house or kitchen there was no allowed looking-glass; but the servant lasses had a substitute for it in a full pail of water brought to the light in a clear day, in which the reflection was distinct as in any mirror. They sometimes had a small Dutch *keekin'-glass*, about the size of a playing card, concealed in their chests, at which they took a stolen glance before going to church.

In the Oxford Collection, in the British Museum, there is an old English version of the song bearing the title "Jenny, Jenny, or the False-hearted Knight," which, after reciting an affair of rustic gallantry, proceeds on much the same lines as the Scottish version. One verse will suffice by the way of a specimen:—

"May't please your kind courtesie,
 To gang under yonder town,
 May't please your kind courtesie,
 To buy me a silken gown."
 "Mend the old one for a new," quoth he,
 "Jenny, Jenny;"
 "Mend the old one for a new," quoth he,
 "Jenny, Jenny."

It wants the rhythmic snap of our version; and, moreover, lacks the point and force.

ALLISTER M'ALLISTER.

O, Allister M'Allister,
Your chanter sets us a' astir,
Get to your pipes and blaw wi' birr,
 We'll dance the Highland fling.
Now Allister has tuned his pipes,
And thrang as bumbees frae their bykes,
The lads and lasses loup the dykes,
 And gather on the green.

O, Allister M'Allister, etc.

The miller, Hab, was fidgin' fain
To dance the Highland fling his lane,
He lap as high as Elspa's wame,
 The like was never seen ;
As round about the ring he whuds,
And cracks his thumbs and shaks his duds,
The meal flew frae his tail in cluds,
 And blinded a' their e'en.

O, Allister M'Allister, etc.

Neist rauchle-handed smiddy Jock,
A' blackened o'er wi' coom and smoke,
Wi' shauchlin blear-e'd Bess did yoke,
 That slaverin-gabbit quean.

He shook his doublet in the wund,
His feet like hammers strack the grund,
The very moudiwarts were stunn'd,
Nor kenn'd what it could mean.

O, Allister M'Allister, etc.

Now wanton Willie was nae blate,
For he got haud o' winsome Kate,
"Come here," quo' he, "I'll show the gate
To dance the Highland fling."
The Highland fling he danced wi' glee,
And lap as he were gaun to flee,
Kate beck'd an' bobb'd sae bonnilee,
And tript it light and clean.

O, Allister M'Allister, etc.

Now Allister has done his best,
And weary houghs are wantin' rest,
Besides they sair wi' drouth were strest,
Wi' dancin' sae, I ween.
I trow the gauntrees gat a lift,
And round the bicker flew like drift,
And Allister that very night,
Could scarcely stand his lane.

O, Allister M'Allister, etc.

Allister M'Allister is a prominent, picturesque, and enjoyable personage in the assembly of Scottish song. A Highland cousin of "Rab the Ranter," he wanders from hut to hall, and from town to country village, charming the lieges with the melody of his bagpipe music. We are here introduced to him just as

he is entering a thriving little clachan. Regular in his rounds of once in three months or so, his presence is not unexpected—yea, the light-heeled portion of the community have been longing and looking for him—and the sight of his blue bonnet at the turn of the road is the signal for the hearty hue and cry, "Here's Allister M'Allister!" Swift as the pace of the Highland slogan the cry is borne from door to door, from weaving-shop to weaving-shop, and from the smiddy to the mill, and by the time Allister has landed and got his drones in tune, and his pipes set a-skirling—

"As thrang as bumbees frae their bykes,
The lads and lasses loup the dykes
And gather on the green."

Not a moment has been wasted on the niceties of preparation. Instant on the summons the loom, the anvil, and the mill have been abandoned—the miller not so much as shaking the meal off his coat, nor Smiddy Jock the coom and smoke—and the respective occupants each and all strike out in a bee-line for the village green. A ring is formed, and a rapid succession of

"Hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, and reels,
Put life and mettle in their heels."

The whole day long the green resembles a potful of boiling water, nor resumes its usual peace and quiet until the motley revellers succumb from sheer exhaustion. Although the song has been published in numerous collections during the last fifty years, nothing whatever is known of its authorship. Frequently in quoting and in singing the fourth verse is left out, but for no good reason so far as I can see.

DONAL' DON.

WHAN hasna heard o' Donal' Don,
Wi' a' his tanterwallops on;
I trow, he was a lazy drone,
And smuggled Hieland whisky, O.

When first he cam' to auld Dundee,
'Twas in a smeekey hole lived he ;
Where gauger bodies cou'dna see,
He played the king a pliskie, O.

When he was young an' in his prime,
He lo'ed a bonnie lassie fine ;
She jilted him, and aye sin' syne
He's dismal, dull, and dusky, O.

A bunch o' rags is a' his braws,
His heathery wig wad fricht the craws ;
His dusky face and clorty paws
Wad fyle the bay o' Biscay, O.

He has a sark, he has but ane,
It's fairly worn to skin an' bane,
A' loupin', like to rin its lane,
Wi' troopers bauld and frisky, O.

Whene'er his sark's laid out to dry,
The blockhead in his bed maun lie,
An' wait till a' the troopers die,
Ere he gangs oot wi' whisky, O,

Yet, here's a health to Donal' Don,
Wi' a' his tanterwallops on ;
An' may he never want a scone
While he mak's Hieland whisky, O.

This graphic and clever, though slightly uncouth, ditty, which I have never seen in print, was common enough in all the valley of the Tay about fifty years ago, and has not yet passed out of memory in that district.

A WEE DRAPPIE O'T.

Oh, life is a journey we a' hae to gang,
And care is the burden we carry alang,
But though grief be our portion and poverty our lot,
We're happy a' thegither owre a wee drappie o't.

A wee drappie o't, a wee drappie o't ;
We're happy a' thegither owre a wee drappie o't.

The trees are a' stript o' their mantle o' green,
The leaves o' the forest nae langer are seen :
Winter draws near wi' its cauld icy coat,
And we're a' met thegither owre a wee drappie o't.

A wee drappie o't, etc.

We're a' met thegither owre a glass and a sang,
We're a' met thegither by special comman' ;
Free frae a' ambition, and frae every evil thought,
We're a' met thegither owre a wee drappie o't.

A wee drappie o't, etc.

When friendship and truth and gude fellowship reign,
And fouk grown auld are made youthfu' again,
Where ilka heart is happy, and a' warldly cares forgot,
Is when we're met thegither owre a wee drappie o't.

A wee drappie o't, etc.

Job in his Lamentation says man was made to mourn,
That there's nae sic thing as pleasure frae the cradle to the
urn ;

But in his lamentation, oh, he surely has forgot
The warmth that spreads sae sweetly owre a wee drappie o't.

A wee drappie o't, a wee drappie o't ;
We'll aye sit and tipple owre a wee drappie o't.

It has been said by a great critic on songs that love and wine are the exclusive themes of song-writing. In Scotland certainly love has commanded something like a monopoly of poetic attention. Our best songs are our love songs. Yet we possess a few lyrics of a purely social kind, including "Auld Lang Syne," and "Willie Brewed a Peck o' Maut," which are, in their order, of the first class. Not less successful is the present contribution to the social programme, by an unknown hand, which happily is better described as a temperance than as a bacchanalian song. It is sung to the air of another good song of the same class—"Sae will we yet."

ROSEY ANDERSON.

HAY MARSHALL was a gentleman as ever lived on earth,
He courted Rosey Anderson, a lady into Perth,
He courted her, he married her, made her his wedded wife,
And at that day, I dare to say, he loved her as his life.

There was an Assembly into Perth, and Rosey she was there,
Lord Elgin danced with her that night, and did her heart
ensnare,
Lord Elgin danced with her that night, she walked home
on his arm,
Hay Marshall he came rushing in, in very great alarm.

"I am all into surprise," he says, "I am all into surprise,
To see you kiss my wedded wife before my very eyes."
"Do not be in surprise," he says, "I'm near my own abode,
And I've conveyed your lady home from the dangers on the
road.

"I did not kiss your wedded wife, nor did I with her stay,
I only brought her safely home from the dangers of the way."
"Oh, had she not a maid, a maid, of what was she afraid?
Oh, had she not a lantern her wayward steps to guide?"

Betty she was called upon, the quarrel for to face,—
"I would have brought my lady home, but Lord Elgin took
my place."
"Although you be a Lord," he said, "and I but a Provost's
son,
I'll make you smart for this, my Lord, although you think
it's fun."

He took his Rosey by the hand, and led her through the
room,
Saying, "I'll send you up to fair London till all this clash
goes down,
I'll send you up to fair London, your mother to be your
guide,
And let them all say what they will, I'll still be on your
side."

Weeks barely nine she had not been into fair London toon,
Till word came back to Hay Marshall that Rosey play'd the
loon :

"Oh, woe be to your roses red that ever I loved you,
For to forsake your own husband amongst the beds of rue."

A lady from a window high was spying with her glass,
And what did she spy but a light grey gown rolling amongst
the grass ?

Hay Marshall had twenty witnesses, and Rosey had but two :
"Waes me !" cries Rosey Anderson : "Alas ! what shall I do ?

"My very meat I cannot take, my clothes I wear them worse :
Waes me !" cries Rosey Anderson : "my life to me's a curse.
If it was to do what's done," she says, "if it was to do what's
done,
Hay Marshall's face I would adore, Lord Elgin's I would
shun.

"The Spring it is coming on, some regiments will be here :
I hope to get an officer my broken heart to cheer."
Now she has got an officer her broken heart to bind ;
And now she's got an officer ; and he has proved unkind.

He's left her for to lie her lane, which causes her to cry :
"In Bedlam I must lie my lane, In Bedlam I must die !
Ye ladies all, both far and near, a warning take by me,
And don't forsake your own husbands for any Lords you see."

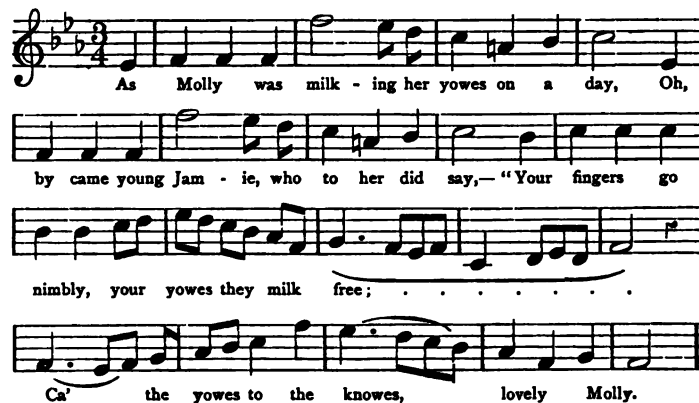
Who that has been reared in Perthshire has not heard of the ballad of "Rosey Anderson," which fifty and more years ago, was sung at all the markets and fairs in the valley of Strathmore, and ever to greedy and delighted ears ! Though, not its poetry—not its music—but the truth of its story alone, and the cause to which it referred, we may be sure, made it the popular favourite it was. The heroine was the only daughter of a merchant in Perth, and evidently a too much indulged child, who at the age of sixteen was married to Mr. Thomas Hay Marshall, another Perth merchant, and erewhile Lord Provost of the Fair City. To all appearance, the husband and wife lived happily together for a number of years. But the lady being fond of gaiety, went gadding about to balls and card assemblies, etc., while her husband, who had no taste for such pursuits, stayed



at home. Circumstances subsequently transpired which led to a process of divorce being raised, the husband being the appellant. After a keen and protracted litigation, extending over a period of six years, a bill of divorce was granted. Afterwards the unfortunate Rosey Anderson became so abandoned as to be compelled to seek for a living on the streets of London.

These things happened towards the close of the last and about the beginning of the present century. The nobleman mentioned in the ballad, it will be interesting to know, who it was admitted had been in the habit of meeting Mrs. Marshall on Kinnoull Hill, was afterwards British Ambassador at Constantinople, and none other than the individual who obtained permission from the Sultan of Turkey to remove the Marbles, which were gradually perishing, from Athens to Great Britain, and which are now in the British Museum, and commonly known as "The Elgin Marbles." All curious enough this, surely.

LOVELY MOLLY.



As Molly was milk - ing her yowes on a day, Oh,
by came young Jam - ie, who to her did say,—"Your fingers go
nimble, your yowes they milk free; . . .
Ca' the yowes to the knowes, lovely Molly.

As Molly was milking her yowes on a day,
Oh, by came young Jamie, who to her did say,
"Your fingers go nimble, your yowes they milk free,
Ca' the yowes to the knowes, lovely Molly!"

"Oh, where is your father?" the young man he said;

"Oh, where is your father, my tender young maid?"

"He's up in yon greenwood a-waiting for me,"

Ca' the yowes to the knowes, lovely Molly!

"My father's a shepherd, has sheep on yon hill,

If you get his sanction I'll be at your will;

And if he does grant it right glad will I be."

Ca' the yowes to the knowes, lovely Molly!

"Good morning, old man, you are herding your flock,

I want a yowe lamb to rear a new stock;

I want a yowe lamb, and the best may she be."

Ca' the yowes to the knowes, lovely Molly!

"Go down to yon meadow, choose out your own lamb,

And be sure you are welcome as any young man;

You are heartily welcome—the best may she be."

Ca' the yowes to the knowes, lovely Molly!

He's down to yon meadow, ta'en Moll by the hand,

And soon before the old man the couple did stand:

Says, "This is the yowe lamb I purchased from thee."

Ca' the yowes to the knowes, lovely Molly!

"Oh, was e'er an auld man so beguiled as I am,

To sell my a'e daughter instead of a lamb!

Yet, since I have said it, e'en sae let it be."

Ca' the yowes to the knowes, lovely Molly!

Mr. John Graham, Comrie, who supplied me with the bulk of the above song recently, said he had a day or two previously copied the verses from an old man of his acquaintance who used to sing the song in his youth. Other correspondents, who have supplied versions nearly similar, remember the song as one common at country social meetings in Perthshire about the middle of the century.

THE HUMBLE BEGGAR.

IN Scotland there lived a humble beggar,
He had neither house, hald, nor hame,
But he was weel liked by ilka bodie,
And they ga'e him sowens to rax his wame.

A neivefu' o' meal, a handfu' o' groats,
A daud o' ait bannock, some herring brie,
Cauld partridge, or the lickings o' plates,
Wad mak' him as blythe as a beggar could be.

This beggar he was a humble beggar,
The feint a bit o' pride had he,
He wad a ta'en his awms in a bicker,
Frae gentleman, or poor bodie.

His wallets ahint and afore did hing,
In as good order as wallets could be :
And a lang kail-gully hang down by his side,
And a meikle nowt-horn to rout on had he,

It happen'd ill, it nicht happen'd warse,
It happen'd sae that he did dee ;
And wha do ye think was at his late-wake,
But lads and lasses o' a high degree.

Some were blythe, and some were sad,
And some they play'd at Blind Harrie ;
But suddenly up-started the auld carle,
" I redd ye, good folks, tak' tent o' me."

Up gat Kate that sat i' the nook,
 "Vow kimmer, and how do ye?"
Up he gat, and ca'd her limmer,
 And ruggit and tuggit her cockernonie.

But soon they forgot the humble beggar,
 And joked and ranted merrilie.
And his grave was houkit in Duket's kirk-yard
 Far awa' frae a' bodie.

They houkit his grave in Duket's kirk-yard,
 Far awa' frae the companie :
But when they were gaun to lay him i' the yird,
 The fient a dead nor deaf was he.

And when they brought him to Duket's kirk-yard,
 He dunted on the kist, the lid did flee :
And down they threw him on the grave-brink,
 In fell the kist, and out lap he.

He cried, "I'm cauld, I'm unco cauld !"
 Fu' fast ran the folk, but faster ran he :
And he was first hame at his ain ingle side,
 And he helped to drink his ain dredgie.

Copies of this old song, less or more satisfactory, are not uncommon in the larger collections ; but I find here, as so frequently elsewhere, that the version generally sung by the country people is superior to any that have previously appeared in print.

NAEBODY COMIN' TO MARRY ME.

YESTREEN the dogs they were barking,
I gaed to the gate to see,
When every lassie was sparking,
Yet naebody comin' to me.

O dear, what shall become o' me,
O dear, what shall I do?
Naebody comin' to marry me,
Naebody comin' to woo.

Last time that I went to my prayers,
I prayed for the half o' a day,
Come cripple, come lame, come blind,
Come somebody take me away.

O dear, etc.

My father's a hedger and ditcher,
My mither does naething but spin,
And I am a handsome young lassie,
'Tis siller comes slowly in.

O dear, etc.

There's some say I'm bonny and fair,
Some say I'm scornfu' and bauld,
Alas! I am maist in despair,
Because I am growin' sae auld.

O dear, etc.

If it comes that I dee an auld maid,
O dear, how shocking a thought !
And a' my beauty maun fade,
I'm sure it'll no be my fau't.

O dear, etc.

The late David Kennedy, the singer, it will be remembered, was wont to lilt a verse of the above song in the course of the story he told so well of "Saunders M'Glashan's Courtship." Perhaps I have not been able to recover it all.

THE LASS O' GOWRIE.

T'WAS on a summer's afternoon,
A wee before the sun gaed doon,
A lassie wi' a braw new gown
Cam' ower the hills to Gowrie.
The rosebud wet wi' morning shower,
Blooms fresh within the sunny bower,
But Katie was the fairest flower
That ever bloomed in Gowrie.

I praised her beauty loud and long ;
Around her waist my arms I flang,
And said, " My dearie, will ye gang
To see the Carse o' Gowrie ?
I'll tak' ye to my father's ha',
In yon green field beside the shaw ;
I'll mak' ye lady o' them a'—
The brawest wife in Gowrie."



Saft kisses on her lips I laid ;
 The blush upon her cheek soon spread,
 She whispered modestly, and said—
 “I’ll gang wi’ you to Gowrie.”
 The auld fouks soon gae their consent ;
 Syne to Mess John we quickly went,
 Wha tied us to our hearts’ content,
 And now she’s Lady Gowrie.

No fewer than four versions of this song are well known—one by Colonel James Ramsay of Stirling Castle ; one by Lady Nairne ; one—“Kate o’ Gowrie”—by William Reid of Glasgow ; and the above, by an unknown hand, which is perhaps the best of them all. The question is whether there was not an earlier song than either. Whitelaw in *The Book of Scottish Song* introduces two additional stanzas between the second and third of the above, which are so much out of harmony with the rest that they tend to a confusion of the sense, and force one to suspect their genuineness. They are never sung. The late Miss Murray Thriepland of Fingask, who died in 1871, and commanded respect far and wide for her knowledge of Scottish history and poetry, as well as for “strong sense, sterling worth, devout feeling, and virtuous principle,” was wont to claim the subject, we know—the *real* “lass”—as an ancestress of her own. When she lived, however—whence she came—and who made her Lady Gowrie?—form a series of questions which have not been publicly answered.

DO YE MIND LANG SYNE.

Do ye mind langsyne,
 When the simmer days were fine,
 When the sun it shone far brichter than it’s ever dune sin’
 syne ?
 Do ye mind the ha’brig turn,
 Where we guddled in the burn,
 An’ were late for the schule in the mornin’ ?

Do ye mind the sunny braes,
Where we gathered hips and slaes,
And fell amang the bramble busses, tearin' a' oor claes ;
An' for fear we might be seen,
We cam' slippin' hame at e'en,
And got licket for oor pains in the mornin' ?

Do ye mind the miller's dam,
When the frosty winter cam',
Hoo we slade across the curlers' rink, an' made their game
a sham ;
When they chased us through the snaw,
We took leg-bail ane an' a' ;
But we did it owre again in the mornin' ?

What famous fun was there,
Wi' oor games at "hounds-an'-hare,"
An' we played the truant frae the schule, because it was the
Fair ;
When we ran frae Patie's Mill,"
Thro' the wuds on Whinnyhill,
An' were thrashed wi' the tawse in the mornin' !

Where are thae licht hearts noo
That were ance sae leal an' true ?
Oh ! some hae left this earthly scene, and some are strug-
glin' thro',
While some hae risen high
In life's changefu' destiny,
For they rose wi' the lark in the mornin'.

Noo oor youth's sweet spring is past,
An' oor autumn's come at last ;
Oor simmer day has passed away, an' winter's coming fast ;
But though lang the nicht may seem,
May we sleep without a dream
Till we wauken on yon bricht Sabbath mornin'.

The above has been a popular song over all Scotland for a good many years, and was some time established in public favour, too, before the author's name was ever so much as mentioned in connection with it. I had the privilege, considerably more than a decade ago, to issue it for the first time with the author's name attached, together with some particulars of his career. It was composed by the Rev. Dr. George James Laurie, of Monkland, Ayrshire, who was born in 1797 (the year after the death of Robert Burns), and died as recently as 1878. Dr. Laurie's grandfather and father were successively the ministers of Loudoun parish. They enjoyed the intimate friendship of the National Poet, and greatly esteemed his genius. Over the door of Loudoun Manse, indeed, there is still to the fore, I believe, an inscribed quotation from a writing of Burns' which has reference to the Laurie family.

The air of the song is the well known one of "John Peel." The reverend author himself was wont to sing it with much zest and feeling. And in the later years of his life, after some of the members of his family had been removed by death, when he came to the stanza beginning—

"Where are thae licht hearts noo,"

it has been told, his voice began to quiver with emotion, and the tears would be seen coursing down his yet handsome and kindly expressive cheeks.

THE WEE COOPER O' FIFE.

THERE was a wee cooper that lived in Fife,
Nickety-nackety, noo, noo, noo ;
And he has gotten a gentle wife,
Hey Willie Wallachy, how John Dougall ;
Alane, quo' rushity, roue, roue, roue.

She wadna bake, nor she wadna brew,
Nickety, etc.,
For the spoiling o' her comely hue,
Hey Willie, etc.

She wadna card, nor she wadna spin,
Nickety, etc.
For the shaming o' her gentle kin,
Hey Willie, etc.

She wadna wash, nor she wadna wring,
Nickety, etc.,
For the spoiling o' her gowden ring,
Hey Willie, etc.

The cooper's awa to his woo pack,
Nickety, etc.,
And he's laid a sheep skin on his wife's back,
Hey Willie, etc.

It's I'll no thrash ye for your proud kin,
Nickety, etc.,
But I will thrash my ain sheep skin,
Hey Willie, etc.

Oh ! I will bake and I will brew,
Nickety, etc.,
And never mair think on my comely hue,
Hey Willie, etc.

Oh ! I will card and I will spin,
Nickety, etc.,
And never mair think on my gentle kin,
Hey Willie, etc.

Oh ! I will wash and I will wring,
Nickety, etc.,
And never mair think on my gowden ring,
Hey Willie, etc.

A' ye wha hae gotten a gentle wife,
Nickety-nackety, noo, noo, noo,
Send ye for the wee cooper o' Fife,
Hey Willie Wallachy, how John Dougall ;
Alane, quo' rushity, roue, roue, roue.

Neither Ramsay nor Herd has any notice of this song. It is not mentioned by Chambers in *Scottish Songs prior to Burns*, and Whitelaw prints it without comment. Notwithstanding, it must have been in existence, I think, before the publication of the *Tea-Table Miscellany*.

The late David Kennedy used to sing it with rare effect, and I would recommend it unreservedly to anyone who may be on the outlook for a really entertaining, humorous Scotch song.

That the "Wee Cooper" was a veritable character, and that the incidents of the song really happened there is little reason to doubt ; rather, we would say, the enigmatical nature of the refrain—

" Hey, Willie Wallachy, how John Dougall,
Alane, quo' rushity, roue, roue, roue "—

substantiates the reality of its subject-matter. These words must have some meaning ; and the characters they introduce must have stood in such relationship to the "cooper" as to give colouring and effect to the song, or the author, who was assuredly no novice in the art, would not have introduced them. Any explanation of the lines is, of course, simply hazarding a solution. Our wise and good friend, Mr. W. D. Latto, the editor of the *People's Journal*, writing in this regard, says :—

"The words 'nickety-nackety' may have had some reference to the hero's profession, which was that of a cooper, being intended, perhaps to imitate the sounds produced by the cooper's tools as he prosecuted his daily avocations. The allusions to 'Willie Wallachy' and 'John Dougall' are not difficult of explanation. Mr. William Wallachy and Mr. John Dougall had, doubtless, been old sweethearts of this 'gentle wife.' They had been displaced in the affections of the good lady by the superior address of the Wee Cooper, who intimates in a rather obscure way that he rue, rue, rued the luckless day whereon he had been buckled to such a lazy, useless 'limmer o' a lassie.'" This speculative interpretation should be readily accepted, as it supplies a more intelligent reading of the song than most people without it could possibly enjoy.

BONNIE JOHNNIE LOWRIE.

Lively.



Of a' the lads in Tinwald town, The lovely fair, or black, or brown ,
 There never was sae droll a loon As bonnie Johnnie Lowrie.

CHORUS.

Terrie owden dowden day, Terrie owden dowden day,
 The queerest loon in laigh or brae, Is bonnie Johnnie Lowrie.

OF a' the lads in Tinwald town,
 The lovely fair, or black, or brown,
 There never was sae droll a loon
 As bonnie Johnnie Lowrie.

Tirrie owden, dowden dow, etc.

My dad a peck o' lint did sow,
I gaed to see how it did grow,
When wha come skipping owre the knowe,
But bonnie Johnnie Lowrie.

I wandered oot to weed the same,
My laddie ken'd I was frae hame ;
To follow me he wasna lame,
My bonnie Johnnie Lowrie.

I took the flax unto the mill,
My jewel follow'd after still ;
And coming hame I gat a gill
Frae bonnie Johnnie Lowrie.

When I gaed to the Bar to shear,
Close at my heels I had my dear ;
I in the kemp the gree did bear
Wi' bonnie Johnnie Lowrie,

And when I went to the Rood-fair,
I wat I didna want my share
O' a' the good things that were there,
Frae bonnie Johnnie Lowrie.

At last, a'e nicht, into the park,
I met wi' him when it was dark,
And, oh, the kissin' that I gat
Frae bonnie Johnnie Lowrie !

But Johnnie's true ; he did me wed,
Yestreen before the priest we gaed ;
I carena noo for mam or dad,
 Sin' I hae Johnnie Lowrie,

A fig, say I, for jacking gown,
Or priest or Elder in the toun ;
I'll tak' the warld, rough and roun',
 Wi' bonnie Johnnie Lowrie.

Until recently I knew this song by name only, though, by name, very well ; and the copy here presented—with slight modifications—I discovered in a chap-book, printed at Kilmarnock (no date), which contains besides "Willie was a Wanton Wag," "Baillie Nicol Jarvie's Journey to Aberfoyle," "Whistle and I'll come to you, my lad," and "Scottish Whiskie." The mention of Tinwald in the opening line marks the song as presumably a native of Dumfries-shire.

THE BAND O' SHEARERS.

WHEN autumn comes, and heather bells,
Bloom bonnie ower yon muirland fells,
And corn that waves in lowland dells
 Is yellow ripe appearing.

My bonnie lassie will ye gang,
And shear wi' me the hale day lang,
And love will make us eithly bang
 The weary toil o' shearing.

And if the others should envy
Or say we love, then you and I
Will pass ilk other slily by,
As if we were na caring.

But aye I wi' my hook will whang
The thistles, if in prickles strang
Your bonnie milk-white hands they wrang
When we gang to the shearing.

And aye we'll haud our rig afore,
And ply to hae the shearing o'er;
Syne you will sune forget you bore
Your neebours gibes and jeering.

For then, my lassie, we'll be wed,
When we hae proof o' ither had,
And nae mair need to mind what's said,
When we're thegither shearing.

Many a time and oft have I as a boy been charmed by the singing of this song on the way to and from the "hairst-rig," and by singers who had no idea that the words originally came from a nephew of the "Ettrick Shepherd"—Robert Hogg, to wit, who belonged to Stobo, in Peebles-shire, and was born in 1799. The days of "bands of shearers" have gone by for ever in Scotland, but so long as the memory of them lasts this song will have a sweet savour.

LASSIE WI' THE YELLOW COATIE.

LASSIE wi' the yellow coatie,
Will ye wed a muirlan' Jockie?
Lassie wi' the yellow coatie
Will ye busk an' gang wi' me?

I hae meal and milk in plenty,
I hae kail an' cakes fu' dainty,
I've a but an' ben fu' genty,
But I want a wife like thee.

Lassie wi' the yellow coatie, etc.

Although my mailen be but sma',
An' little gowd I hae to shaw,
I hae a heart without a flaw,
An' I will gi'e it a' to thee.

Lassie wi' the yellow coatie, etc.

Wi' my lassie an' my doggie,
O'er the lea an' through the boggie,
Nane on earth was e'er sae vogie,
Or as blythe as we will be.

Lassie wi' the yellow coatie, etc.

Haste ye lassie to my bosom
While the roses are in blossom ;
Time is precious, dinna lose them—
Flowers will fade, an' sae will ye.

Lassie wi' the yellow coatie,
Ah ! tak' pity on your Jockie ;
Lassie wi' the yellow coatie,
I'm in haste, an' sae should ye.

Fifty years ago, this was a popular song in Perthshire, to which county by authorship it belongs. The writer, James Duff, known as "The Methven Poet," was a gardener to trade, and flourished in the early years of the present century. A volume of his poems was published at Perth in 1816.

THE GABERLUNZIEMAN.

THE pawkie auld carle came o'er the lea,
Wi' mony gude e'ens and days to me;
Saying, "Gudewife, for your courtesie,
Will you lodge a silly puir man?"

The nicht was cauld, the carle was wat,
And doun ayont the ingle he sat;
My daughter's shouthers he 'gan to clap,
And cadgily ranted and sang.

"O wow!" quo' he, "were I as free,
As first when I saw this countrie,
How blythe and merry wad I be;
And I wad never think lang."
He grew canty, and she grew fain;
But little did her auld minny ken
What thir slee twa thegither were sayin',
When wooin' they were sae thrang.

"And O!" quo' he, "an' ye were as black
As e'er the crown of my daddy's hat,
'Tis I wad lay thee by my back,
And awa' wi' me thou should gang."
"And O!" quo' she, "an' I were as white,
As e'er the snaw lay on the dyke,
I'd cleed me braw and lady-like,
And awa' wi' thee I would gang."

Between the twa was made a plot;
They raise a wee before the cock,
And wilily they shot the lock,
And fast to the bent they are gane.

Up in the morn the auld wife raise,
And at her leisure pat on her claes ;
Syne to the servant's bed she gaes,
To speir for the silly puir man.

She gaed to the bed where the beggar lay,
The strae was cauld, he was away,
She clapt her hands, cried, " Waladay !
For some of our gear will be gane."
Some ran to coffer, and some to kist,
But noucht was stown that cou'd be miss'd,
She danced her lane, cried, " Praise be blest !
I have lodged a leal puir man.

" Since naething's awa', as we can learn,
The kirn's to kirn, and milk's to earn,
Gae butt the house, lass, and waken my bairn,
And bid her come quickly ben."
The servant gade where the daughter lay,
The sheets were cauld, she was away,
And fast to the gudewife she 'gan say,
" She's aff wi' the gaberlunzieman."

" O fy gar ride, and fy gar rin,
And haste ye, find these traitors again ;
For she's be burnt, and he's be slain,
The waefu' gaberlunzieman."
Some rade upo' horse, some ran a-fit,
The wife was wud, and out o' her wit ;
She could na gang, nor yet could she sit,
But aye she did curse and ban.

Meantime, far hind, out o'er the lee,
Fu' snug in a glen, where nane could see,
The twa wi' kindly sport and glee,
Cut frae a new cheese a whang;
The prieving was gude; it pleased them baith;
To lo'e her for aye, he ga'e his aith,
Quo' she, "To leave thee I will be laith,
My winsome gaberlunzieman.

"O kenn'd my minny I were wi' you,
Ill-faur'dly wad she crook her mou'.
Another poor man she'd never trow,
After the gaberlunzieman."
"My dear," quo' he, "ye're yet o'er young,
And ha'e na learn'd the beggar's tongue,
To follow me frae town to town,
And carry the gaberlunzie on.

"Wi' cauk and keel I'll win your bread,
And spindles and whorles for them wha need,
Whilk is a gentle trade indeed,
To carry the gaberlunzie on."
"I'll bow my leg, and crook my knee,
And draw a black clout o'er my e'e,
A cripple or blind they will ca' me,
While we shall be merry and sing."

No one need have any doubt that the same dexter and free hand—royal, as we may well believe—which limned so successfully the rude amours of "The Jolly Beggar," was also employed to produce the not less graphic and rollicking ballad of "The Gaberlunzieman"—perhaps the foremost vagabond ballad extant.

THE AULD SCOTCH SANGS.

OH ! sing to me the auld Scotch sangs,
In the braid auld Scottish tongue ;
The sangs my father liked to hear,
The sangs my mither sung ;
When she sat beside my cradle,
Or crooned me on her knee,
An' I wadna sleep, she sang sae sweet
The auld Scotch sangs to me.

Yes ! sing the auld, the gude auld sangs,
Auld Scotia's gentle pride,
O' the wimpling burn, an' the sunny brae,
And the cosy ingle-side ;
Sangs o' the broom an' heather,
Sangs o' the trysting tree,
The lavrock's lilt, and the gowan's blink—
The auld Scotch sangs for me !

Sing ony o' the auld Scotch sangs,
The blythesome or the sad ;
They mak' me smile when I am wae,
And greet when I am glad.
My heart gaes back to auld Scotland,
The saut tears dim mine e'e,
And the Scotch bluid lowps in a' my veins,
As ye sing thae sangs to me.

Sing on, sing mair o' thae auld sangs,
 For ilka ane can tell
 O' joy or sorrow i' the past
 Where memory lo'es to dwell ;
 Though hairs turn grey, and limbs grow auld,
 Until the day I dee,
 I'll bless the Scottish tongue that sings
 The auld Scotch sangs to me.

Widely sung, greatly appreciated, and frequently printed as this song has been for fifty years, and perhaps more, it was not until 1881, when Mr. D. H. Edwards of Brechin, issued the second series of his *Modern Scottish Poets*, that the reading public of Scotland knew anything at all of its source and authorship. Even now it will be news to many when they are told it was written by the Rev. Dr. George W. Bethune, a native of New York, who perhaps never set foot on Scottish soil. Born of Scottish parents, in 1805, Dr. Bethune became a minister of the Dutch Reformed Church in America, and was established successively in Utica, Philadelphia, and Brooklyn, where he enjoyed a reputation for scholarship and pulpit oratory, and wrote and published various works on theological and other subjects.

The above version of "The Auld Scotch Sangs" which is printed from the author's copy, it will be seen, contains a verse more than is generally given in the Scottish song books.

WE'RE A' JOHN TAMSON'S BAIRNS.

JOHN TAMSON was a merry auld carle,
 And reign'd proud king o' the Dee ;
 A braw laird, weel-to-do in the warl',
 For mony a farm had he,
 And mony a servant-maid and man,
 Wham he met aft a year ;
 And fu' proud and jolly he wav'd his han'
 While they sang wi' richt guid cheer—
 O ! we're a' John Tamson's bairns,

We're a' John Tamson's bairns,
There ne'er will be peace, till the world again
Has learned to sing wi' nicht an' main,
O ! we're a' John Tamson's bairns.

John Tamson sat at the table head,
And sipp'd the barley-bree ;
And drank success to the honest and gude,
And heaven when they would dee.
But the tyrant loon, the ne'er-do-weel,
The lee'ar, the rake, and the knave,
The sooner they a' were hame wi' the deil,
Lod ! the better for a' the lave.
O ! we're a' John Tamson's bairns, etc.

Since Adam fell frae Eden's bower,
And put things sair ajee,
There's aye some weakness to look owre,
And folly to forgi'e.
And John would sit and chat sae proud,
And just before he'd gang,
He'd gi'e advice and blessings gude,
Till roof and rafters rang
Wi', we're a' John Tamson's bairns, etc.

Then here's to you, and here's to mysel',
Sound hearts, lang life, and glee ;
And if you be weel as I wish you a',
Gude faith, you'll happy be.

Then let us do what gude we can,
Though the best are whiles to blame,
For in spite o' riches, rank, and lan',
Losh man ! we are a' the same.
For we're a' John Tamson's bairns, etc.

Quite a number of songs have appeared under this title, but the present, though perhaps not the first, and not included in any of the standard collections, enjoys much the largest popularity. When it has appeared in print the author's name has been seldom given, though we know it was written by Dr. Joseph Roy, of Glasgow. Dr. Roy was born of Scottish parents at Ballybearn, County Down, Ireland, in May, 1841. Early in life he migrated to Glasgow, where he attended the University, and afterwards established himself in medical practice in the east end of the city.

THE WARK O' THE WEAVERS.

WE'RE a' met thegether here to sit and to crack,
Wi' a gless in our hand, and our wark on our back,
For there is na a tradesman than can either mend or mak'
But what wears the wark o' the weavers.

An' it werena the weavers what wad we do ?
We wadna get claith made o' oor 'oo' ;
We wadna get a coat, either black or blue,
An' it werena for the honourable weavers.

There's fouk independent o' ither tradesmen's wark,
For women need nae barber—dykers need nae clerk ;
But there's no ane o' them a' but needs a coat or sark,
Which maun be the wark o' some weaver.

The ploughmen lads they mock us, and speak aye aboot's
 And say we are thin-faced, bleach'd-like clouts;
 But yet for a' their mockery they canna do withoot's—
 Na, they canna want the honourable weavers.

There's smiths, and there's wrights, and there's masons an' a',
 There's doctors, and dominies, and men that live by law,
 And our friends that bide atour the sea in South America,
 And they a' need the wark o' the weavers.

Our sodgers and our sailors, o'd ! we mak' them a' bauld,
 For gin they hadna claes, faith, they couldna fecht for cauld;
 The high and low, the 'rich and puir—a'budy, young and
 auld,
 Mair or less need the wark o' the weavers.

So the weavin's a trade that never can fail,
 While we aye need a clout to haud anither hale;
 So let us now be merry ower a bicker o' gude ale,
 And drink to the health o' the weavers.

For 'twerna the weavers what wad we do?
 We wadna get claith made o' our 'oo';
 And the very best o' tailors wad get naething to
 sew,
 An' it werena for the honourable weavers.

This is the second lilt of the muse of David Shaw (see "The Farfar Sodger") to which, by virtue of its vagabond career, I have been constrained to give a place in this collection. Himself a weaver, the author set his claim beyond dispute to be the accepted laureate of the fiding fraternity, locally, if not generally. In felicitous measures, once and again, he sang the joys and sorrows of the shuttle-driving craft. Thus, in "Tammie Treadlefeet," who lived in "Shuttle Ha'," he tells that

"The weaver lads were merry blades
When Osnaburghs sell'd well,
And when the price o' ilka piece
Did pay a bow o' meal ;
Then fouks got sale for beef and veal
For cash was rife wi' everybody,
And ilka alehouse had the smell
O' roas'en pies and reekin' toddy."

Now, alas, (about the middle of the century), an evil time had fallen on the handloom weaver ; but he hopes to "see the day when trade would tak' a loup," and the weavers would again rejoice,

"Wi' fouth o' ale frae cask and pail,
Or foamin' in a luggit bicker ;
Forbye a dose o' gude thick brose,
And draps o' gin to haud them siccar."

In "The Wark o' the Weavers" he claims a dignity for the craft it would be difficult to dispute ; and at the same time supplies an ingenious and amusing song. It was originally composed for and sung at the annual meeting of the Forfar Weaver's Friendly Society ; but has been sung often since then, and far from the town of Forfar.

THE WEARY FARMERS.

THERE's some that sing o' Comar Fair,
An' sound out an alarm,
But the best sang that e'er was sung,
It was about the term ;
The term-time is drawing near
When we will a' win free,
An' wi' the weary farmers
Again we'll never 'gree.

Singing, fal al al the derry,
Fal al the dee ;
Fal the diddle al the derry,
Fal al the dee.

Wi' broad-tail'd coats and quaker hats,
And whips below their arms,
They'll hawk and ca' the country round
Until they a' get farms.
Their boots a' glawr, and glitterin'
Wi' spurs upon their heels ;
Yet though ye ca' the country round
Ye winna find sic deils.

They'll tip you on the shoulder
And speir gin ye're to fee ;
They'll tell ye a fine story,
That's every word a lee ;
They'll tell you a fine story,
And get ye to perform ;
But, lads, when ye are under them
Ye'll stand the raging storm.

They'll tak' ye to an alehouse
And gie ye some sma' beer,
They'll tak' a drap unto themsel's
Till they get better cheer ;
And when the bargain's ended
They'll toll ye out a shillin',
And grunt and say the siller's scarce—
The set o' leein' villians !

On cauld kail and tawties
They'll feed ye up like pigs,
While they sit at their tea and toast,
Or ride into their gigs.

The mistress must get "Mem"—and ye
Maun lift yer cap to her ;
And ere ye find an entrance
The master must get "Sir."

The harvest time, when it comes on
They'll grudge Sabbath rest ;
They'll let you to the worship,
But they like the workin' best.
The diet hour it vexes them,
And then to us they'll say—
"Come on, my lads, ye'll get your rest
When lyin' in the clay."

They'll say unto the foreman,
"Keep on when leading grain,
And dinna let the orra lads
Stand idle at the end ;
I pay them a' good wages,
And pray ye to get on ;
For when they're dead an' in the grave
There's mair when they are done."

Here is a bothy song that has been long popular over a wide area in Scotland, and copies of it that have come to me from ploughmen in various widely separated quarters show how little the text has suffered or changed in the course of its strictly oral and wandering career. It may be, as I am fain to regard it, more like a kick at existing circumstances—always a gratifying exercise to most people—than the result of any real determination on the part of the unknown author or singer, to change the order of his occupation at the next opportunity ; for certainly it has been sung as enthusiastically at foyes and other gatherings, by those who meant to "fee again" for another term as by those who did not. Farmers' sons, even, have been wont to sing it with as much berr in the big houses above as the ploughmen in the bothies below.

LOVE WILL FIND OUT THE WAY.

OVER the mountains,
And under the waves,
Over the fountains,
And under the graves ;
Under floods which are deepest
Which do Neptune obey ;
Over rocks which are steepest
Love will find out the way.

Where there is no place
For the glow-worm to lie ;
Where there is no place
For the receipt of a fly ;
Where the midge dare not venture
Lest herself fast she lay ;
If Love come, he will enter
And soon find out the way.

You may esteem him
A child in his force,
Or you may deem him
A coward, which is worse ;
But if she whom Love doth honour
Be concealed from the day,
Set a thousand guards upon him,
Love will find out the way.

Some think to lose him,
Which is too unkind ;
And some do suppose him,
Poor thing, to be blind ;
But if ne'er so close you wall him,
Do the best you may,
Blind Love, if so you call him,
He will find out the way.

You may train the eagle
To stoop to your fist ;
Or you may inveigle
The Phoenix of the East ;
The lioness, you may move her
To give over her prey,
But you'll never stop a lover—
He will find out the way.

The Gordian knot
Which true-lovers knit,
Undo it ye cannot,
Nor yet break it ;
Make use of your inventions
Their fancies to betray ;
To frustrate their intentions
Love will find out the way.

In Court and in cottage,
In bower and in hall ;
From the king to the beggar
Love conquers all.

Though ne'er so stout and lordly,
Strive or do what you may ;
Yet, be you ne'er so hardy,
Love will find out the way.

Love hath power over princes
And greatest emperors ;
In any provinces,
Such is Love's powers.
There is no resisting
But him to obey ;
In spite of all contesting,
Love will find out the way.

If that he were hidden,
And all men that are
Were strictly forbidden
That place to declare ;
Winds that have no abidings,
Pitying their delay,
Would come and bring him tidings,
And direct him the way.

If the earth should part him,
He would gallop it o'er ;
Let the seas o'erthwart him,
He would swim to the shore ;
Should his love become a swallow
Through the air to stray,
Love will find wings to follow,
And will find out the way.

There is no striving,
 To cross his intent ;
 There is no contriving
 His plots to prevent ;
 But if once the message greet him
 That his true-love doth stay,
 If death should come and meet him,
 Love will find out the way.

"This admirable old song" as Allan Cunningham not unwarrantably calls it, is common both to Scotland and England, though in which of the countries it originated may never be known. Percy includes a version of it in his *Reliques*, and perhaps gave it, as Ritson believes, "a few of his own brilliant touches." But it forms the forty-fifth song in the second edition of the *Aberdeen Cantus*, printed as early as 1666, and Ramsay again has an abbreviated copy in the *Tea-Table Miscellany*, issued in 1724. Sometimes it is printed in two parts, with more verses than are here. I have given the song as I have been accustomed hearing it sung to the extreme delight of many a country audience.

LINTEN LOWRIN,

I SHEAR'd my first hairst in Bogend,
 Down by the fit o' Benachie ;
 And sair I wrought and sair I fought,
 But I wan out my penny fee.

Linten lowrin, lowrin linten,
 Linten lowrin, linten lee ;
 I'll gang the gait I cam' again,
 And a better bairnie I will be.

O ! Rhynie's wark is ill to work,
 And Rhynie's wages are but sma' ;
 And Rhynie's laws are double straight,
 And that does grieve me maist o' a'.

Linten lowrin, etc.

O ! Rhynie is a Hieland place,
 It doesna suit a Lawland loon :
 And Rhynie is a cauld clay hole,
 It is na like my faither's toun.

Linten Lowrin, etc.

An old Aberdeenshire song this, which had seen little of the printed page until gathered into the *Songs of the North*, by Miss A. C. Macleod and Mr. Harold Boulton, only a few years ago.

FAREWELL TO FIUNARY.

EIRIGH agus tiugainn, O !
 Eirigh agus tiugainn, O !
 Eirigh agus tiugainn, O !
 Farewell, farewell to Fiunary.

The wind is fair, the day is fine,
 And swiftly, swiftly runs the time ;
 The boat is gliding on the tide
 That wafts me off from Fiunary.

Eirigh, etc.

A thousand, thousand tender ties
Awake this day my plaintive sighs ;
My heart within me almost dies
At thought of leaving Fiunary.

Eirigh, etc.

With pensive steps I've often stroll'd
Where Fingal's Castle stood of old,
And listen'd while the shepherds told
The legend tales of Fiunary.

Eirigh, etc.

I've often paused at close of day
Where Ossian sang his martial lay,
And grieved the sun's departing ray
Wandering o'er Dun-Fiunary.

Eirigh, etc.

Aultan Caluch's gentle stream,
That murmurs sweetly through the green,
What happy, joyful days I've seen,
Beside the banks of Fiunary,

Eirigh, etc.

Farewell ye hills of storm and snow,
The wild resorts of deer and roe,
In peace the heath-cock long may crow
Along the moors of Fiunary.

Eirigh, etc.

It's not the hills, nor woody vales,
Alone my joyless heart bewails ;
But a mournful group this day remains
Within the Manse of Fiunary.

Eirigh, etc.

Can I forget Glen Turrit's name ?
Farewell, dear father, best of men,
May Heaven's joys with thee remain
Within the Manse of Fiunary.

Eirigh, etc.

Mother ! a name to me so dear,
Must I, must I leave thy care,
And try a world that's full of snares
Far, far from thee and Fiunary ?

Eirigh, etc.

Brother of my love, farewell—
Sister, all thy griefs conceal—
Thy tears suppress, thy sorrows quell,
Be happy while at Fiunary.

Eirigh, etc.

Archibald ! my darling child,
May Heaven thy infant footsteps guide,
Should I return, Oh, may I find
Thee smiling still at Fiunary.

Eirigh, etc.

Oh ! must I leave these happy scenes,
See, they spread the flapping sails ;
Adieu, adieu, my native plains,
Farewell, farewell to Fiunary.

Eirigh agus tiugainn, O !
Eirigh agus tiugainn, O !
Eirigh agus tiugainn, O !
Farewell, farewell to Fiunary.

It is seldom that a social gathering anywhere in all the Western Isles is dispersed, I am told, without the company singing as their parting song—just as in the Lowlands we sing “Auld Lang Syne”—the Gaelic version of “Farewell to Fiunary,” which was written by Dr. Norman Macleod of St. Mungo’s, the father of the “great” Dr. Norman Macleod of the Barony, Glasgow. The popularity of the song, despite the fact that it has not been often printed, is my excuse for giving the English version of it a place in this collection. The refrain—“Eirigh agus tiugainn, O !”—it may be as well to explain, means “Arise and Come Away.” Not often surely has a song with so much in it personal and particular to the author been as widely adopted to express a common sentiment. But now by virtue of use and wont, “Fiunary” to the Western Highlander is just another name for home.



